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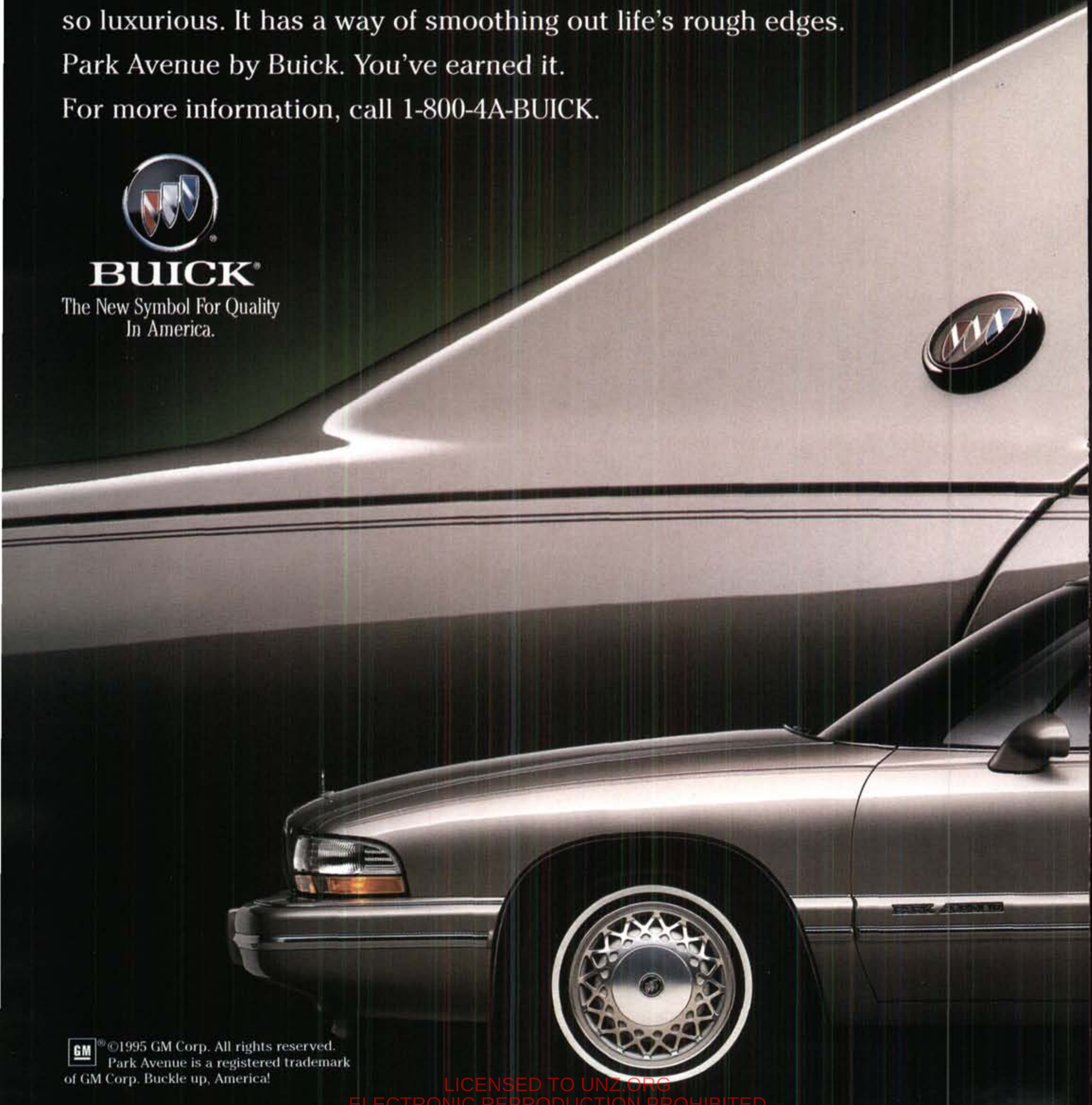

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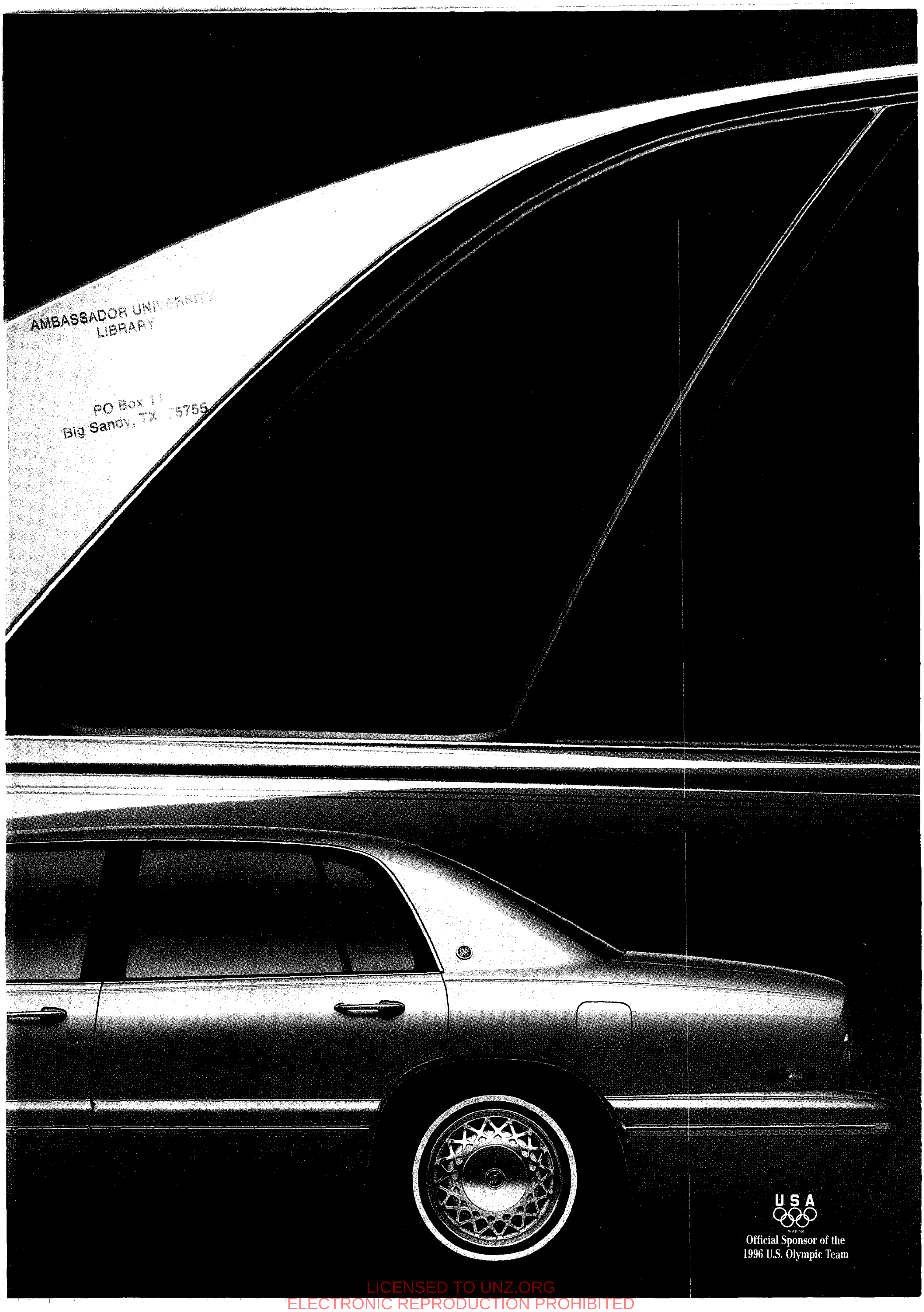
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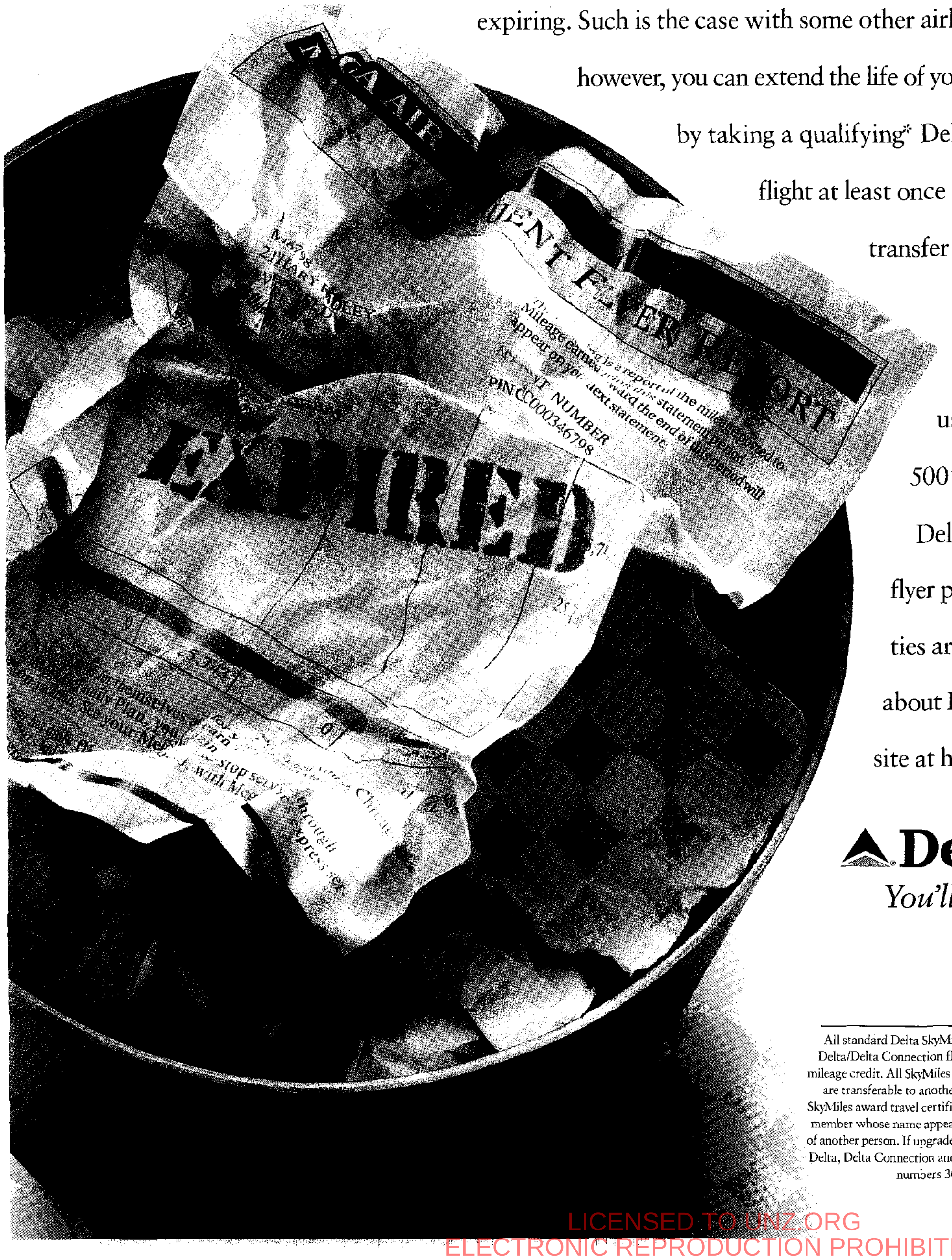

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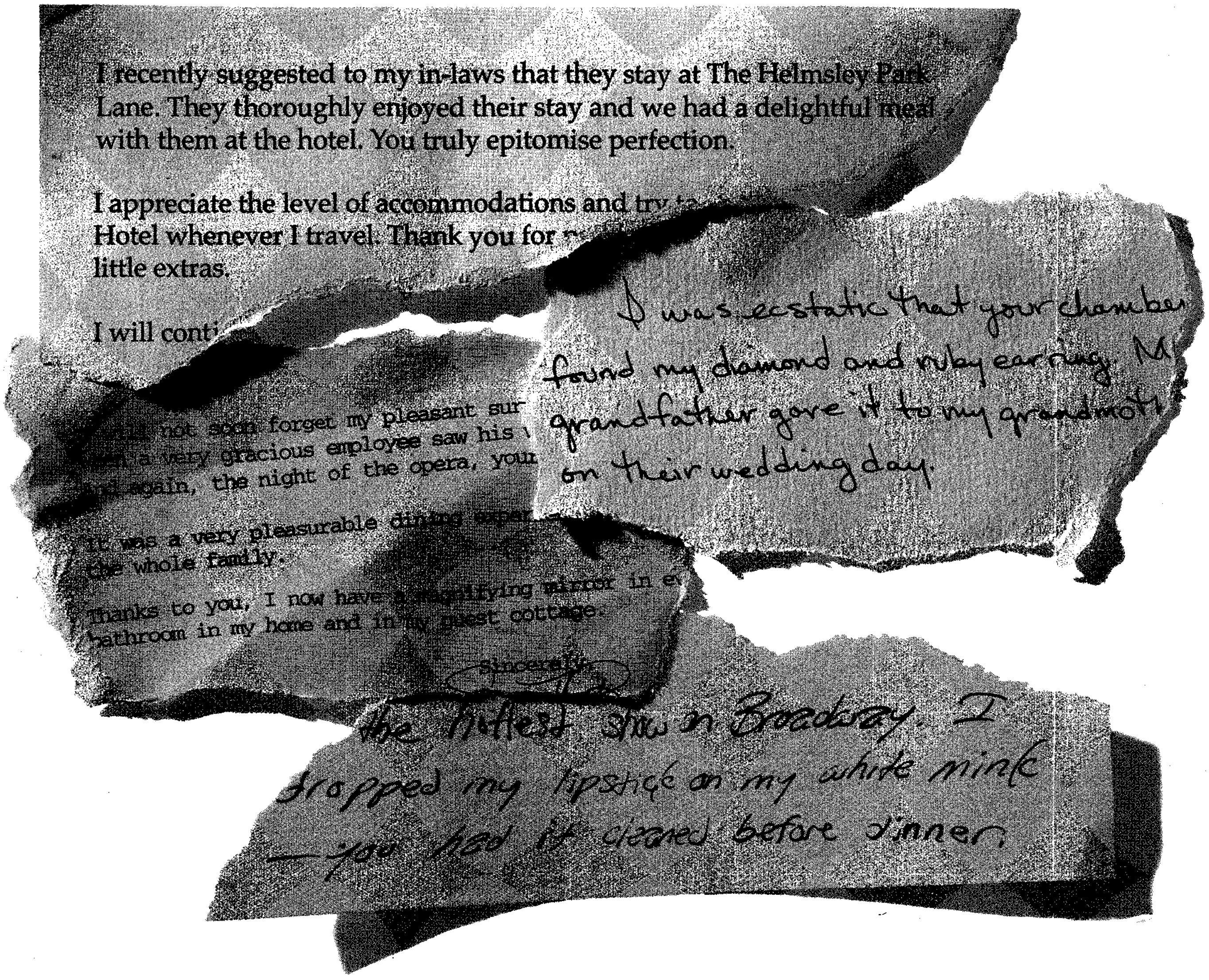

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COMMENT

THERAPY NATION

Dole and Barry: one quits, the other doesn't.

IT was a Washington week to remember. After fifteen days at various "spiritual" hideaways, Marion Barry, the federal city's Dionysian mayor, returned to town "spiritually connected with my God" and determined never again to make his job his top priority. Bob Dole, quintessential senator and lifelong stoic, bolted the place, in the hope that he can win the Presidency by acquiring an image unsullied by thirty-five years of service in public office. This curious two-way traffic provides further evidence that the last thing politicians want to be associated with these days is government.

Both the Mayor and the Senator made their announcements by speaking from—or, at least, of—their souls, a modern ritual of ego and therapy which seems to have become a requirement for public office. Spend and spend, tax and tax, elect and elect (Harry Hopkins's credo for F.D.R.) has given way to run and run, quit and quit, confess and confess. (Elect and elect, of course, is eternal.) Washingtonians have come to expect this ritual of Barry. Dole, who once practiced the reserve of the ancients, drags himself through the ritual now only because he has been persuaded that it is expected of him.

The week began with the Mayor. He had disappeared, he explained, in order to ward off "telltale signs of spiritual relapse and physical exhaustion." Since Barry is a self-described alcohol and drug abuser, many of his constituents had surmised, and he has now denied, that he had reverted to what the Washington *Post* coyly calls his "night owl" ways. At any rate, after two weeks at a farm in Maryland and a religious retreat in St. Louis, Barry declared at a marathon press conference cum staff pep rally that all was well. He had rested. He had meditated. He was back on the twelve-step ladder. He hadn't smoked a cigarette (or God knows what else) in fifteen days. He was playing tennis. He was interested in bowling. And he was generous with advice. "The body needs carbohydrates and proteins and vegetables and fruit in terms of food," he instructed the assembled staff and press. "But when the body gets tired, what do we do? We sleep." Just so.

Barry repeatedly promised that he would no longer work so hard—assurances that were greeted by hard-to-interpret applause. Washingtonians live in a city whose debt-ridden administration cannot plow the snow, purify the water, clean the schools, pay its electric bills in time to keep the stoplights working, or solve, let alone prevent, its record numbers of murders. Residents have taken to patching potholes on their own, using every-

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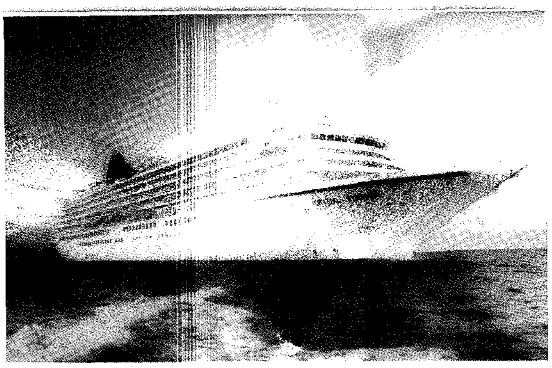

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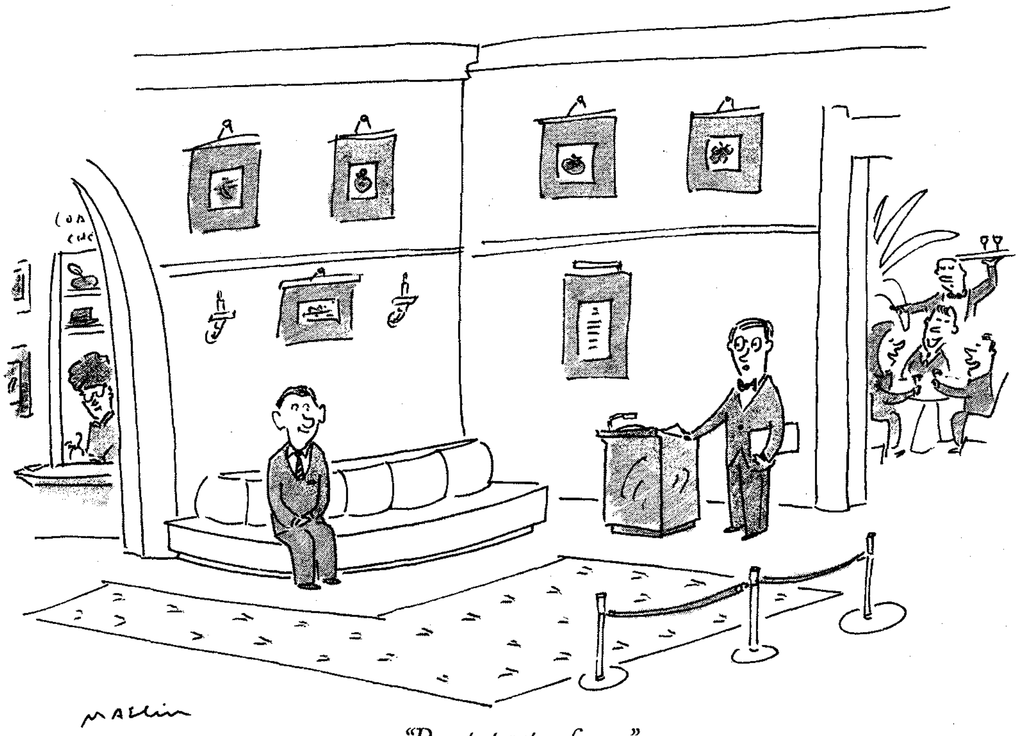


"Perot, party of one."

• •

thing from uncollected refuse to stray mattresses.

The city's patience with the Mayor's self-absorption has worn thin. The drama is just too familiar. In 1988, Barry left town and holed up at a Zen meditation center in the Catskills, and there he underwent colonic-irrigation treatments and had his body wrapped in paraffin wax, the better to draw out the impurities. When he came back to the city, he held a press conference in his office and served everyone corn-silk tea. He sat in the lotus position. Two months later, Barry went to a hotel to smoke crack with a pal; a year after that, the F.B.I. put the sting on him, using an old girlfriend to lure him to a room at the Vista Hotel, and there he smoked crack again. As he was arrested, he uttered the only imperishable line of his career: "Bitch set me up!" He then went to jail, and there he is alleged to have distinguished himself by receiving oral sex from a woman not his wife in front of other prisoners and their visitors.

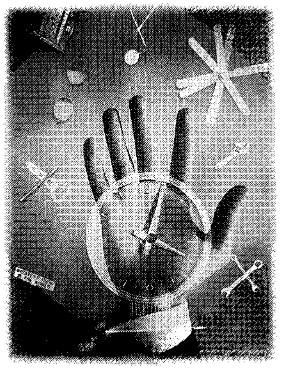
Since Barry's return to office, his aides have tried to play the expectations game by shifting attention from city services to New Age mystifications. "Just because your potholes aren't filled doesn't mean your government isn't transforming right before your eyes," Christopher McGoff, a "transformation consultant" and encounter-group leader, told the *Post*. After their mayor's announcement of his program of redoubled solipsism, Washingtonians could take solace in the realization that at least he no longer has much power: Congress has given control of the purse to a financial-control board. But one can hardly blame Barry for adopting a strategy of pure egotism. After all, he didn't win a fourth term because of his administrative gifts; rather, he won it because the voters bought his theme of redemption. Now they are paying the price.

Dole's case is entirely different. For more than thirty years, he has managed to win elections and serve his constituents without cynically exploiting the extraordinary stuff of his life—specifically, his horrific wounds in the Second World War and his ability to bear them thereafter. No one with even the slightest interest in politics has failed over the years to notice and admire Dole's graceful, even ironic, attitude toward his handicap.

But, somehow, that was not enough. Dole's advisers and press people have apparently convinced him that his Senate service was a mark against him, because it identified him as a "creature of Washington." His real and salable story was his war wounds. As a result, Dole has been meeting with reporters to guide them through every excruciating detail of his infirmity: how he dresses in the morning, the pain and numbness he suffers in his right arm, how he manages to write and eat. Under the headline "DROPPING STOICISM ABOUT HIS WAR WOUNDS, DOLE REVEALS THEIR STRAINS ON DAILY LIVING," the *Post's* Laura Blumenfeld made it clear that even as he trotted out all that in an interview with her he was obviously uncomfortable with the exercise. "I'm not looking for pity, but I want people to know," he told Blumenfeld. Dole was certain by then that this is what he must do to win. "President Clinton says, 'I share your pain,' " he said at a campaign rally in Houston. "I can say, 'I feel your pain,' or whatever."

To watch Dole go through these paces is pitiful. Somehow, he has been disabused of his previously firm conviction that he had little need to advertise his suffering and even less to distance himself from a career in legislation. In announcing his resignation from the Senate, he said, with a faintly Whitmanesque flourish, "I will then stand before you without office or authority, a private citizen, a Kansan, an American, just a man"; and the detail he chose to emphasize was not his work in Congress but, rather, that day "a long time ago when I rose from my hospital bed and was permitted by the grace of God to walk again in the world." Dole went on to say, "My heart is buoyant," but it was clear from the quaver in his voice that what he felt was sadness.

Marion Barry would best serve Washington by ceasing to serve it. Sobriety, prayer, illness, governing: it is obviously all too much for him. He should take a thirteenth step: out the door. He should resign. Bob Dole, on the other hand, would best serve his candidacy and his country by affirming the value of his work as a senator, even if, for whatever reason, he now considers any continuation of that work incompatible with the demands of a Presidential campaign. No one doubts that he evinced superhuman strength of will as a veteran, but he and his advisers ought to trust the voters to be aware of that by now. He should not be forced to undergo a kind of public therapy that he never showed any sign of wanting in the first place. —DAVID REMNICK



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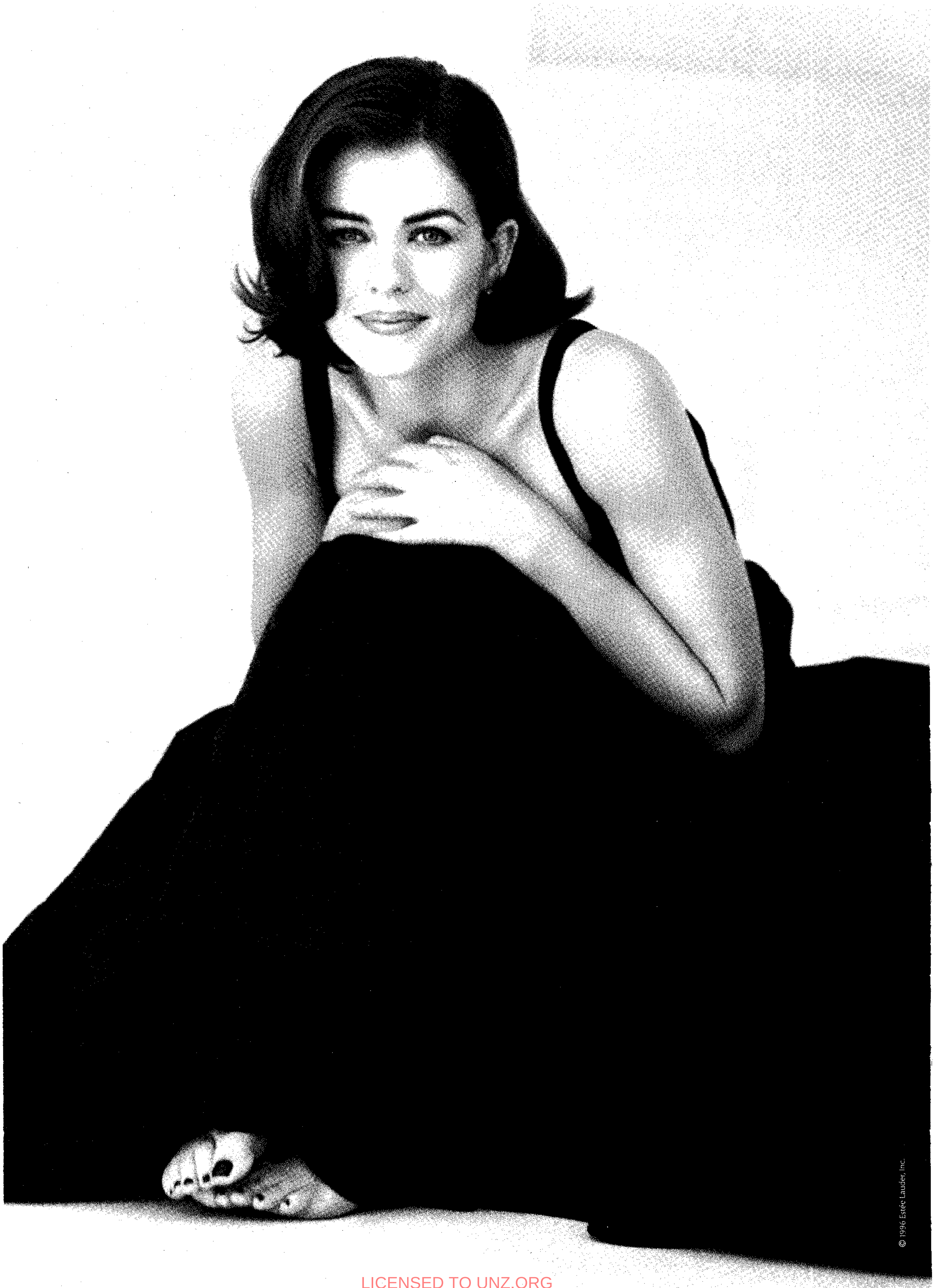

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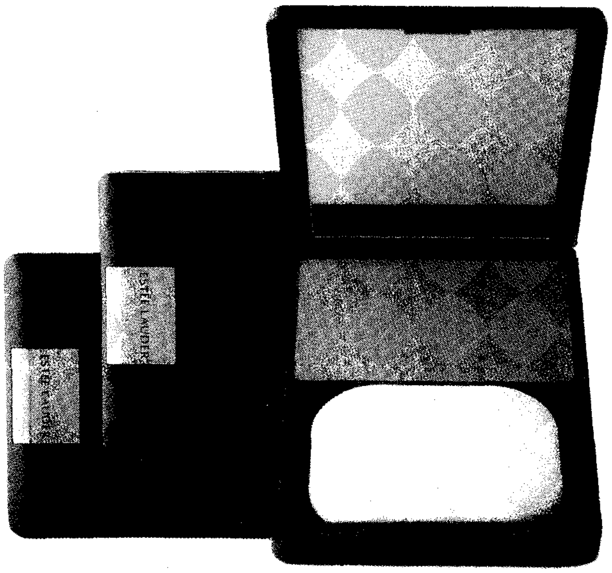

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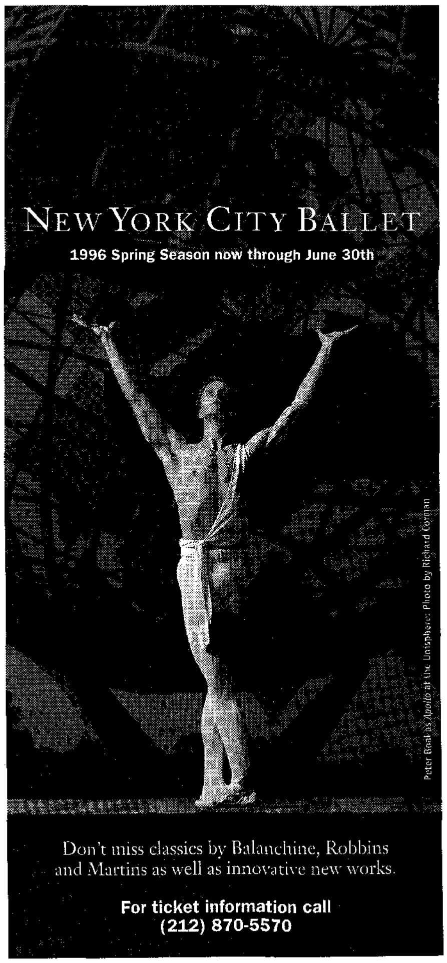

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THE GREAT COMMUNICATOR

Why did Marina Warner bring up the unexplained growth of incidents of mystical phenomena involving religious icons (Annals of Religion, "Blood and Tears," April 8th) only to dismiss such incidents as factually impossible? Are all the occurrences related to the Madonna explainable as mass hallucination? Are we to believe that millions of people are so borne under by postmodern malaise and spiritual wanderlust that they travel about the world to see what is not there? Rational explanations of religious experience are interesting, but they are not ultimate. They cannot replace faith, and why should they? Miracles never cease.

JOHN VERLENDEN
Pine Bluff, Ark.

I believe in miracles, but I wonder whether a weeping statue is the best communications medium available to an omniscient, all-powerful God. Why must our spiritual livelihood depend on cheap parlor tricks? Does the Judeo-Christian God not have pencil and paper to send us a clear message? If he is no more powerful a communicator than his mediums suggest, it may be time to return to the old deities—Zeus, Thor, et al.—who could hurl lightning bolts or, nowadays, perhaps leave an E-mail message if they had something really important to say.

RICHARD STANLEY
Houston, Texas

LIVING SINGLE

Good Lord, no, Alison Rose did not play "Gardner McKay as a boy, a retarded boy," as she wrote that she did in "How I Became a Single Woman" (April 8th). She played a part in "Me," a play I wrote and directed for PBS about a boy—not me—pretending to be autistic in order to win a sibling rivalry and get through life a bit more easily.

GARDNER MCKAY
Honolulu, Hawaii

I hate to admit it, but I felt gleefully vindicated by Ms. Rose's confessions of a single person. She expressed some of the naughty thoughts that I, too, have recently harbored but felt too guilty to mention, such as sentiments about "the little dishes of poison that married people offer you all the time." I must admit I still nurse the conviction that married people (especially those with children) have society's seal of approval, while the rest of us are forever destined to be second-class citizens, punished for the fact that we may never legally bind ourselves with a compatible soul.

ANNE O'CONNOR
Toronto, Ont.

POETRY'S POSSIBILITIES

Henry Louis Gates, Jr., in "King of Cats" (Profile, April 8th), elegantly makes the point that Albert Murray and Ralph Ellison, whatever their artistic differences, are both worthy of our respect. Helen Vendler, in the same issue (Books, "Comic and Elegiac"), approaches two dissimilar poets as if they were in an either/or competition, with August Kleinzahler ("astringent, terse") beating out Mark Doty ("elegiac and 'beautiful' ") for the laurel wreath. But why honor one fine artist by condescending to another? Isn't there something to be said for concision *and* beauty? The house of poetry, after all, has many splendid rooms, and there is surely no need to declare any of them off-limits.

JOEL CONARROE
New York City

CULTURE CLASHES

Rebecca West and her successor, Robert D. Kaplan, may be wrong in believing that great national cultures move along unchangeable courses toward happiness or death, as Brian Hall suggests in "Rebecca West's War" (April 15th). But, at the very least, these cultures are enormous vessels, which can be turned only slowly and at great peril. During the sixties, as I observed events in Iran for the U.S. Department of State, I was chary of the Shah's belief that he could alter the course of history, and was appalled by young, foreign-educated Iranians' shallow understanding of their culture as they led idealistic Westerners to believe that Iran would fall into a liberal democracy if only "repression" could be ended. Predictably, the cultural accretions of twenty-five hundred years asserted themselves. Iran continues to come to grips with itself, and *must* do so—as must Serbs and Russians and every other great cultural-national mass.

WILLIAM H. HALLMAN
Austin, Texas

THE BEST MEDICINE

"Cancer" and "hilarious" are not two words I would ordinarily use in the same sentence. But, as one who has twice watched her mother battle this monster of a disease, I want to thank Marjorie Gross for making us find humor in the terribly tragic ("Cancer Becomes Me," April 15th). I will never forget a discussion my parents and I once had about a vanity license plate for a new car we had bought because it had an automatic transmission. (After her lumpectomy, having to shift gears would have made it impossible for my mother to drive to her radiation treatments.) We thought of different variations of our name and other plays on words. Then my mom said, "How about '1 BREAST'?" Needless to say, we selected something else.

ALEXANDRA J. WALL
New York City

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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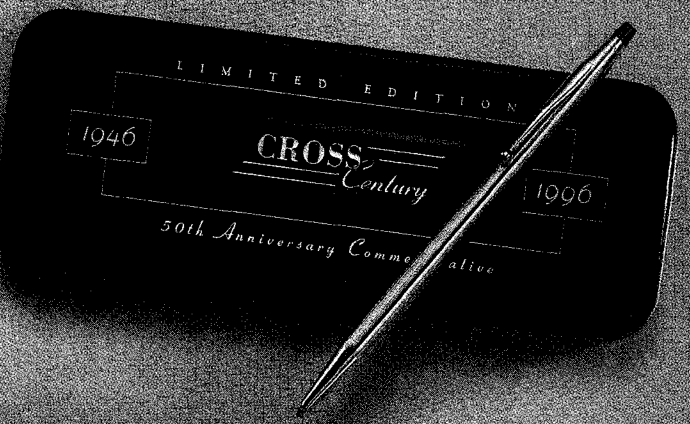

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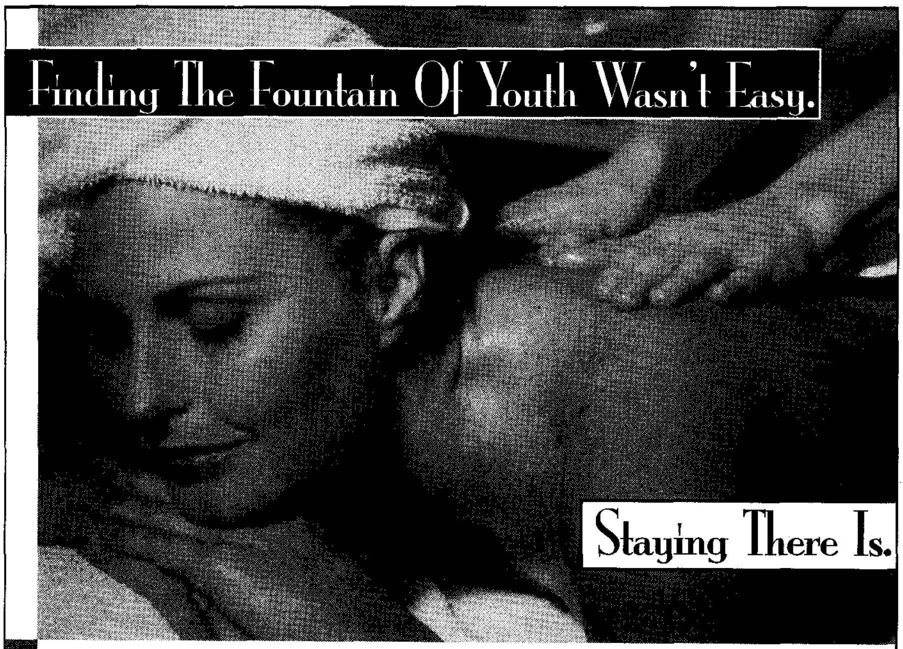
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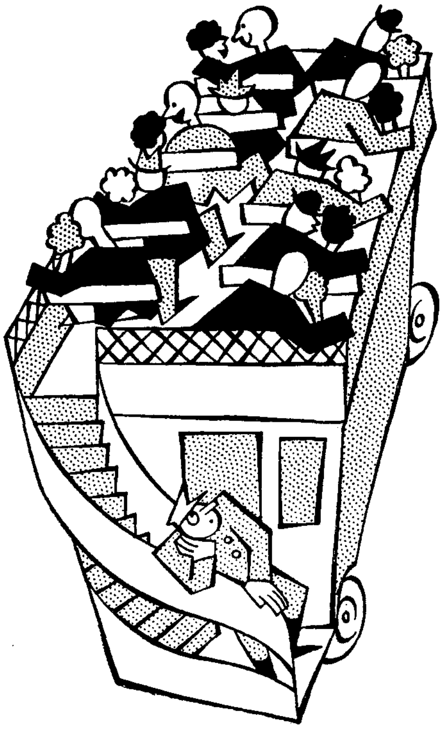

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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26	27	28				

THE THEATRE

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

By the Sea, by the Sea, by the Beautiful Sea—Manhattan Theatre Club wraps up the season with an evening of one-acts, all set on the same beach on a single day, by Terrence McNally, Joe Pintauro, and Lanford Wilson. With Lee Brock, Tim Carhart, and Mary Beth Fisher. Leonard Foglia is the director. In previews. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Dark Rapture—Eric Overmyer's thriller, starring Scott Glenn and Marisa Tomei. Scott Ellis is the director. Preview on May 22. Opens May 23 at 8. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—The second series in this year's six-week marathon of one-acts runs May 22-June 2, with Romulus Linney's "Love Like Fire," Peter Basch's "English (It's Where the Words Are)," Stuart R. Brown's "Slice of Life," and Will Scheffer's "Bel Canto." The marathon continues through June 16. (549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405.)

Making Porn—Rex Chandler plays the straight star Jack Hawk in Ronnie Larsen's play about the gay-porn business. In previews. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

A Park in Our House—The New York Theatre Workshop presents a new drama by Nilo Cruz, set in Cuba in the seventies, in which a family opens its door to a seductive Russian exchange student. Previews begin May 24. (79 E. 4th St. 460-5475.)

Radio Mambo: Culture Clash Invades Miami—A melting-pot farce written and performed by the Latino comedy troupe Culture Clash (Richard Montoya, Ric Salinas, and Herbert Siguenza), based on their interviews with a diverse cross-section of Dade Country residents. Preview on May 23. Opens May 24 at 8. (INTAR, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

We'll Meet Again—A limited engagement of Vicki Stuart's one-woman musical memoir about her childhood in England during the Second World War. Presented by the York Theatre Company. Opens May 23 at 8 and continues through June 30. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

OPENED RECENTLY

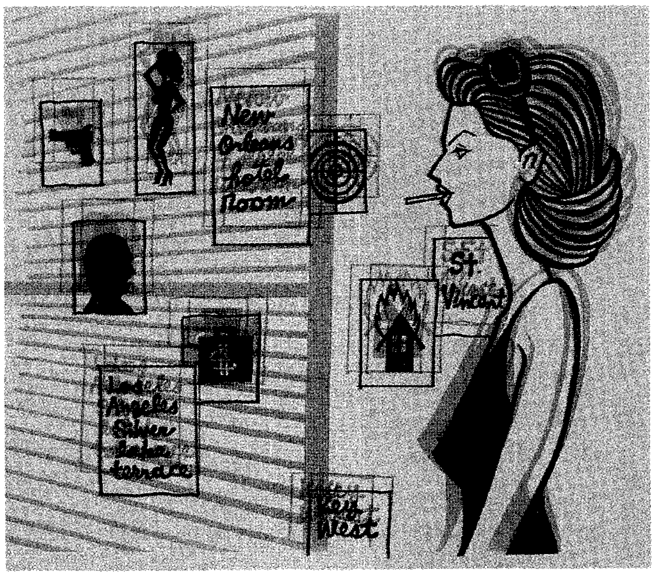
Ancient History—Vivienne Benesch and Michael Rupert portray a Jewish-Catholic couple in their thirties whose cultural differences wreak havoc on their ostensibly perfect relationship, in David Ives's new play. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 333-4052. Closes June 9.)

Arts and Leisure—A new satire, about a drama critic in crisis, by Steve Tesich. Directed by JoAnne Akalaitis. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Closes June 9.)

Baal—Brecht's first play, about a hedonistic poet, gets a present-day art-world setting, as well as music, in an Independent Theatre Company production. (House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St. 353-3088.)

Big—A new musical, based on the 1988 movie. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Bring In da Noise, Bring In da Funk—Director George C. Wolfe and dancer-choreographer Savion Glover's heroically energetic African-American musical. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/20/96.) (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)



Marisa Tomei, in Eric Overmyer's "Dark Rapture."

Brutality of Fact—Keith Reddin's new play, starring Leslie Lyles, Rebecca Nelson, and Scotty Bloch, takes a darkly comic look at the family ties that bind. (Camilla's, 632 Broadway, between Bleecker and Houston Sts. 475-2264. Closes May 25.)

The Bundle—An Irondale Ensemble Project production of Edward Bond's 1978 epic drama, which traces the life of an abandoned child. (Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave., at 10th St. 633-1292. Closes May 25.)

Buried Child—Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre brings Sam Shepard's 1978 play to Broadway, under the direction of Gary Sinise. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099.)

Caught in the Act—The Threshold Theatre Company's international festival of one-act plays includes sixteen works, from each decade of the twentieth century, by authors well known (Schnitzler, Arrabal, Nabokov, Fassbinder) and obscure. Three different programs run in rotating repertory through June 2. (HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., near Spring St. For information, call 647-0202.)

The Chang Fragments—Han Ong's intelligent new drama, about the lack of common ground between immigrant Chinese parents and their Americanized children—powerfully directed, by Marcus Stern, and movingly acted. Though it takes a while to get going, Mr. Ong has woven his characters' real and imagined stories together skillfully and humorously. The use of slides (of sentences and photographs), which can sometimes be distracting, here adds both depth and irony. Tina Chen and Ernest Abuba (superb in a role too small for his talent), as the parents, lead the fine cast. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes June 2.)

The Cocoanuts—A revival of the 1925 Irving Berlin and George S. Kaufman comedy that starred the Marx Brothers and became their first movie. Berlin's ageless songs are charmingly sung (and several have been added to this production, including the wonderful "Shaking the Blues Away"). Richard Sabellico's choreography—especially the tap dancing—is terrific. Kaufman's book, though, hasn't aged well. The cast is game, but even the Marx Brothers themselves couldn't make these jokes fresh. And Mr. Sabellico, who also directed, apparently ignored the shape of his stage when he was blocking and forgot that, while the Brothers may be indelibly imprinted on us all, the rest of the characters could be something other than caricatures. The superb cast deserves better. (American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 633-9797.)

Cowgirls—By the end of this appealing, if somewhat predictable, musical comedy, three chamber musicians have been transformed into fringe-wearin', honky-tonkin' cowgirls. Mary Murfitt, the show's composer and lyricist, is hilarious as an uptight violinist learning how to shake it. Betsy Howie, who wrote the book, is also in the fine cast. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.)

Curtains—Stephen Bill's 1987 dark comedy about aging, directed by Scott Elliott, has moved to the John Houseman Theatre. A New Group production. (450 W. 42nd St. 339-6200.)

A Delicate Balance—Lincoln Center Theatre presents Edward Albee's unbalanced-family drama, first staged in 1966. With John Carter, George Grizzard, Rosemary Harris, Mary Beth Hurt, Elaine Stritch, and Elizabeth Wilson. Directed by Gerald Gutierrez. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

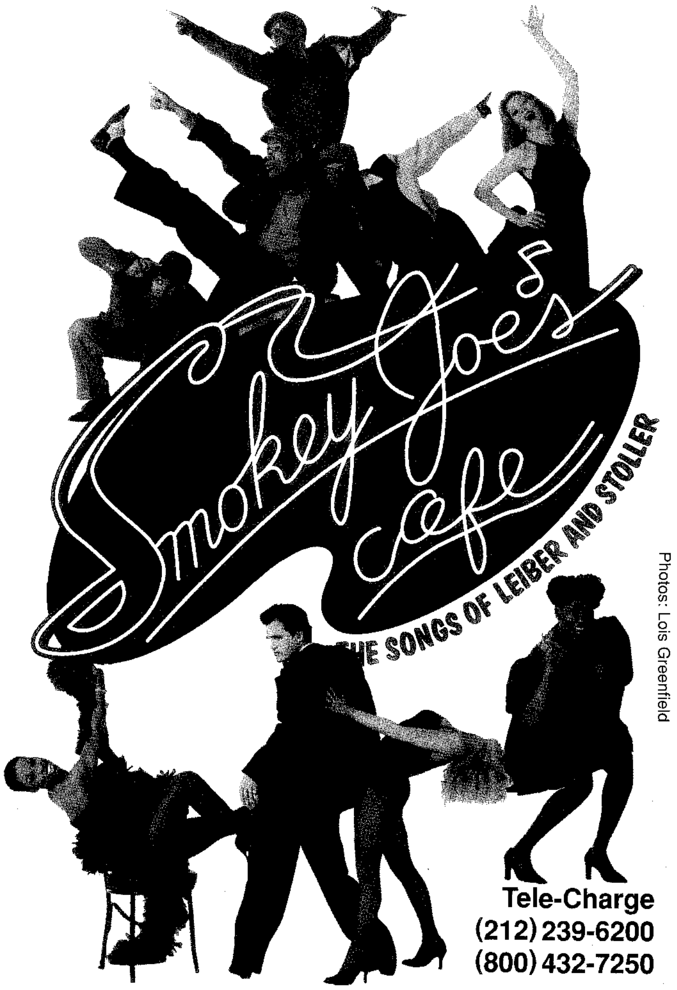
A Fair Country—A neatly packaged but hollow new play by Jon Robin Baitz, about an American diplomat in South Africa. (3/11/96) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini's hit-and-miss movie-biz sendup. (Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. 799-4599.)

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Burt Shevelove, Larry Gelbart, and Stephen Sondheim's 1962 musical-comedy version of a Roman farce is a joke play that begs for outrageousness, but Jerry Zaks's peppy, acrylic revival seldom enters that giddy zone of comic daring. As Pseudolus, the slave who connives to win his freedom, Nathan Lane proves that he's an expert comedy technician, but he's more perspiration than inspiration: unlike Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers, and the other Old Guard comics who appeared in the show over previous decades, he sings about liberty but seldom takes liberties. A few show-stopping moments do get the audience pretty high, but ultimately the show's unrelenting insistence on not thinking can make you feel like you're being tickled to death. (5/20/96) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

An Ideal Husband—In Oscar Wilde's hundred-and-one-year-old play, a youthful transgression comes back to threaten the career of a

HIROSHI TANABE



Smokey Joe's cafe

THE SONGS OF LEIBER AND STOLLER

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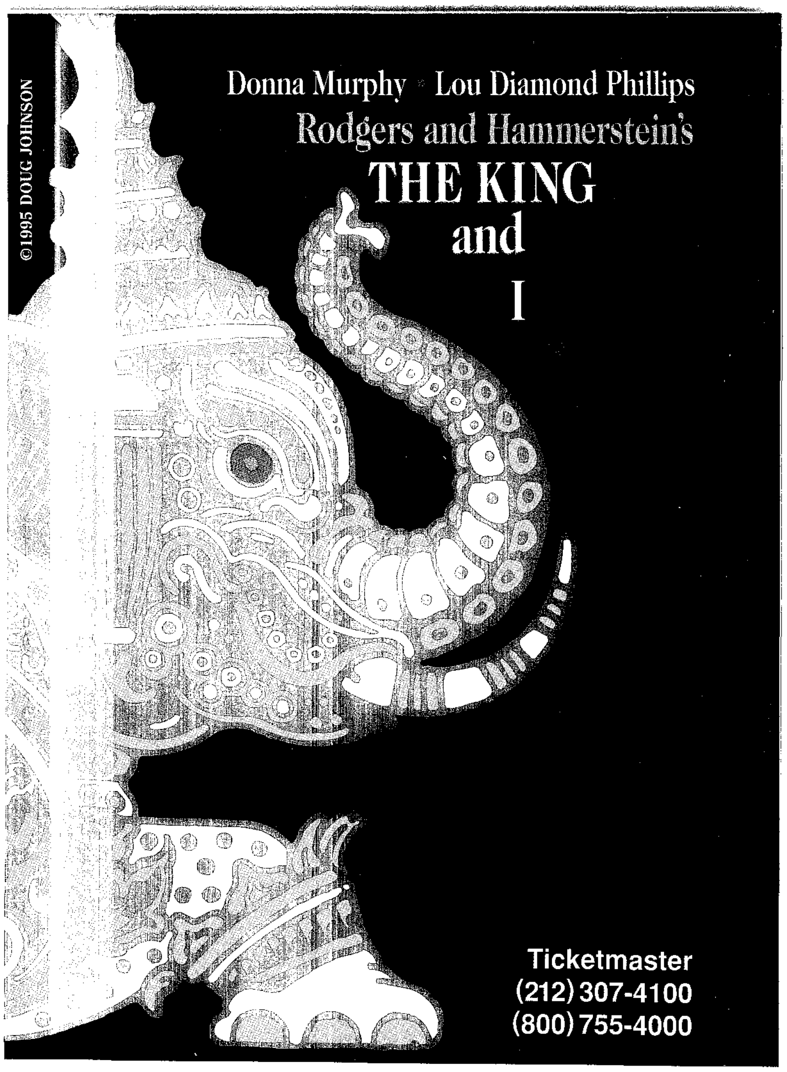

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NATHAN LANE IN FORUM

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promising Cabinet member who is a potential Prime Minister. The man who saves the day is an apparent good-for-nothing, who, of course, turns out to be good for everything; he is played, with showy aplomb, by Martin Shaw. The play, which originally ran concurrently with "The Importance of Being Earnest" (and closed concurrently with it when Wilde was convicted of sodomy), is as serious as it is frisky—it pulls the rug out from under conventional morality to find a deeper, more humane morality underneath. The rest of the delightful, mostly British cast, under the direction of Peter Hall, is well up to the Wildean wit and wisdom, and the evening flies by in a flash of epigrammatic splendor. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

The King and I—In a word, magnificent. Hats off to Donna Murphy, as Anna, Lou Diamond Phillips, as the King of Siam, and everyone else (including Rodgers and Hammerstein, of course) who had a hand in this production. Christopher Renshaw directed. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

Love Thy Neighbor—In his latest two-hour monologue, Jackie Mason prowls the stage like a rabid penguin, parcelling out tough love with equal-opportunity glee. His range may be limited, but his timing is perfect, and the house rocks with laughter. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream—The Royal Shakespeare Company, after stops in San Francisco, Chicago, and Washington, D.C., is now offering New Yorkers its acclaimed production of the great comedy. Perhaps the road has taken its toll—what's on view here is no longer robust but rather droll and unmagical. Directed by Adrian Noble, the R.S.C.'s artistic director. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 307-4100. Closes May 26.)

One Hour Without Television—In Jaime Salom's comedy, a couple celebrating their anniversary turn off the TV set and end up thrashing out their relationship. Performances are in English Wednesdays through Fridays and in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Orphée—Jean Cocteau Repertory celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary with Cocteau's 1926 adaptation of the myth. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

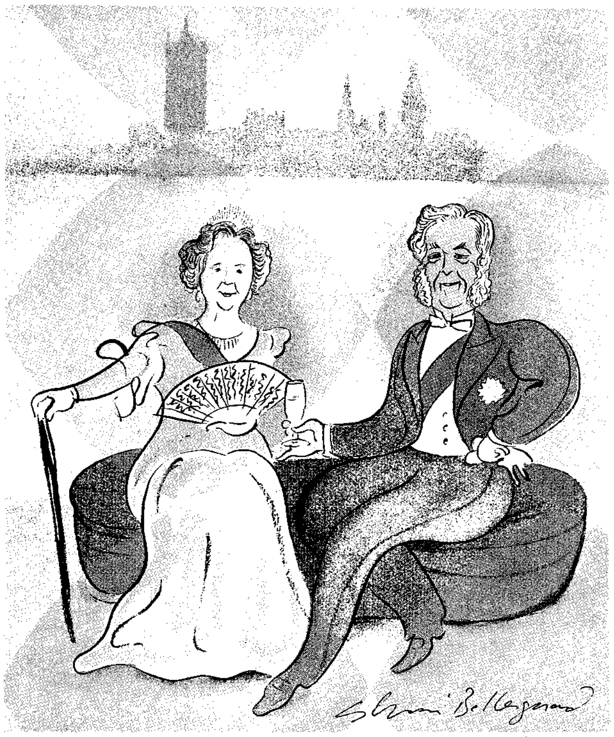
Papa—If Ernest Hemingway fell victim to the precarious machismo of the persona he created, John deGroot's one-man play falls victim to the cliché that persona has since become. Len Cariou is a fine, energetic actor, and he gives a valiantly gruff portrayal of the author, whom we encounter in the midst of a bender one day in 1959 (two years before he shot himself). But Cariou's effort to elevate his character's sad strutting and impotent anger gets sideswiped by the overloaded script, which has no surprises, way too many words, and not nearly enough fresh insights. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

Rent—Inspired by Puccini's "La Bohème," the late Jonathan Larson's rock opera, set in a gray and dishevelled East Village loft space, stands every assumption of the traditional musical on its head. It can't support the narrative overload (eight separate stories are told), yet by the end of the evening Larson's talent has taken the audience to places the musical never ventures these days. (2/19/96) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight—A drama by Rod Serling, about the later career of a big-hearted boxer. (Kraine, 85 E. 4th St. 343-0123.)

Seven Guitars—August Wilson's exciting new play, which flashes back to the final days of a Pittsburgh blues singer (Keith David), sends us stirring news of black life in the late forties. The seven guitars of the title are the seven memorable characters whose high times and dashed dreams Wilson turns into beautiful, complex music—a funky, wailing, irresistible Chicago blues. Lloyd Richards is the director. (4/15/96) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

The Skriker—The remarkably versatile Caryl Churchill has taken English fairy traditions and mined them not for enchantment but for all their potential menace, in a marvellous, creepy drama about two vulnerable young women (Caroline Seymour, of "Ecstasy," and Angie Phillips) and the malignant shapeshifter (Jayne Atkinson) who won't, or can't, leave them in peace. Churchill's last major play here, "Mad Forest" (which was also directed by Mark Wing-Davey), drew you in without the aid of props or scenery; this one is elaborately staged, with magical sets and costumes by Marina Draghici. The two-hour-plus production is presented without an intermission. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400. Closes May 26.)



DULCIE GRAY AND MICHAEL DENISON, *who have been married for fifty-seven years and have appeared together in London in twenty-eight plays, are at last making their Broadway débuts, in Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband."*

ADRIAN BELLESGUARD

State Fair—This lively, colorful stage version of Rodgers and Hammerstein's 1945 movie musical is a pleasure, despite some weak perfomances in key roles. Co-directed by James Hammerstein (son of) and Randy Skinner, who also did the choreography. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

Tartuffe: Born Again—Alison Fraser, John Glover, and David Schramm lead the cast in Freyda Thomas's latest Molière adaptation, in which the antihero has become a televangelist. Directed by David Saint. (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200.)

Three in the Back, Two in the Head—A man falls into a web of government intrigue when he attempts to find his father's murderers, in a thriller by Jason Sherman. (MCC, 120 W. 28th St. 727-7765. Closes June 8.)

Tovah: Out of Her Mind—"Don't go looking for plot," Tovah Feldshuh warns at the start of her one-woman smorgasbord of mainly Jewish songs and sketches. The consummate musical-comedy star harnesses the manic energy of a gifted child acting out; her rich, elastic voice is never off key, and her characterizations—which include a wry grandmother, a red-hot Sophie Tucker, a one-legged ballerina, and an ordinary Joe in retirement—are always nimble. What the show lacks in wit or social bite Ms. Feldshuh makes up for in polish and talent. So who needs plot? With terrific piano accompaniment by Scott Cady. Presented by the Jewish Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes June 2.)

Valley Song—The South African playwright Athol Fugard's latest drama, about the effects of political change in his homeland, has returned to Manhattan Theatre Club. With LisaGay Hamilton and Marius Weyers. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Virgins and Other Myths—Colin Martin's one-man show—a sort of "This Gay Boy's Life." (Atlantic, 336 W. 20th St. 239-6200.)

The Wilde Spirit—In Kerry Ashton's one-man show, the spirit of Oscar Wilde returns to set the record straight and offer his musings on the nineteen-nineties. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556.)

LONG RUNS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 307-4100. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **THE FOOD CHAIN:** Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100. . . . **GRANDMA SYLVIA'S FUNERAL:** SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 691-1555. . . . **GREASE!:** Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 239-6200. . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100. . . . **MASTER CLASS:** Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **MRS. KLEIN:** Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 239-6200. . . . **MOON OVER BUFFALO:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **PICASSO AT THE LAPIN AGILE:** Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200. (Closes May 26.) . . . **ROB BECKER'S DEFENDING THE CAVEMAN:** Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 307-4100. . . . **SHOW BOAT:** Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 307-4100. . . . **SMOKEY JOE'S CAFÉ:** Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200. . . . **STOMP:** Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 477-2477. . . . **SUNSET BOULEVARD:** Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4007. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **VICTOR/VICTORIA:** Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 307-4100.

DANCE

New York City Ballet—May 22 and May 28 at 8 and May 26 at 3: "Coppélia." . . . ¶ May 23 at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," the première of "Twilight," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ May 24 at 8: "Mozartiana," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Twilight," and "West Side Story Suite." . . . ¶ May 25 at 2 "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ May 25 at 8: "Correlazione," "Fancy Free," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through June 30.)

American Ballet Theatre—May 22 at 2 and 8: "Romeo and Juliet." . . . ¶ May 23 at 8 and May 25 at 2: "How Near Heaven," "Elements," and "Americans We." . . . ¶ May 24-25 and May 27 at 8: "Ballet Imperial," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," "Rose Adagio," and "The Sleeping Beauty, Act III." (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Through June 22.)

Parsons Dance Company—The approachably inventive troupe opens a two-week engagement of new and repertory work, including the première of the calm "Pass the Oil," the idea for which came to David Parsons as he watched physical therapist Sean Gallagher at work backstage. "I have this technique I call the leg dance," Gallagher explains. "It's a passive full-range-of-motion move on the lower extremity." Onstage, he and his fellow therapist Gina Giammanco do a bit more. "I manipulate the dancers, I walk on people, I crack them, flip them on the table. I do a little tango with the other therapist." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. May 21 at 7:30, May 22-24 and May 28 at 8, May 25 at 2 and 8, and May 26 at 2 and 7:30. Through June 2.)

DanceAfrica—"People kept telling me I was fusing hip-hop with African dance," choreographer Rennie Harris says. "But I don't know any African dance to fuse it with." His company, Pure Movement, joins Women of the Calabash, Bokandéye, and the Nile Ethiopian Ensemble in a tribute to women of the African diaspora. How did Harris's company—six dreadlocked, bare-chested, muscular male dancers—come to be included in this enterprise? "The men have to honor the women," he explains. Chuck Davis, the series curator, offers another explanation: after Pure Movement's appearance in last year's DanceAfrica, "BAM was inundated with callers asking 'When are *they* coming back?' " (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn. 1-718 636-4100. May 24 at 8, May 25 at 2 and 8, and May 26 at 2.)

"The Politics of Quiet"—The choreographer and performance artist Meredith Monk tries to carve out a theatrical space for contemplation and meditation, in a work that considers the role of the artist caught in the onrush of the information superhighway. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. May 22-26 at 8.)

David Dorfman Dance—The six-member company has added guest artists for these two programs. In "Familiar Movements (The Family Project)," those guests include brothers, parents, sisters, and a grandmother, among others. As of press time there had been no door-slamming tantrums or stormings out of rehearsal; "Some uncomfortable little family digs do come up," Dorfman concedes, "but we end up just using them for material." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. May 22-25 at 8 and May 26 at 3. Through June 2.)

"Carmenland, the Saga Continues"—The choreographer and performance artist Patricia Hoffbauer returns with "Who Killed Carmen?," the latest installment in her Carmen Miranda series. At least six versions of the Brazilian icon appear this time, one wearing a map of South America, with Rio on her hip (and the United States for a headdress), another in a furry banana bodysuit from which she unzips herself. Costumes by Liz Prince. (Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, Park Ave. at 42nd St. May 22 at 12:30 and 7:30. 878-2453. No tickets necessary.)

Clark Studio Theatre—The choreographers Paul D. Mosley and Kraig Patterson present solos ("The Greatest and Most Exciting Gratuitous Exhibition Ever Exploited" and "Flys," respectively) as well as group works for an ad-hoc company of stellar dancers, including Joe Bowie, Derry Swan, Nadine Mose, Lani Ting, and Terry Hollis. (Rose Building, Lincoln Center. For reservations, call 399-1349. May 25 at 8 and May 26 at 3 and 8.)

Tap Extravaganza—The centerpiece of the annual New York Tap Dance Week celebrations is an evening in which tap teachers Phil Black, Ruth Williams, and Melba Huber, jazz pianist Bross Townsend, and the Rockettes will be honored with proclamations, screenings of vintage film clips, and performances both rehearsed and spontaneous. (Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. May 25 at 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

CONCERTS

Jay Leonhart & Family—Playing together and staying together, this family affair includes wacky dad Jay on bass and sardonic vocals, and wife Donna and daughter Carolyn singing their hearts out. On piano will be Ted Rosenthal—not blood, but a fine jazz player. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. May 22 at 12:30.)

Elvis Costello and Steve Nieve—During the past decade, post-punk's Cole Porter has flickered in and out of the pop-music picture. For a while he seemed uneasy about his cynical, bile-spewing, gorgeously melodic gifts. But having reissued his collected early works on Rykodisc Records, and with a new album ("All This Useless Beauty") with his brilliant backup band, the Attractions, ready for release, Elvis is back in the building. This performance, a sneak preview with the Attractions' first pianist, Steve Nieve, is guaranteed to be an exhilarating and intimate show. (Supper Club, 240 W. 47th St. 307-7171. May 22 at 8.)

Rod Stewart—The last time he of the leonine mane and the ripped-pajamas voice stepped into the Garden, he was probably taking in a Rangers game—and much of Rod the Mod's louche appeal comes from a sense that he'd be just as happy on the terraces at a soccer match as onstage. It's been one supermodel marriage and more than two decades since his boozy days with the Faces, but Mr. Stewart can still be naughty when he wants to be, as he is on his latest album, "Spanner in the Works." (Madison Square Garden. 465-6741. May 22-23 at 8.)

Merengazo '96—An evening of merengue, with Fernandito Villalona, from the Dominican Republic, and Tono Rosario, from Puerto Rico. (Madison Square Garden. May 25 at 8.)

CLUBS

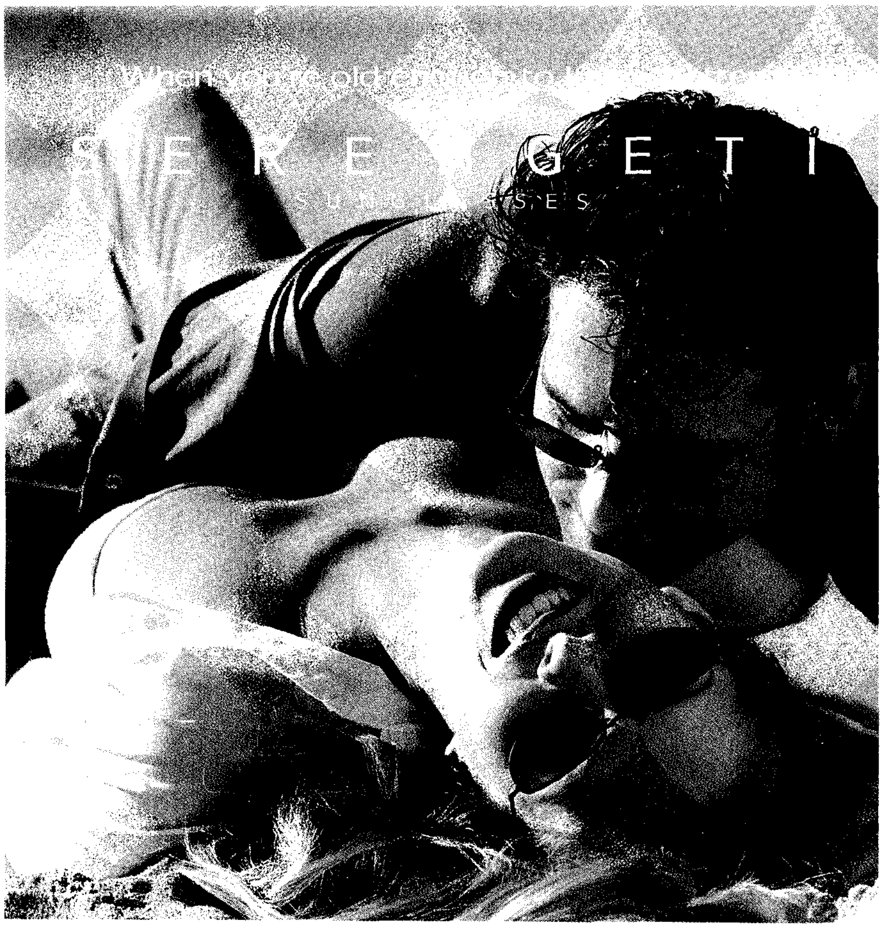
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type indicates some of the more notable performers in town. Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it is advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—May 22: **WRITERS IN THE ROUND, "BLUEBIRD" STYLE.** This new monthly series, hosted by ace local songwriters Richard Barone and Jules Shear, is fashioned after Nashville's fabled Bluebird Café, where writers have long gathered to share their work. This month's guests are pop newcomer Doug Powell and the terrific Marti Jones, who back in the eighties was a kind of New Wave Dusty Springfield. May 25: The **GREEN LINNET TWENTIETH-ANNIVERSARY BASH.** Long before Irish music took off like a hot shamrock, Wendy Newton was showcasing the best traditional Celtic music from both sides of the Atlantic on her Connecticut-based independent label. This birthday concert, hosted by N.P.R.'s Fiona Ritchie, presents a topnotch cast, including fiddle virtuoso Martin Hayes, Scottish tunesmith Andy M. Stewart, and a star-studded group named Patrick Street, featuring violinist Kevin Burke and accordionist Jackie Daly.

Brownies, 169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—May 25: Garage rock with the **FLESHTONES.**

Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—A comfortable neo-Moroccan bar hidden inside the Time Café. May 28: Up-and-coming folk sensation **PATTY GRIFFIN.** The **MINGUS BIG BAND** still packs them in every Thursday. Dining.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—May 22: **ROB HALFORD.** Best known as the vocalist for eighties heavy-metal legends Judas Priest, Halford distinguished himself with his short hair (unheard of in metal circles and difficult to coördinate with motorcycle gear) and his bloodcurdling howl. He recently earned his fifteen minutes of tabloid fame when the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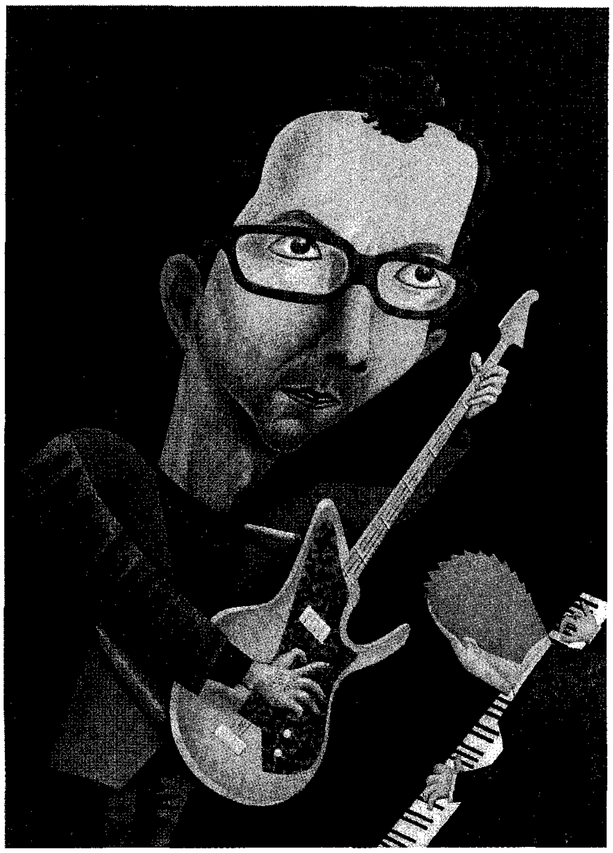
parents of a young man who had killed himself after reading Judas Priest lyrics sued the band for damages; none were awarded. In what appears to be an unconnected move, Halford has become a solo artist. May 24: **MORRIS DAY AND THE TIME.** Like Apollonia, Vanity, and to a lesser extent Sheila E., Sheena Easton, and Kim Basinger, Morris Day is one of the many talents fostered and then forgotten by the Artist Formerly Known as Prince. Back in 1981, the Time was the best band in Minneapolis, and, though the group also featured Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis (who later distinguished themselves as producers for Janet Jackson), the clear leader was Morris Day. (The Time's début album was actually a collaboration between Prince and Day.) Day was the perfect foil to the purple one's brooding-introvert persona: a zoot-suited Lothario, he performed tunes like "Even Gigolos Get Lonely" and kept a mirror and a valet onstage. By the time Prince made the movie "Purple Rain," in 1984—was it really twelve years ago?—Day had perfected the act, and, in a classic case of being in the right place at the right time, he achieved a sort of comic apotheosis by more or less playing himself. He walked away with the film, but stardom did not follow. Now he's back, with a semi-official version of the Time—Jam and Lewis will not be in attendance—but that doesn't mean the funk will be any less ferocious. And when they break into "Jungle Love," just see if you can stand still.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (1-201 798-4064)—May 25: **STEREOLAB.** If Hal from "2001: A Space Odyssey" had taken up a second career as a d.j., he might have created something like the sound of this arty London outfit. It's as if amplifiers, mixing boards, and old Moog synthesizers had grown tired of just carrying the music and had decided to run things themselves. The result is lush and surprisingly human, as evidenced by the engaging "Emperor Tomato Ketchup," the group's latest album. May 26: **MARK EITZEL,** a singer and songwriter who remains one of the finest poets of tenderloin passion and despair since Tom Waits. Though his Bay Area band, American Music Club, is no more, his solo gigs share the same unfashionable and eccentric sound.

Mercury Lounge, 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700)—May 23: **44, CAKELIKE,** and **GOD IS MY CO-PILOT.** May 25: **SOUTHERN CULTURE ON THE SKIDS,** a group of psychobilly swamp rockers from Chapel Hill whose songs are populated with characters that would have frightened Carson McCullers—there's lots of fried chicken, go-go dancing, and bear wrestling. Years of touring have finally earned the group its first major-label release, "Dirt Track Date," on Geffen.

S.O.B.'s, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—May 22-24: **HUGH MASEKELA.** It's been almost twenty-five years since "Grazing in the Grass" was No. 1 on the R. & B. charts, but the great trumpeter still has the same deliciously delicate touch. R. & B. vocalist **RACHELLE FERRELL** begins a three-night run on May 28. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—May 23: a triple bill of top-shelf alternative rock with **GIRLS AGAINST BOYS, THERAPY?,** and **SKELETON KEY.** What with their Marlboro-man looks and their slithering, down-and-dirty "velvet metal" (as their music has been called), Girls Against Boys have an effortless sex appeal that most indie bands would trade their well-studied geek cool for. Northern Ireland's Therapy? recently shifted gears from its industrial leanings to a super-heavy, hell-bent assault that's a bit much to take. If clenched jowls and furrowed brows are your thing, they're for you. Skeleton Key's front man, Erik Sanko, has worked with such desperadoes as John Lurie and Gavin Friday, but his own raunchy material sounds a bit like Nirvana meets Leonard Cohen.



Elvis Costello and Steve Nieve, at the Supper Club.

BLAIR DRAWSON

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—A **FISHBONE** show (May 27) might be described as vaudevillian hardcore. It's a remarkable mixture of chaotic humor and volume, and the band often seems on the verge of exploding. But, despite the group's spasmodic energy, its material is fairly weak; by the end of a show you feel as if you'd just sat through an Oliver Stone retrospective.

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Vocalist **JULIE BUDD** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. Dining.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—Giving Toots Thielemans a run for his money, Dutch harmonica player **HENDRIK MEURKENS** (May 24-25) has transformed his tiny instrument into a full-fledged horn. Like Thielemans, Meurkens also doubles—his alternate instrument is the vibraphone. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through May 26: the **BOB JAMES** trio. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Through May 25: Bass, piano, and drums with Santi DeBriano, Darryl Grant, and Billy Hart. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—After twenty-nine years at the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** is polished to such a high gloss that he's almost blinding to behold. Everything he does is breathlessly paced: tempos accelerate, notes ascend, hands clap, teeth flash. His speech has the arcane ring that comes from travelling in glamorous circles: "You're a knockout!" "What an audience!" "How chic!" "Wow!" Just as your attention begins to flag, he shifts gears and does ten minutes of blues with cheeky conviction. But all his mannerisms really come into focus the minute he sings Cole Porter, which turns everything else into a warmup. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** is in attendance.

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven, 57 E. 57th St. (758-5757)—A cool, sumptuous piano-and-bass room in the Four Seasons Hotel, with twenty-two-foot-high ceilings, a long backlit bar stocked with single-malt Scotch, and fine jazz seven nights a week. Dining.

Iridium, 44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121)—Through May 26: the **JAVON JACKSON** quartet and the **DEWEY REDMAN** quartet. Although his sound screams neo-traditional, saxophonist Jackson's recordings have become edgier and more off-center each time out, a combination of approaches would be inviting. Saxophonist Redman—yes, Joshua's dad—is himself a master of the inside/outside jazz take, equally at home with bop elocution and barking abstraction. Now and for the foreseeable future, Mondays belong to **LES PAUL.** We admire him for his Edison-like ingenuity (he perfected everything from the solid-body electric guitar to multitrack recording), but we listen to him for the eccentric beauty of his guitar playing, an amalgam of blues, jazz, country, pop, musical in-jokes, electronic tricks, and anything else this mad scientist can coax out of strings and tubes. A pure product of grassroots show biz, he's a national treasure.

Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—The **CECIL TAYLOR** festival continues through May 25. For a long time, no one paid much attention to Taylor—he was a freak who played the way that Bartók, Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Debussy might have played had they been jazz musicians. But masters often need apostles to prepare their way, and that is what the pianists McCoy Tyner and Keith Jarrett have been doing—knowingly or not—for the past few decades. Once in a while Taylor opens up enough to reveal his roots, and you can hear traces of Ellington, Gershwin, and Monk.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000)—A plush, old-fashioned night club, sixty-five floors above it all, complete with Art Deco fixtures, intimate glitter, and a panoramic view as dizzying as the tab. **ANTHONY NEWLEY** has the floor through May 25. **MARY CLEERE HARAN** takes over on May 28. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Rainbow Room, there's a revolving dance floor, plus swinging big-band music courtesy of the Rainbow Room Orchestra, featuring vocalists Sean Mahony and Claudette Sierra. Closed Mondays.

Tavern on the Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (873-3200)—With its cool sound, nineteen-fifties West Coast jazz had its share of divas; **CHRIS CONNOR** (through May 26) may have been its ice queen. With the coastal jazz wars a long-forgotten issue, we can now savor her vocal elegance and her murmuring swing. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**HAROLD ASHBY** (in through May 26) has been carrying on the tradition of the big-toned, heart-on-the-sleeve tenor sax ever since Duke Ellington hired him as a resident romantic in the mid-sixties. Ashby's forthright swing can surely cure what ails you. The **NICHOLAS PAYTON** quintet picks up the slack on May 28. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Visiones, 125 Macdougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576)—A tiny, low-key supper club where the jazz, like the Spanish-American cuisine, can take on a spicy, multicultural flavor. Through May 25: second-generation Chicago tenor-sax star **CHICO FREEMAN.**

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—May 22-25: Piano and bass with Larry Ham and **MICHAEL MOORE.** Ham is a new name to us, but if bassist Moore, he of the exquisite and discriminating taste, is playing with him, he's worth investigating. Dining.

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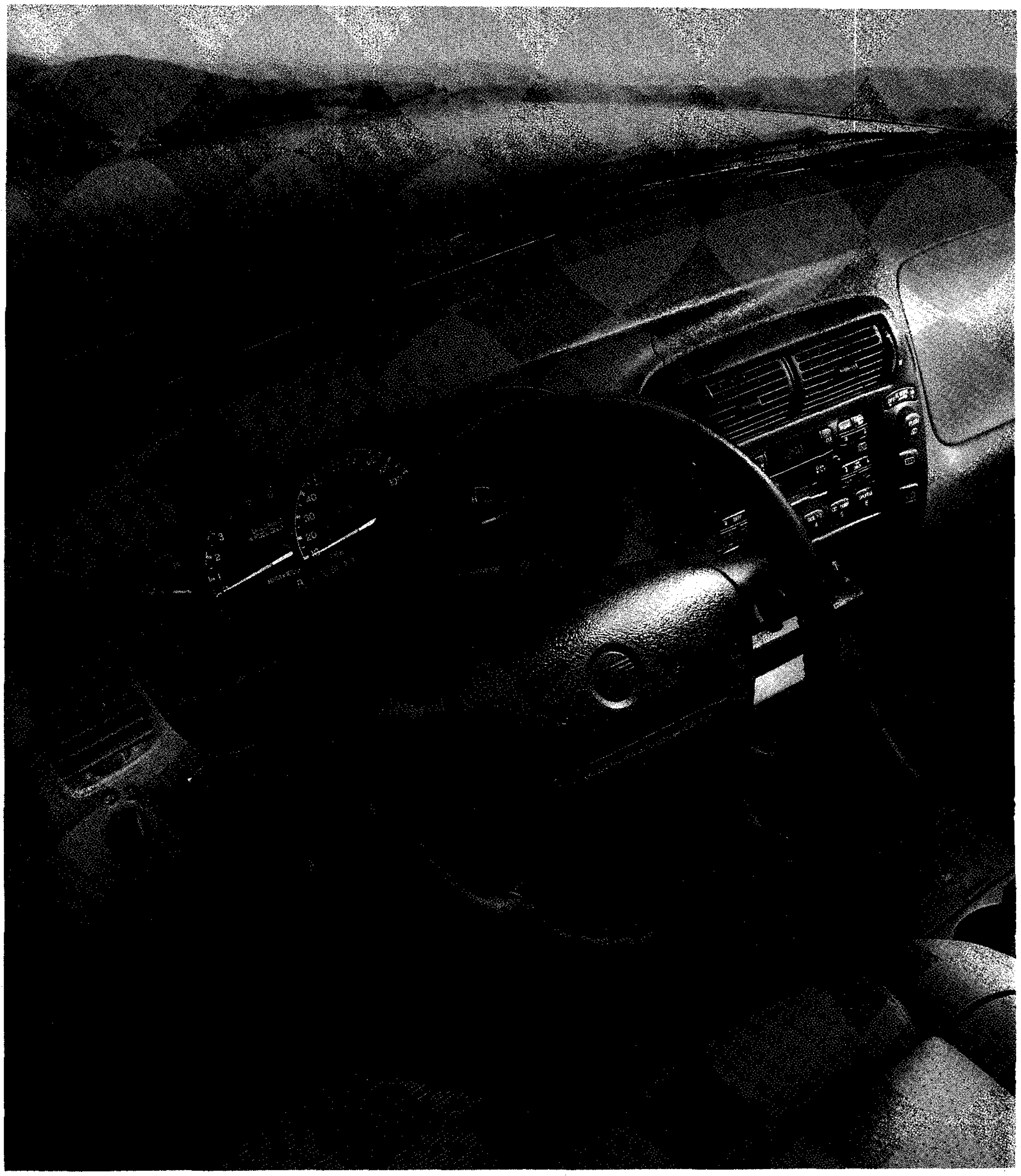

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ART

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—After a painstaking ten-year conservation-and-restoration effort, the Gubbio Studiolo (from the palace of Duke Federigo da Montefeltro), which was dismantled in 1967, has been reinstalled. This masterful trompe-l'œil Renaissance chamber, with its intricately inlaid wood panels that give the illusion of open cupboards containing books, scientific instruments, and other objects, is one of only two known examples of such a room. Accompanying the installation is an exhibit covering the restoration efforts and the fifteenth-century woodworking technique of intarsia, used to create the study. . . . ¶ "Genoa: Drawings and Prints 1530-1800." The spectacular works of the Roman Baroque have always stolen the spotlight from what was going on in the sticks. This well-curated exhibition of prints and drawings from the Republic of Genoa turns up some lesser-known masters—Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione, Luca Cambiaso, Bernardo Strozzi—who are by no means second-rate. Through July 7. . . . ¶ "Picturing Paradise: Colonial Photography of Samoa, 1875-1925." Through Aug. 4. . . . ¶ Among the designers represented at the Costume Institute in "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity," a history of concealment and exposure in fashion from the eighteenth century on, are Madame Grès, Halston, Gianni Versace, Rudi Gernreich, and Mary Quant. Through Aug. 18. . . . ¶ "Enamels of Limoges," a slew of precious objects—medallions, reliquaries, portable altars, and such—dating from the twelfth century through the fourteenth, from the French town's abbey workshops. Through June 16. . . . NOTE: The museum's roof garden is open (weather permitting), with sculptures by Rodin, Lachaise, Lipchitz, Caro, Smith (David), and Smith (Tony). (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Picasso and Portraiture: Representation and Transformation" includes a hundred and thirty paintings, and nearly as many works on paper, depicting lovers, wives, poets, art dealers, and children. (See also Galleries—Uptown.) . . . ¶ "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma." A striking series of black-and-white pictures, taken between 1991 and 1994 at fifty-two black churches in Brooklyn, documents the serious work of worship. In a typical print, the viewer's eye travels from the top of a carefully coiffed head bowed in prayer to a lacy dress, down to thumbs gripping a marred pew, over to a few incongruous action-figure toys, and back to a barrel-chested man staring out unreadably. Throughout the series, the physical details—the sheen on skin, the pale leather underside of a shoe, a huge metal fan—are what ground these complex, emotion-borne images. Through June 18. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

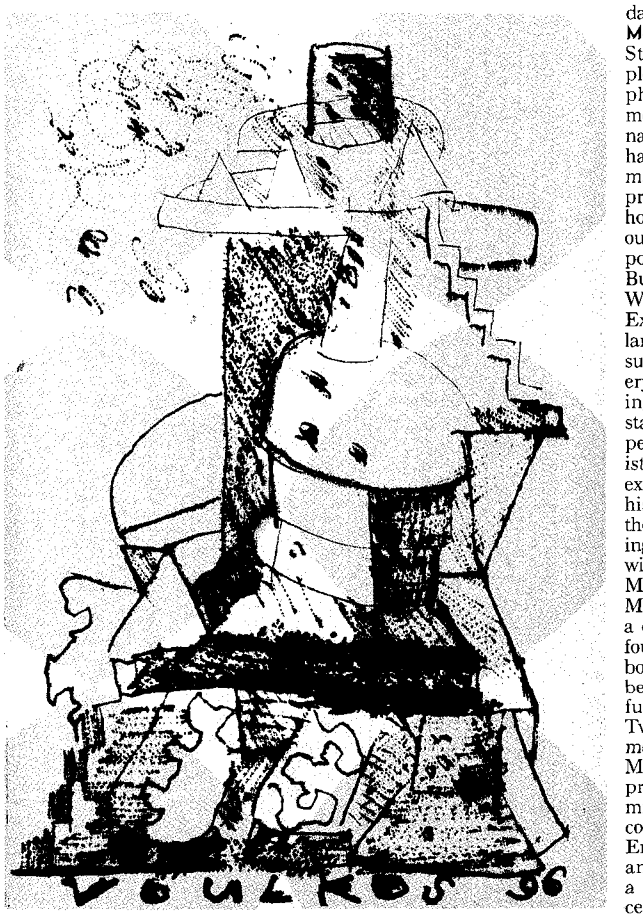
Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Selections from the permanent collection are on view. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of a hundred assemblages, constructed from scavenged street and flea-market materials, by Edward Kienholz (1927-94) and Nancy Reddin Kienholz. Through June 2. . . . ¶ "An American Story," a chronological survey of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, both well-known and obscure, from the museum's collection. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Large-format black-and-white and color photographs documenting a hundred endangered North American plants and animals. . . . ¶ "Amber: Window to the Past." (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Through July 14. . . . ¶ "The Art of Thomas Wilmer Dewing: Beauty Reconfigured." "Drooping Dewing," as he has been called, was famous in the late nineteenth century for his wan figures and vapory, narcotic landscapes. On the evidence of the beautiful canvases in this exhibition, his eclipse was undeserved. Many of Dewing's means and motifs are American counterparts of late-Romantic and Symbolist devices; Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Puvis de Chavannes, and Khnopff all come to mind in these galleries of aimless, melancholy women. The atmosphere—rich, indolent, stifling—simmers with unfocussed but potentially rebellious emotion and eroticism. Through June 9. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"The Art of Peter Voulkos." Sculptures from the late fifties to the present by the influential ceramist, with an emphasis on wood-fired work made since 1978: life-size "stacks" and squat "ice buckets" (as he calls them). . . . ¶ "Form-Light-Glass: Contemporary Glass from the Czech Republic." . . . ¶ A display of kaleidoscopic glass mosaics from the past twenty years by Klaus Moje. All shows through June 9. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)



Self-portrait by Peter Voulkos (American Craft Museum).

Asia Society, Park Ave. at 70th St.—"Worlds Within Worlds." As long ago as the Sung dynasty (960-1279), Chinese artists and scholars collected fantastically shaped rocks both for their formal beauty and as aids to inspiration; seventy choice specimens are on display. Through Aug. 18. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—"Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers: Chinese Brown- and Black-Glazed Ceramics, 400-1400." Through July 6. (Open Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Dia Center for the Arts, 548 W. 22nd St.—Hanne Darboven's "Kulturgeschichte 1880-1983" consists of nearly sixteen hundred panels mounted with images and text, including postcards, calendars, and magazine covers. . . . ¶ "Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume" is the title of Jessica Stockholder's rambling, ramshackle installation, which utilizes (among many other things) hot-pink carpet, lime-green linoleum, purple milk crates, and a tumescent heap of shirts. Through June 23. . . . ¶ "European Couples, and Others," a selection of fluorescent-light sculptures from 1964 to 1978 by Dan Flavin. Through June 23. (Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—"Soane: Connoisseur & Collector," fifty architectural drawings from Sir John Soane's Museum, in London, including sheets by Piranesi, Wren, William Chambers, Joseph Michael Gandy, and Robert Adam. Through July 7. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Nothing would have pleased the Victorian artist-philosopher William Morris more than to be called a Renaissance man, except, perhaps, to be called a medieval man. He was inspired by preindustrial ideals, yet in his holistic outlook he was thoroughly modern—the halfway point between Leonardo and Buckminster Fuller. "Being William Morris: A Centenary Exhibition," which is taken largely from the Morgan's own superb collection, presents every aspect of his career: drawings for book illustrations and stained glass, vibrant wallpaper and fabric designs, socialist manifestos, and, of course, exquisitely printed books from his Kelmscott Press, many of them in ornate, elegant bindings. The exhibition is sprinkled with evocative photographs of Morris's home, Kelmscott Manor, by Frederick H. Evans; a dramatic shot of the ancient four-poster that Morris was born in, shimmering with sunbeams, is in its way as powerful as any of his own works. Two smaller exhibits complement the main show. "Morris's Medieval Manuscripts" comprises some of the finest illuminated books from the artist's collection, including an early English bestiary, adorned with an amusing elephant, and a magnificent thirteenth-century French Bible. "Pre-Raphaelite Drawings," in the library's cloister gallery (appropriately), includes a portrait of Jane Burden by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a poignant adolescent self-portrait by Charles Fairfax Murray, and an astonishing study by Morris and Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones for their tapestry of the goddess Flora, as brilliantly finished as the medieval illuminations they so venerated. All shows through Sept. 1. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 5; Saturdays, 10:30 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Alicia D'Amico, Mario Cravo Neto, Luis Gonzalez Palma, and Flor Garduño are among the artists in "Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880-1992." Through June 16. . . . ¶ "The Catherwood Project" and "Project for the Day You'll Love Me," two installations by the writer and filmmaker Leandro Katz. Through June 16. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Gaelic Gotham: A History of

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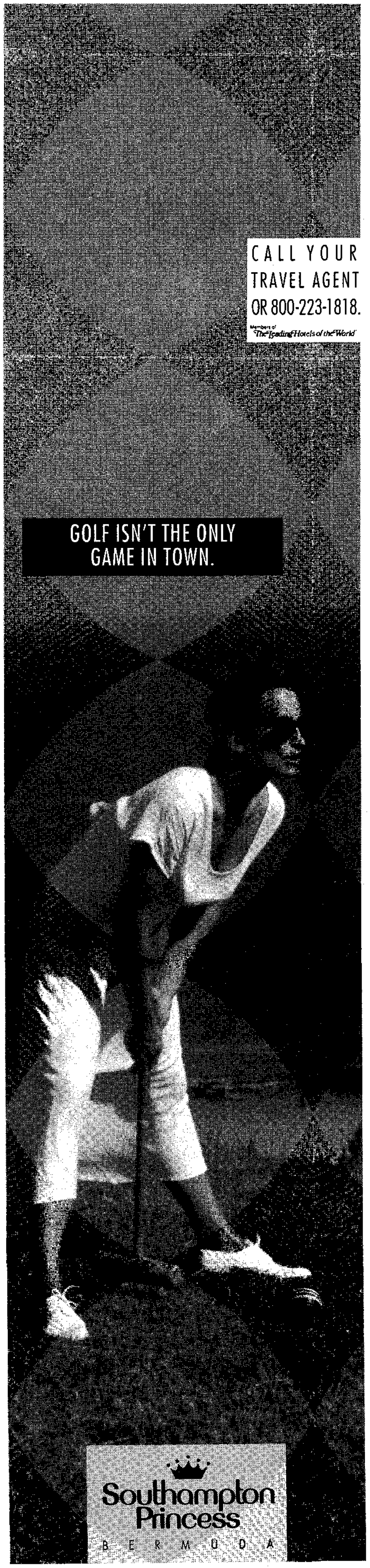

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the Irish in New York" features more than four hundred paintings, prints, photographs, costumes, and other objects, from the museum's collection and on loan from many other institutions. . . . ¶ "Currier & Ives, Printmakers to the American People." Through Aug. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park W.—"Metropolitan Lives: The Ashcan Artists and Their New York, 1897-1917" an exhibit of paintings and works on paper by six of The Eight: Robert Henri, John Sloan, Everett Shinn, William Glackens, George Bellows, and George Luks. Through Aug. 4. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Visitors to "The Global Library—http://www.nypl.org" can step up to one of fourteen computer stations and embark on a guided tour of the World Wide Web. (Or, if you prefer, you can visit the exhibit's Web site from home.) Also on view are a host of nonvirtual objects, such as Sumerian cuneiform tablets, Chinese woodblock prints, a Gutenberg Bible, and the 1727 "New England Primer." Through Aug. 17. . . . ¶ "The Hand of the Poet," a display of original manuscripts by masters from Donne to Eliot. Through July 31. (Open Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—"Explorations in the City of Light" presents paintings and sculptures by seven African-American artists who lived in Paris between 1945 and 1965: Edward Clark, Barbara Chase-Riboud, Harold Cousins, Beauford Delaney, Herbert Gentry, Lois Mailou Jones, and Larry Potter. Through June 2. . . . ¶ "The Listening Sky," an installation of works in the museum's sculpture garden. Through Aug. 25. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Gregory Gillespie—What a weird, unsettling vision this artist has. Naïve art-historical references, encompassing everything from Arcimboldo to Keith Haring, run riot in these new works; nothing seems to go together. "Painter in the Bedroom" is a bawdy, Bruegelian nightmare; "From the Book of Kells" suggests the psychedelic excesses of a poster for the Fillmore. Gillespie has intensity, technical virtuosity—everything but a style. And that's something of a relief in this era of grimly uniform solo shows. Through June 7. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . ¶ Selected works by Gillespie, from 1971 to the present, are at Kind, 136 Greene St., through June 8.)

David Hockney—Two shows, a couple of floors apart. At Robert Miller: paintings and photographs of paintings, the latter made with a large-format camera. At Emmerich: small paintings and "Snails Space," a large-scale "painting as performance" whose fanciful landscape extends onto the floor around it; the whole environment is lit with six theatre lights on a nine-minute cycle of changing colors, which interact with the varied pigments and bring the painting to life. Both shows through June 15. (41 E. 57th St.)

John Koch (1909-78)—Realistic oil paintings of posh interiors in which the idle rich dabble at music (a sensitive-looking string trio pauses for tea) and art (nude models pose in the parlor). Koch was a facile paint handler who favored golden late-afternoon light—an Andrew Wyeth for the Upper East Side. The worst of these paintings, such as a still-life of a classical bust and a vase of lilies, come within a hair's breadth of kitsch, and even the best have about them a depressing, stifled air. Dorothy Parker, trying to be kind, called them "a delight to the eye and a joy to the memories, in case you have such well-bred memories." Through June 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

John Opper (1908-94)—This Abstract Expressionist was present at the creation—he was getting good reviews for one-man New York shows more than forty years ago. But, as unfair as it may be, it's hard to see past the echoes and influences of his more famous colleagues in his paintings: frayed, deep-dyed patches in the manner of Clyfford Still; rectangles of intense, ominously floating color à la Mark Rothko; jagged stripes that rip through the rectangle, invoking Barnett Newman. Through May 31. (DC Moore, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Pablo Picasso: Academic and Anti-Academic (1895-1900)"—A fascinating exhibition comprising the very first Picassos, beginning with a superb pencil drawing of a male nude which the thirteen-year-old Pablo submitted as a part of the entrance requirements to Barcelona's Llotja School of Fine Arts. Spanish art students weren't permitted to view the opposite sex naked; in lieu of female models, the males were given adolescent Gypsy boys, whom Picasso endows with a magical inner life. In addition to the academic works, the exhibit includes some precious doodles, such as a deft little oil sketch of three roosters. Through June 15. (Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. . . . **note:** Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St., has Picasso oil portraits from 1920 to 1970. Through June 29. . . . Krugier, 41 E. 57th St., has works in several mediums from the fifties and sixties, along with photographs of the artist by David Douglas Duncan. Through June 30.)

Short List—**giovanni anselmo,** Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 1. . . . **avigdor arikha,** Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; through June 15. . . . **josé bedia,** Adams, 50 W. 57th St. Through June 7. . . . **ross bleckner,** Boone, 745 Fifth Ave., at

ONLY CONNECT

Web Sightings

The Tricycle Hub (http://www.tricycle.com)—It seems that Buddhists, too, have become excited by the communicative promise of the Net—and have been disappointed just as quickly as anyone else who has spent more than an hour on-line. As Mitchell Kapor, the resident new-media guru at *Tricycle: The Buddhist Review*, has written, "Unless the awareness of interconnectedness can stir compassion, it is of little use." At the Tricycle Hub, the interactive version of the independent quarterly, the editors try to stir up a little compassion by bringing readers into the mix. Under the heading "The Monk's Bag," for instance, "Turning Words" is a Buddhist glossary that is being compiled and redefined, word by word, by visitors to the site, while in "Shrinking the Ego" the Buddhist psychotherapist Mark Epstein answers your mind-and-spirit queries.

Some of the features (interviews with the Dalai Lama and with Tibetan Buddhist advocate Richard Gere) have been excerpted from the print version, and the graphics aren't much to speak of (the upside is that it all downloads quickly). But the writing here is clear and unburdened by jargon ("Buddhism 101" is as good a primer as you'll find on the Web), and the links are excellent, running the gamut from Asian art to Zen. There's also a list of search engines, from the Yahoo page to the Buddhist Gopher, all designed to get you further out there—and more connected. Certain glitches seem endemic to the audience. In response to a recent "Tricycle Poll" that asks "Is having a teacher an essential component of Buddhist practice?," one visitor declares, "I find these dualistic yes/no questions difficult to answer."

57th St. Through June 29. . . . **JOHN CHAMBERLAIN** and **ELIZABETH MURRAY**, Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. Both shows through June 8. . . . **SANDRO CHIA**, Janis, 110 W. 57th St., and Grand Salon, 83 Grand St. Through June 8 and June 1, respectively. . . . **LAWRENCE GIPE**, Helman, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 8. . . . **ROBERT GOODNOUGH**, De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. Through June 15. . . . **WIFREDO LAM**, Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. Through June 15. . . . **GEORGE MACIUNAS**, Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. Through June 22. . . . **MATTA**, Martin, 23 E. 73rd St. Through June 15. . . . **MALCOLM MORLEY**, Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Through June 8. . . . **NANCY O'CONNOR**, Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Through June 7. . . . **CLIFFORD ODETS**, Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. Through June 8. . . . **DANIEL SPOERRI**, Zabriskie, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 15. . . . **ANNE TRUITT**, Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 21.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

Mary Beyt—Monochromes made by imprinting pieces of lace onto canvas. Sometimes plainly, sometimes just perceptibly, dainty patterns emerge—flowers, butterflies, pastoral scenes—in colors that wouldn't offend Martha Stewart. Perhaps they're a little *too* pretty. Through June 2. (Morris Healy, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Louise Bourgeois—A retrospective of a hundred abstract and figurative drawings, beginning with a self-portrait from 1938 (the year the artist came to New York from Paris) and continuing to the present. Through June 8. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Squeak Carnwath—Paintings from the past year, in which sentences and lists of words and numbers float alongside pictographs—hands, feet, birds, beds, chairs—above heavily worked, often luminous grounds. Through June 15. (Beitzel, 102 Prince St.)

Willem de Kooning—For many, de Kooning's sculptures represent the least convincing aspect of his œuvre: "Clamdigger," for example, which is one of the best-known (it's not on view here), is distressingly evocative of a John Carpenter bogeyman—not scary, just ugly. This show demonstrates that on a monumental scale de Kooning's sculptures can be not only good but possibly even great. The three huge pieces in the main gallery are cast-bronze enlargements of his first clay sculptures; their bulbous shapes are vaguely (and grotesquely) feminine, and the sweep of their abstracted "limbs" is breathtaking. Through June 30. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. Open Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6. . . . ¶ A show of paintings from the eighties is at C & M Arts, 45 E. 78th St., through June 1.)

Damien Hirst—"No Sense of Absolute Corruption," a bravura sideshow by the baddest of British bad-boy artists. In addition to some of his signature animal carcasses floating in formaldehyde, the show includes a gigantic ashtray filled with cigarette butts, several spin paintings, and a colorful contraption that keeps a beach ball perpetually aloft. For all its shock tactics and viscera, the exhibition is surprisingly funny. The works' implicit question: Just how far does an artist have to go to get the public's attention these days? Through June 15. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Tony Oursler—An installation of large fibreglass orbs suspended from the ceiling or strewn on the floor of the darkened gallery. Projected onto these "eyes" are extreme-closeup videos of real eyes looking at various things that you can make out in the corneal reflections: surfers, music videos, "The Three Faces of Eve." Through May 25. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Jason Simon—"Spirits," an installation of photographs, sculptures, and audio which addresses the cigarette habit as a manifestation of artistic and intellectual temperaments. (Think graduate students in dark cafés sipping cappuccinos, smoking Gitanes, and underlining "Being and Time.") The mode of presentation is dry but not didactic—Simon treats what must be his own pet pleasure/affliction with mordant humor. Through June 9. (Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Rachel Whiteread—New sculptures made by using everyday objects—bathtubs, tables, bookshelves (a new departure)—as molds for negative-space castings in plaster, rubber, or resin. Through June 18. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

"In Quest of the Absolute"—Ten paintings by twentieth-century artists who have pursued spiritual paths, among them Malevich, Mondrian, Rothko, Reinhardt, Martin, and Ryman. Through June 8. (Blum, 99 Wooster St.)

"Shouts from the Wall"—An exhibit of political posters brought back from the Spanish Civil War by American volunteers, along with photographs and letters. Through May 27. (Puffin Room, 435 Broome St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, and Monday, May 27, noon to 6.)

Short List—**MICHAEL ASHKIN**, Keenan, 494 Broadway. Through June 8. . . . **ASHLEY BICKERTON**, Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Through June 1. . . . **CLEGG & GUTTMANN**, American Fine Arts, 22 Wooster St. Through June 8. . . . **DAVID DEUTSCH**, Gorney, 100 Greene St. Through June 22. . . . **JULIO GALÁN**, Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 6: through June 30. . . . **WENDA GU**, Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. Through June 1. . . . **JAN HENLE**, Wooster Gardens, 558 Broadway. Through June 1. . . . **TOBA KHEDOORI**, Zwirner, 43 Greene St. Through June 15. . . . **YAYOI KUSAMA**, Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Through June 21. . . . **CHARLES LUCE**, Ross, 568 Broadway. Through May 31. . . . **DWIGHT MACKINTOSH**, Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St. Through June 1. . . . **PEPÓN OSORIO**, Feldman, 31 Mercer St. Through June 1. . . . **MIMMO PALADINO**, Sperone Westwater, 121 and 142 Greene St. Through June 15. . . . **RICHARD PHILLIPS**, Thorp, 103 Prince St. Through May 25. . . . **ROBERT RYMAN**, Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. Through June 8. . . . **GEORGINA STARR**, Gladstone, 99 Greene St. Through May 25.

OTHER VENUES

"Bicycles: History, Beauty, Fantasy"—An appreciation of the bike's evolution from 1817 to 1920, including examples of the Phantom velocipede (the first bicycle with a rubber tire), the Ariel (the first manufactured high-wheeler), and the Old Hickory Ladies' Model (made from sixteen plies of laminated second-growth hickory). Through Oct. 4. (PaineWebber Building, Sixth Ave. at 52nd St. Open Mondays through Fridays, 8 to 6.)

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

Christie's—May 22: An auction of nineteenth-century art especially rich in Barbizon paintings, including two notable oils by Millet (plus a previously undocumented drawing for "The Gleaners"). . . . ¶ May 23: Maxfield Parrish's "Old King Cole" mural, which has hung in the University of Pennsylvania's Mask and Wig Club for the past century, has pride of place among offerings of American paintings, drawings, watercolors, and sculptures. . . . ¶ May 24: Native American art. (Park Ave. at 59th St. 546-1000.)

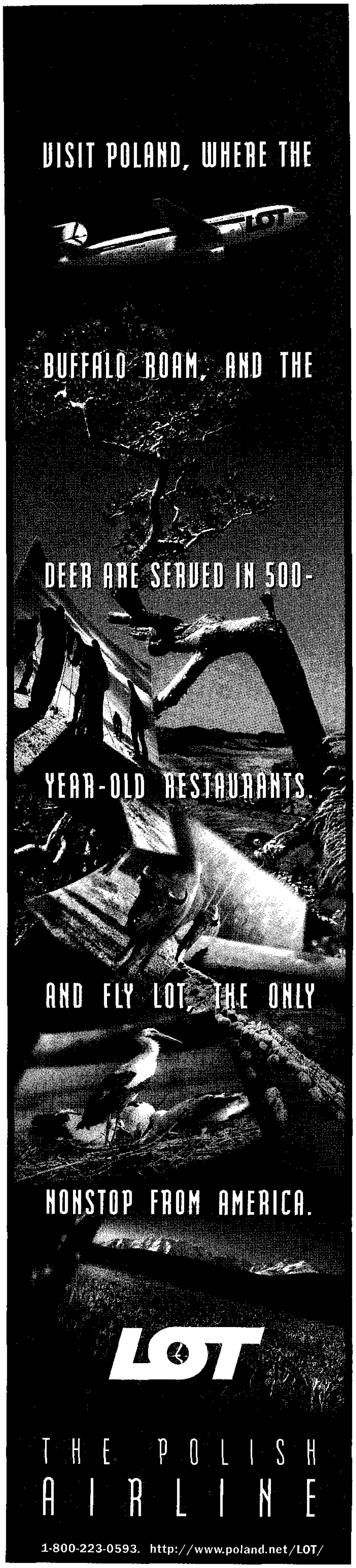
Sotheby's—May 22: American paintings. . . . ¶ May 23: European paintings, drawings, and sculptures from the earlier nineteenth century and the Belle Époque, including paintings by Alma-Tadema, Ingres, and Sorolla. . . . ¶ May 24: Philatelic collectibles. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

Swann's—Works of art on paper—mostly prints and drawings—from the fifteenth century through the twentieth. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710. May 23 at 10:30 and 2.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Jan Groover—New pictures that branch out from the artist's meditative still-lifes (there are a few here) to capture Romanesque churches, back yards, and the faces of neighbors. Through June 22. (Borden, 560 Broadway.)

Louis Stettner—Dreamlike images of travellers seen through the windows of trains waiting in Penn Station and Grand Central Terminal: reading a newspaper, slumped in



a nap, playing bridge (a bad hand), or simply lost in weariness. The quietly recorded details—such as the cropping of the heads of waiters and waitresses by the windows (since they're always standing) or the smoothing of a stiff white apron before the influx of club-car patrons—make these pictures riveting. Through June 1. (Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St.)

JOSEF SUDEK (1896-1976)—The Czech photographer experimented with pigment printing in the forties and fifties, and the slower process made his poetic, precisely observed still-lifes—loaves of bread and eggs, glasses of water with roses, in chromas from ochre to olive to sepia—by turns more romantic and more sombre. Trees in the gardens of Prague and Troja castles, however, are rendered in subtler tones of blue and charcoal, giving them an air of mystery mixed with modernity. Through July 7. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

"CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHY, 1935-1965"—Pictures by thirty artists who worked and taught there, including experimental works by Moholy-Nagy and Kepes, abstractions by Siskind and Metzker, beachgoers by Yasuhiro Ishimoto, and kids at play by Art Shay. Through May 31. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

"PAUL HIMMEL AND THE BRODOVITCH CIRCLE"—Himmel worked for *Harper's Bazaar*, *Vogue*, *Fortune*, and several other magazines from the forties through the sixties; his photographs exemplified the kind of movement demanded by Alexey Brodovitch, the renowned art director of *Bazaar*. This show, which concentrates on his noncommercial work, includes many pictures by other leading lights, such as Robert Frank, Louis Faurer, Lisette Model, Bruce Davidson, Irving Penn, Lillian Bassman, Richard Avedon, Martin Munkacsi, and Ted Croner. Through June 22. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY MIDTOWN, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.—"Horst: A Retrospective." Elegant, meticulous fashion photography is his hallmark, but this comprehensive survey also includes portraits (Dietrich, Cocteau, Chanel), society interiors, abstract studies, and nudes. Through June 2. (Another show of works by Horst is at Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway, through June 1.) . . . ¶ "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View." Closeups that complement the artist's panoramic visions. Through June 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

SHORT LIST—**AMY ADLER**, Kaplan, 580 Broadway. Through May 25. . . . **SUSANNA BRISELLI** and **MARGARETTA K. MITCHELL**, Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Both shows through May 25. . . . **ANDREW BUSH**, Saul, 560 Broadway. Through June 1. . . . **BARBARA ESS**, Marcus, 578 Broadway. Through May 25. . . . **GERARD FIERET**, Mann, 42 E. 76th St. Through June 29. . . . **BARBARA KASTEN**, Richardson, 560 Broadway. Through June 15. . . . **MARCUS LEATHERDALE**, Bridgewater/Lustberg, 560 Broadway. Through May 24. . . . **HELMAR LERSKI**, Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. Through June 22. . . . **HERBERT LIST**, Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St. Through June 15. . . . **DANNY LYON** and **SUSAN FENTON**, Lowinsky, 578 Broadway. Both shows through June 29. . . . **INGE MORATH**, Leica, 670 Broadway. Opens Saturdays at noon; through June 12. . . . **FREDERIC OHRINGER**, Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through July 12. . . . **ALEKSANDR RODCHENKO**, Karg, 100 Greene St. Through May 31.

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Metropolitan Museum, the Museum of Modern Art, the American Museum of Natural History, and El Museo del Barrio.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Kurt Masur conducting. May 23-25 at 8: Among Duke Ellington's enduring achievements was his melding of jazz idioms with symphonic forces and classical forms. His band offered a perfect laboratory for such experiments: with fourteen members in the nineteen-thirties and still more the following decade, it was the size of a chamber orchestra. For ten years beginning in 1943, Ellington led the group in annual Carnegie Hall concerts, each of which offered at least one new "symphonic jazz" piece; in his final years, he concerned himself almost exclusively with large-scale works. In 1973 the Dance Theatre of Harlem commissioned a ballet score, but he died before finishing it. Completed posthumously by his son, Mercer, and the orchestrator Luther Henderson, "The Three Black Kings" (whose three movements depict King Balthazar of the Magi, King Solomon, and Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.) was finally introduced in 1976 by American Ballet Theatre, with choreography by Alvin Ailey. In addition to the ballet score, the orchestra performs two movements from Ulysses Kay's Suite for Strings, Karl-Heinz Köper's "Pop Corn Concerto" (featuring the orchestra's principal French hornist, Philip Myers), and Morton Gould's "Spirituals in Five Movements." The Boys Choir of Harlem joins the orchestra for Adolphus Hailstork's "Songs of Isaiah" and performs two a-cappella gospel selections (with Walter J. Turnbull directing). (Avery Fisher Hall. 875-5030.) . . . ¶ May 27 at 8: A Memorial Day concert of the above works by Ellington, Gould, and Hailstork, as well as the a-cappella gospel selections. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. No tickets necessary.)

AMOR ARTIS—The choir and orchestra, along with numerous soloists, perform antiphonal music from seventeenth-century Italy, by Alessandro Scarlatti, Isabella Leonarda, and Francesco Cavalli (his grandly composed "Messa Concertata"). Johannes Somary directs. (St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St. May 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-4513.)

NEW AMSTERDAM SINGERS—Clara Longstreth directs sacred and spiritual choral works by Eastern European composers, including Kodály, Bartók, Pärt, and Petr Eben. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. May 22 at 8. Tickets at the door.)

AKAFIST RUSSIAN MALE CHAMBER CHOIR—The eighteen-member ensemble presents Russian liturgical music and folk songs. (Trinity Church, Broadway at Wall St. May 23 at 1. Admission by contribution.)

CANTICUM NOVUM SINGERS AND BAROQUE ORCHESTRA—Harold Rosenbaum directs Handel's pastoral "Acis and Galatea," with soloists Julianne Baird (soprano), Frederick Urrey and Patrick Romano (tenors), and David Arnold (bass). (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 23 at 8.)

BRONX ARTS ENSEMBLE ORCHESTRA—The group kicks off the outdoor-concert season with music by Victor Herbert, including excerpts from "Babes in Toyland," "The Red Mill," and "Naughty Marietta." Keith Brion conducts, and soprano Virginia Croskery is the featured soloist. (Woodlawn Cemetery, Bainbridge and Jerome Aves., the Bronx. May 26 at 2. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

STEFAN MICKISCH—In the nineteenth century, composers routinely "recomposed" the music of others by preparing instrumental versions of successful works, particularly operas. At their most basic, these transcriptions and their more elaborate cousins, paraphrases, helped disseminate compositions that listeners could hear live only on rare occasions. Many composers used the genres as vehicles for spectacular technical dis-

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ZUBIN SHROFF

plays, which explains why such examples as Liszt's "Réminiscences de 'Norma'" or Sarasate's "Carmen Fantasy" remain in the active repertoire of pianists and violinists even in the era of recordings. The music of Wagner invites less in the way of transcriptorial razzle-dazzle, but it has appealed to a number of composers interested in the more intellectual possibilities of recomposition. In this recital, presented by the Wagner Society of New York on the composer's hundred and eighty-third birthday, Mr. Mikisch performs piano transcriptions from Wagner by several of the composer's contemporaries: Liszt's "Walhall" (derived from "Das Rheingold"); another "Walhall," by Louis Brassin; and paraphrases from "Die Walküre" and "Die Meistersinger" by Hugo Wolf. In addition, Mr. Mikisch—a student of the greatly respected German piano teacher Karl-Heinz Kämmerling—offers his own half-hour paraphrase of "Götterdämmerung," which also serves as the centerpiece of his recently released CD on the Talking Music label. (Ethical Culture Society, 2 W. 64th St. May 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 749-4561.)

Sylvan Winds—Pianist Paul Ostrovsky assists the wind players in chamber works by Stravinsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich, in an elegant setting. (Russian Consulate, 9 E. 91st St. May 23 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 222-3569.)

Bargemusic—Violinists Hamao Fujiwara and David Kim, violist Hsin-Yun Huang, and cellist Warren Lash offer an all-Mozart program: his F-Major Divertimento (K. 138) and his String Quartets in G Major (K. 387) and C Major (K. 465, the "Dissonance"). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. May 23 at 7:30 and May 26 at 4.)

Joseph Bloch—The pianist performs and talks about Debussy's Préludes (Book One). (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. 242-4770. May 25 at 3.)

Island Music—Songs, arias, and chamber works by Corelli, Handel, Couperin, and others, performed by soprano Rie Hagiwara, violinist Zoran Jakovcic, cellist Iris Regev, and harpsichordist Ilan Rechtman. (Le Refuge Inn, 620 City Island Ave., City Island, the Bronx. 1-718 885-2478. May 26 at noon.)

Lorenz Maycher—The organist plays Mozart's F-Minor Fantasy, Bach's E-Minor Trio Sonata, Franck's Choral No. 3, and works by Vierne and Widor. (First Church of Christ, Scientist, Central Park W. at 96th St. May 26 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Jeanne Stark-Iochmans—Pianist, performing Bach's "Goldberg" Variations. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5050. May 26 at 3.)

Rina Dokshitsky—The pianist performs music by Bach, Debussy, and Chopin in a second-floor music room. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. May 26 at 6 and 8. No tickets necessary.)

At the Mansfield—The music-loving souls who have provided free weekly concerts at the Hotel Wales, on the Upper East Side, have initiated a similar program in the recently renovated Mansfield Hotel, in midtown. Following a month of trial runs in the hotel's elegantly appointed salon, the series officially opens with performances by violinist-violist Scott St. John and pianist Ilan Rechtman (the programs' organizer) of Brahms's Violin Sonata No. 3 and Viola Sonata No. 1. (12 W. 44th St. May 27 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

LISTENING BOOTH

"Holger Danske," an opera by F. L. Ae. Kunzen, in Danish (Marco Polo/Dacapo; two disks). This is the most remarkable operatic discovery to have come our way in a long time, the more so for the obscurity of the composer. Born in 1761, Friedrich Ludwig Aemilius Kunzen eventually ascended to the position of court conductor at Copenhagen, where he died in 1817. He wrote the first of his seven operas, "Holger Danske" ("Ogier the Dane," from a medieval French epic, via the German poet Wieland), when he was young and jobless. Though a success at its première, in 1789, the opera triggered a feud about Germanic domination of Danish literature, and it was withdrawn after only six performances. It has been ignored since. The plot manages to combine three disparate operatic types popular when it was written: it's a rescue opera, a fairy tale, and a Turkish opera (like Mozart's "Entführung") all at once. It might not do well onstage today, but as a recording it's captivating—packed with musical surprises. The score never flags, from the plot-synopsizing overture and opening echo aria to the final recurrence of the memorable "Chorus of the Invisible Spirits." (The work's many historical novelties are detailed in extensive program notes.) You might think that the music was rooted in "Die Zauberflöte" if you didn't know that "Holger Danske" preceded Mozart's opera by two years; it looks unmistakably forward to Weber and Schubert as well. The Danish National Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus turn in a fine performance for conductor Thomas Dausgaard, and the cast, though completely unfamiliar, is splendid—especially tenor Gert Henning-Jensen in the title role.

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Slice of Life—Urban historian Regina Kellerman's tour of the Gansevoort Meat Market, while not for either the fainthearted or the late abed, is nevertheless a thorough introduction to the meat district's history, its architecture, its bloody guys wielding cleavers at dawn. The trucks roll in around midnight; by five, the cluster of streets between Gansevoort and 14th is a hubbub of gore: hindquarters on meat hooks, cowhides in boxes, buckets upon buckets of bones. James Ortenzio, the president of the Long Island Beef Company, will take Kellerman's group behind the scenes (jackets are required—the cooler is, in truth, cool) to show meat packers in action and to introduce such locals as Mushy, the fat-and-bone man. ("How's it smell?" Mushy asked recently from the business end of his bone-carting truck. "Is it smoking or what?") Breakfast at Florent—for those who still have an appetite—follows the tour. (May 22 at 6:30 A.M. For reservations, call the Greenwich Village Society for Historic Preservation at 924-3895.)

Readings—May 22 at 8: Poets Maggie Estep ("Emotional Idiot") and John S. Hall ("Jesus Was Way Cool") read from their work. (Poetry Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Tickets at the door.) . . . ¶ May 23 at 6:30: Actors Ellen Burstyn and Barbara Feldon, Commissioner of Parks Henry Stern, and poets Molly Peacock and Elise Paschen read selections from "Poetry in Motion: 100 Poems from the Subways and Buses." (Transit Museum, Schermerhorn St. at Boerum Pl., Brooklyn. 1-718 330-5839.) . . . ¶ May 25 at 7:30: A reading of John Milton's poetry. Those who would like to read may call ahead to reserve a poem. (Stowell & Sons, 33-18 Broadway, Astoria, Queens. To choose a poem—within reason—call 1-718 204-5775.)

Talks—May 23 at 6:30: Connecticut clinical psychologist Janis Abrahms Spring offers a survival workshop she calls "After the Affair." (Learning Annex, 116 E. 85th St. 570-6500.) . . . ¶ May 25 at 1: Historian George Thompson, Jr., talks about the African Theatre, the city's first black company, which performed in the eighteen-twenties on Mercer Street, near the site of the present-day Angelika Theatre. (New-York Historical Society, 2 W. 77th St., at Central Park West. For more information, call 873-3400.)

Memorial Day Memo—Sailors will be coming ashore from cruisers, destroyers, aircraft carriers, patrol boats, endurance cutters, icebreaker tugs, etc., for Fleet Week celebrations and other terrestrial activities. Make your plans accordingly.

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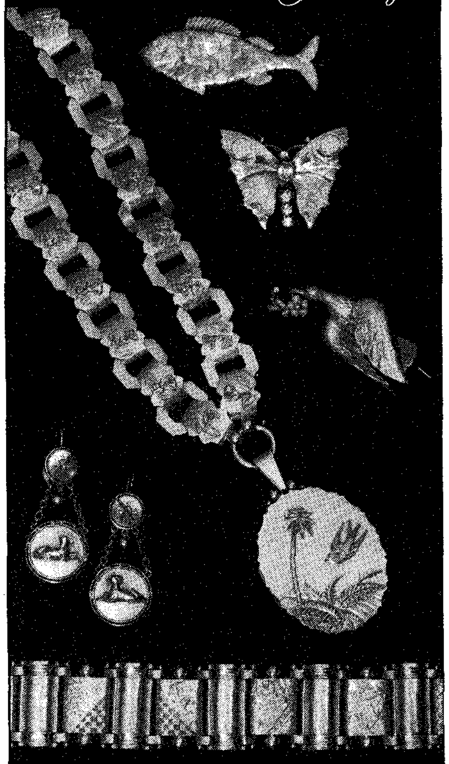

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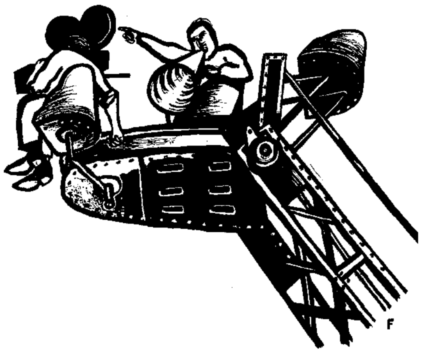


FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Guimba: The Tyrant—Writer-director Cheick Oumar Sissoko tells the story of a pre-colonial African despot and his downfall. In Bambara and Peul. Opening May 24. (Cinema Village.)

Mission: Impossible—Tom Cruise stars in Brian De Palma's thriller, based on the television series that ran from 1966 to 1973. Screenplay by David Koepp and Robert Towne. Opening May 22. (Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Metro Cinema, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

Sgt. Kabukiman N.Y.P.D.—In which a policeman (Rick Gianasi) turns into an Asian-style superhero. Directed by Lloyd Kaufman and Michael Herz, from a story by Kaufman. Opening May 22. (Film Forum.)

Spy Hard—Former agent Dick Steele (Leslie Nielsen) returns from retirement to hunt down and destroy the mad General Rancor (Andy Griffith), in a spoof directed by Rick Friedberg. With Nicollette Sheridan. Opening May 24. (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, Embassy 1, Gotham Cinema, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village East Cinemas.)

Two Deaths—As revolution rages in the streets, a dinner attended by four former schoolmates turns into a night of revelations. With Michael Gambon and Sonia Braga. Directed by Nicolas Roeg. Opening May 24. (Quad Cinema.)

Welcome to the Dollhouse—Writer-director Todd Solondz's feature is a black comedy about a tormented seventh grader (Heather Matarazzo) in a New Jersey middle school. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) Opening May 24. (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Square.)

CURRENT FILMS

(The signed notes are by Bruce Diones, Sarah Kerr, Anthony Lane, and Terrence Rafferty. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given. Theatre information is listed on page 28.)

Antonia's Line—A Dutch feminist fairy tale about an eccentric single mother (the impressive Willeke van Ammelrooy) who sets up housekeeping on a farm after the Second World War and takes all kinds of strays—from a retarded rape victim to a depressive, Schopenhauer-saturated intellectual—under her wing. The movie could be a crowd pleaser at art houses, but what it's packaging is little more than self-regard: Antonia and her clan are righteous, and anyone who gets in their way is a pig. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center and Cinema 3.)

Barb Wire—An unwise leap to the large screen by Pamela Anderson Lee. The star of "Baywatch" has ditched the buoyant, not to say pneumatic, mood of the hit TV show for a glum, pitch-dark drama that conceals whatever talent she might have beneath layers of black leather and plastic dialogue. The plot is "Casablanca" updated to the shattered world of 2017; the exit visas have become secret contact lenses, but the villains still dress like Nazis. Anderson Lee's Barb runs a tough bar in America's last free city and also specializes in bounty hunting and bubble baths. (If nothing else, the film should create fresh interest in the physical properties of foam.) The picture is directed, with joyless panic, by David Hogan, who seems unable to decide between cartoon campiness and hard-rock noir. He certainly gets nothing from his star, who, despite the bracing cold shower she takes in the first scene, soon begins to look bored and confused. Back to the beach, Pam.—A.L. (5/20/96) (State and Village Theatre VII.)

The Birdcage—Mike Nichols's remake of "La Cage aux Folles" (1978) largely contents itself with decking out what appears to be a profoundly, unalterably French farce in American drag; the cautious, sensible approach taken by Nichols and his screenwriter, Elaine May, has the drawback of making this movie feel a little, as the French might say, de trop. Although Robin Williams and Nathan Lane, as the bickering middle-aged lovers originally played by Ugo Tognazzi and Michel Serrault, are skillful, the script doesn't give them much opportunity to distinguish themselves from their memorable predecessors. Oddly, the funniest performer here is Gene Hackman, playing an aggressively straight, family-values-spouting politician. Also with Dianne Wiest.—T.R. (3/18/96) (Baronet, Coronet, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, 23rd St. West Triplex, 34th St. East, and Village Theatre VII.)

Boys—Winona Ryder plays a woman on the run and Lukas Haas the high-school senior who hides her, in a romantic comedy written and directed by Stacy Cochran. (Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema.) (84th Street Sixplex, 86th Street East Twin, and 23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through May 23.)

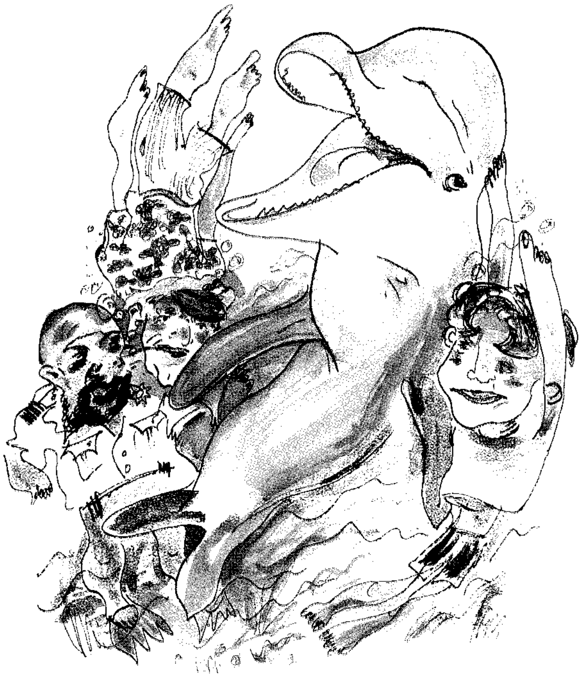
Cold Comfort Farm—John Schlesinger's film, based on a 1932 novel by Stella Gibbons, is an eccentric rural comedy that suggests a shotgun marriage of Thomas Hardy and P. G. Wodehouse. The bright, sophisticated young heroine, Flora Poste (Kate Beckinsale), goes to live with obscure relatives in Sussex, and, appalled by their ignorance and their dour inertia, sets out to change their stubborn ways; she's Jeeves in skirts, subverting the blind workings of Fate to her own ends. Beckinsale is charming, and strong-minded, too: she keeps her composure while veteran character actors—Eileen Atkins, Shelia Burrell, Stephen Fry, Freddie Jones, Joanna Lumley, and Ian McKellen—attempt to dazzle her, and us, with their virtuosity. (McKellen, as an alarmingly severe country preacher, is especially funny.) Schlesinger, working from a script by Malcolm Bradbury, maintains a steady rhythm and a light, cheerful mood that seem to reflect the brisk sanity of the heroine. Also with Rufus Sewell and Maria Miles.—T.R. (5/13/96) (Lincoln Square and Village Theatre VII.)

The Craft—Andrew Fleming's 1994 "Threesome" was unjustly neglected, but his new film, about a coven of attractive teen-age witches and their abuse of power, has been concocted with real marketing savvy: it's perfect wish-fulfillment entertainment for the mall. Fleming invests the proceedings with a great deal of sensuous detail, and, while the schizophrenic screenplay, by the director and Peter Filardi—half teen comedy, half supernatural thriller—doesn't quite gel, a grab bag of terrific alternative rock helps it over the rough spots. The movie's principal asset, however, is an astonishingly unhinged performance by Fairuza Balk, who, with her mad mascaraed eyes and creepy line readings, casts a freaky showstopper of a spell.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, and Orpheum VII.)

Dead Man Walking—Tim Robbins's blunt, powerful movie tells the story of a murderer (Sean Penn) awaiting execution and a nun (Susan Sarandon) trying to save his soul—and, if possible, his skin. The filmmaker clearly hopes that familiarity with the grisly realities of capital punishment will finally breed contempt for the idea of premeditated, state-sponsored killing. And although the picture sometimes turns clunky and flat, as if it were sagging under the weight of its good intentions, it winds up being devastatingly effective. Penn has to reveal, within a reckless and apparently despicable character, a salvageable soul, and he makes the erratic rhythm of the condemned man's spiritual progress seem effortless and natural: he captures the languid, insinuating tempo of grace invading a locked-up spirit.—T.R. (1/8/96) (Carnegie Hall Cinema and Manhattan Twin.)

Fargo—Everybody in Joel and Ethan Coen's movie talks with painful slowness, as if the icy Minnesota air were freezing their chops; the resulting mood is lugubrious and oddly winning. The story, about a hopeless businessman (William H. Macy) who hires a couple of crooks (Peter Stormare and Steve Buscemi) to kidnap his wife, offers the usual Coen compound of random daftness and concentrated violence. Frances McDormand has a high old time as the police chief of the town of Brainerd; decent and unhurried (her character is seven months pregnant), she brings order to the weirdness and warms it up.—A.L. (3/25/96) (Art Greenwich Twin, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, and State.)

Flipper—Elijah Wood joins Paul Hogan and that dolphin in a family film directed by Alan Shapiro. With Isaac Hayes. (Chelsea Cinemas, First & 62nd Cinemas, Murray Hill Cinemas, National Twin, Olympia, Orpheum VII, Regency, and Waverly.)



Isaac Hayes, Paul Hogan, the dolphin, and Elijah Wood in Alan Shapiro's "Flipper."

LIZZIE HOLLEY

Flirting with Disaster—David O. Russell's farcical road movie sets a thirtyish New Yorker (Ben Stiller), adopted as a small child, on a cross-country search for his biological parents, accompanied by his wife (Patricia Arquette) and an adoption-agency official (Téa Leoni). Despite some expert performances—by George Segal and Mary Tyler Moore as the adoptive parents (nervous urban kvetches), and Alan Alda and Lily Tomlin as the biological ones (devious ex-hippies)—the picture remains as confused as its hero; unlike him, it never does find its identity.—T.R. (4/15/96) (86th Street East Twin, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and Village East Cinemas.)

The Great White Hype—Samuel L. Jackson stars as a boxing promoter who sends a retired fighter (Peter Berg) into the ring against the champion (Damon Wayans), in a comedy directed by Reginald Hudlin. With Jeff Goldblum. (National Twin, Orpheum VII, 62nd & Broadway, and Village East Cinemas.)

Heaven's Prisoners—Alec Baldwin stars in Phil Joanou's thriller as a former New Orleans cop who returns to crime fighting after he rescues a young girl from a mysterious plane crash. With Kelly Lynch and Mary Stuart Masterson. (Astor Plaza, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Village Theatre VII.)

Homage—A drama directed by Ross Marks, about a mathematician (Frank Whaley) who stalks a TV star (Sheryl Lee). With Blythe Danner and Bruce Davison. Written by Mark Medoff, from his 1994 play, "The Homage That Follows." (Cinema II and Village East Cinemas.)

The Horseman on the Roof—Jean-Paul Rappeneau's adaptation of Jean Giono's 1951 novel, about a cholera epidemic in nineteenth-century Provence. With Juliette Binoche and Olivier Martinez. Written by the director, Nina Companeez, and Jean-Claude Carrière. In French. (Paris.)

I Shot Andy Warhol—The title has a promisingly sleazy B-movie ring to it, but the film turns out to be an insufferably high-minded biopic, flashy but conventional. The movie tells the story of Valerie Solanas (Lili Taylor), the deranged woman who, in 1968, ambushed Warhol at the Factory and nearly killed him. The director, Mary Harron, tries to depict Solanas as a complex, tragicomic figure, but the protagonist can't bear the weight that the film puts on her, and Taylor's monotonous performance doesn't do much to lighten the load. Most of the picture's energy appears to have been channelled into a fantastically scrupulous re-creation of period décor. The languid-hysterical Factory atmosphere feels accurate, and so does Jared Harris's witty portrayal of Warhol. In its party mood, the movie is fairly entertaining; it's too bad the guest of honor is such a drag. Also with Stephen Dorff (as Candy Darling), Michael Imperioli (Ondine), and Donovan Leitch (Gerard Malanga).—T.R. (5/13/96) (Angelika Film Center, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Sutton.)

James and the Giant Peach—Adapted from Roald Dahl's surreal adventure story, Henry Selick's short, spiky movie is pretty adventurous itself. James (Paul Terry), a young orphan, flees his loathsome aunts (Miriam Margolyes and Joanna Lumley) inside a magic peach that takes him and a posse of insect friends to an improbably benign New York. The film opens and closes on live action, with rubbery stop-motion animation in between. Like the peach, it offers a bumpy ride, but Selick's feeling for texture—for the climates of bliss and apprehension—is so sure that you gradually come to relish the oddity of the whole enterprise.—A.L. (4/22/96) (86th Street East Twin, Murray Hill Cinemas, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Village Theatre VII.)

Jane Eyre—Franco Zeffirelli's adaptation of Charlotte Brontë's novel is more sedate than you might expect. The reason to see it is Charlotte Gainsbourg, who plays Jane with just the right combination of ethereality and guts. William Hurt makes a rather delicate but acceptable Rochester. With Anna Paquin as the young Jane, and Joan Plowright as Rochester's housekeeper, Mrs. Fairfax.—S.K. (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Ziegfeld.)

Last Dance—No one spends good money to watch Sharon Stone underact. But that's exactly what she does in Bruce Beresford's capital-punishment drama, giving a quiet, unmannered performance as a remorseful killer whose case arouses the interest of a young lawyer (dull Rob Morrow) in the Governer's office. Stone's ability to suppress her

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natural extravagance and remain in character would be more impressive if the screenwriter, Ron Koslow, had supplied her with a character worth remaining in.—T.R. (84th Street Sixplex, Guild, and Sutton.)

The Man by the Shore—A drama about the struggles of an eight-year-old (Jennifer Zuber) growing up under the Duvalier regime in sixties Haiti. With Toto Bissainthe and Jean-Michel Martial. Directed by Raoul Peck. In French. (Quad Cinema.)

Ma Saison Préférée—André Téchiné's latest drama is a love story of a peculiar and thwarted kind: the central couple is a sister and brother in middle age. Émilie (Catherine Deneuve) and Antoine (Daniel Auteuil) bicker and snap and block each other out with the constancy of twin souls; when their mother takes ill, everything comes to a head, and the movie treads delicately along the borders of incest. What mars the picture is the high-flown talk that trickles on when none is required; the characters, like many of their predecessors in French cinema, spend much of the time speaking as if they've recently escaped from a maximum-security novel. In French.—A.L. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

The Monster—Roberto Benigni plays a con man mistaken for a serial killer, in a comedy he co-wrote (with Vincenzo Cerami) and directed. In Italian. (Cinema 3rd Avenue and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Angelika 57; through May 23.)

Mulholland Falls—Lee Tamahori directs Nick Nolte, Chazz Palminteri, Michael Madsen, and Chris Penn in a police drama set in Los Angeles in the nineteen-fifties. With Melanie Griffith, Treat Williams, and John Malkovich. Written by Pete Dexter. (First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, State, and Village East Cinemas.)

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—The latest demonstration of Parisian decorum from the French director Claude Sautet. Nelly (Emmanuelle Béart) leaves her marriage and goes to work for Arnaud (Michel Serrault), a former judge who is writing his memoirs. The two tiptoe toward love, then pull back. The movie is played (as you would expect) with watchful finesse, particularly by the morose and sardonic Serrault, but you sometimes long for a little wildness; Béart's character should be driving men crazy, but what does she do? She *interests* them. In French.—A.L. (4/22/96) (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Original Gangstas—Getting a group of seventies blaxploitation stars back together sounds like a smart idea, but the plot—former gang members reunite to clean up their home-town streets—reeks of civic-mindedness. While "Shaft" and "Super Fly" and their ilk traded heavily in stereotypes, their humor and energy made them entertainingly empowering. This new movie, with its sluggish swagger and its soapbox pontificating, undermines whatever rebelliousness the stars (Richard Roundtree, Jim Brown, and Fred Williamson) may once have had. Only Pam Grier maintains her coffee-colored glow: her anger builds momentum and gives the audience a glimpse not of what might have been, but of what was.—B.D. (84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 3, Manhattan Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, and Waverly. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through May 23.)

The Pallbearer—Maybe someday a Gen-X movie will do something other than reproduce the aimless, jaded muddle it's trying to diagnose. In the meantime, here's David Schwimmer as a slacker who still lives with his mother and hangs around with buddies from high school. Through a contrived mixup he's mistaken for the friend of a high-school classmate who committed suicide, and he winds up sleeping with both the suicide's mother (Barbara Hershey, with bleached hair and tarty outfits) and the wholesome girl (Gwyneth Paltrow) he's had a crush on all his life. There are shades of "The Graduate" and "Diner" and a smattering of Schwimmer's sitcom, "Friends." The star's comic timing is good, but he runs low on sex appeal, and he undercuts the intended satire by tugging too hard at the audience's heartstrings. Paltrow is stunning—a big blond tomboy with Audrey Hepburn's vulnerability—but she doesn't get to do much besides react to the piggy behavior of everyone around her. With Carol Kane as Schwimmer's mother. Directed by Matthew Reeves.—S.K. (Cinema I, 84th Street Sixplex, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.)

Primal Fear—In Gregory Hoblit's conventional but enjoyable courtroom drama, Richard Gere plays an attorney defending a young man accused of killing the Archbishop of Chicago. The story is full of tired characters (a prosecutor who's an old flame, a corrupt city developer), yet Frances McDormand, Laura Linney, John Mahoney, and Andre Braugher are all so casually skillful that Gere's c'mon-you-know-you-want-me style has the room it needs to play. But it's Edward Norton, as the Boo Radley-like defendant, who steals the movie. Hoblit has an economical style, and he gets the job done with very little fuss.—B.D. (Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, 84th Street Sixplex, Embassy 2, New York Twin, State, 34th Street Showplace, and Village Theatre VII.)

The Quest—Jean-Claude Van Damme's latest bone-cruncher is an overly familiar tournament movie about martial artists in less than mortal combat, but this time he gets to direct, too. He acquits himself quite nicely, shrewdly giving his supporting actors, Roger Moore and James Remar, most of the lines. The film has one eye—O.K., maybe both—on the foreign markets, but, of its kind, it's entertaining.—B.D. (23rd St. West Triplex.)

Someone Else's America—Goran Paskaljević's comedy, about a family of illegal aliens from Montenegro living in Brooklyn. With Tom Conti and Miki Manojlović. Written by Gordan Mihić. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.)

The Truth About Cats and Dogs—Janeane Garofalo plays a radio veterinarian; one day a caller (Ben Chaplin) asks her out, but she feels insecure, so she gets her beautiful neighbor (Uma Thurman) to impersonate her and tags along pretending to be a friend. Garofalo has a certain barbed charm, but it's put to shallow use here, while Thurman is condemned to play yet another male trophy, a fantasy girl who scrunches her nose when she laughs and walks like a newborn fawn. Directed by Michael Lehmann.—S.K. (Art Greenwich Twin, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Criterion Center, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, and Park & 86th Street Cinemas.)

Twister—Another hectic thriller from Jan De Bont, who had a runaway hit with "Speed." The new movie is, if possible, even more content-free; in its childish excitement, it rather sweetly forgets to offer up a plot. All we get is a bunch of terrifying tornadoes, pursued with glee by a married pair of professional storm chasers, Bill (Bill Paxton) and Jo (Helen Hunt). These two are supposed to be getting a divorce, but, like the heroically bickering couple in "The Abyss," they're forced back together by the pressure of danger. You don't really care what happens to them, though, or to the unfortunate Melissa (Jami Gertz), who aims to take Jo's place—you're too busy having your mind blown by the houses, cars, and cows tumbling across the skies. If you sit down and think quietly about the picture afterward, none of it makes much sense, of course, but while you're watching it you don't think at all. You duck.—A.L. (5/20/96) (Criterion Center, Gemini, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Olympia, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Showplace, and Village East Cinemas.)

Wallace and Gromit: The Best of Aardman Animation—This seventy-seven-minute retrospective of work from the British studio is probably the most fun in town. The Aardman artists employ plasticine models in stop-motion; there is something deadpan, even mournful, in their bendiness. The highlight is three shorts by three-time Oscar winner Nick Park. Brief, bright, unpretentious, and graced with the kind of immaculate gags that we associate with the slapstick of the nineteen-twenties, Park's movies have a style that you can recognize within half a second; can any of today's other filmmakers claim as much?—A.L. (Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

ALSO PLAYING

ACROSS THE SEA OF TIME: Lincoln Square. . . . **ANGELS & INSECTS** (reviewed in our issue of 1/29/96): Lincoln Plaza Cinemas. . . . **ASHES OF TIME:** Cinema Village. . . . **BUTTERFLY KISS:** Angelika 47. . . . **CAPTIVES:** Gotham Cinema and Village Theatre VII. . . . **CASINO** (12/4/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **COLD FEVER:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **DEAD MAN:** Angelika Film Center. . . . **DIABOLIQUE** (4/1/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **THE FLOWER OF MY SECRET** (3/25/96): Angelika Film Center. . . . **FROM DUSK TO DAWN** (2/5/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **JUMANJI** (12/25/95-1/1/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **LEAVING LAS VEGAS** (11/6/95): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **MIGHTY APHRODITE** (10/30/95): 72nd Street East. . . . **THE POSTMAN:** Carnegie Hall Cinemas and First & 62nd Cinemas. . . . **RESTORATION:** Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **SENSE AND SENSIBILITY** (12/18/95): 59th Street East Cinema. . . . **SUNSET PARK:** Criterion Center and 84th Street Sixplex. . . . **A THIN LINE BETWEEN LOVE AND HATE:** Criterion Center. . . . **12 MONKEYS** (1/22/96): Worldwide Cinemas. . . . **UNDER THE DOMIM TREE:** Quad Cinema.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

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(For show times, call 777-FILM, except where noted.)

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th St.
Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
Baronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Carnegie Hall Cinemas, Seventh Ave. between 56th and 57th Sts.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Cinema I, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema II, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3rd Avenue, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St.
Coronet, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Criterion Center, Broadway at 44th St.
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
Eastside Playhouse, Third Ave. at 55th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
86th Street East Twin, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Embassy I, Broadway at 46th St.
Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th St.
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.
Gemini I and 2, Second Ave. at 64th St.
Gotham Cinema, Third Ave. at 58th St.
Guild, 33 W. 50th St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St. (757-2280).
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Manhattan Twin, Third Ave. at 59th St.
Metro Cinema I and 2, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
National Twin, Broadway at 44th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St.
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
Regency, Broadway at 67th St.
62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd St.
68th St. Playhouse, Third Ave. at 68th St.
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton I and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd St.
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th St.
34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Waverly I and 2, Sixth Ave. at 3rd St.
Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between Eighth and Ninth Aves.
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow. Theatre addresses and phone numbers appear with the listings following these notes.)

Dirty Harry (1971)—This right-wing fantasy about the San Francisco police force as a helpless group (emasculated by the unrealistic liberals) propagandizes for para-legal police power and vigilante justice. The only way that the courageous cop Dirty Harry Callahan (Clint Eastwood) can protect the city against the mad hippie killer (Andy Robinson) who terrorizes women and children is by taking the law into his own hands. As suspense craftsmanship, the picture is trim, brutal, and exciting; it was directed in the sleekest style by the veteran urban-action director Don Siegel. It's also a remarkably single-minded attack on liberal values, with each prejudicial detail in place—a kind of hardhat "The Fountainhead."—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; May 26.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-Surrealist farce about war. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, and Louis Calhern. Directed by Leo McCarey.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 25.)

The Elephant Man (1980)—The story of John Merrick, the grievously eminent Victorian who is sometimes said to have been the ugliest man who ever lived, is told by the young director, David Lynch, with such grace and imagination that it becomes a tale of a terrible enchantment. Inside Merrick's misshapen body is an astonishingly sweet-souled gentleman of his era. John Hurt plays Merrick, and Anthony Hopkins is Frederick Treves, the doctor who rescues him from the world of sideshows. Lighted by Freddie Francis, this film is a beautiful example of black-and-white cinematography.—P.K. (Symphony Space; May 28.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956)—A B-picture classic. This plain and inexpensive piece of science fiction employs few of the resources of the cinema (to put it mildly), but it has an idea that confirms everyone's suspicions. People are being turned into vegetables—and who can tell the difference? Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, who try to cling to their animality and individuality, seem inexplicably backward to the rest of the townspeople. Directed by Don Siegel.—P.K. (Museum of Modern Art; May 24 and May 26.)

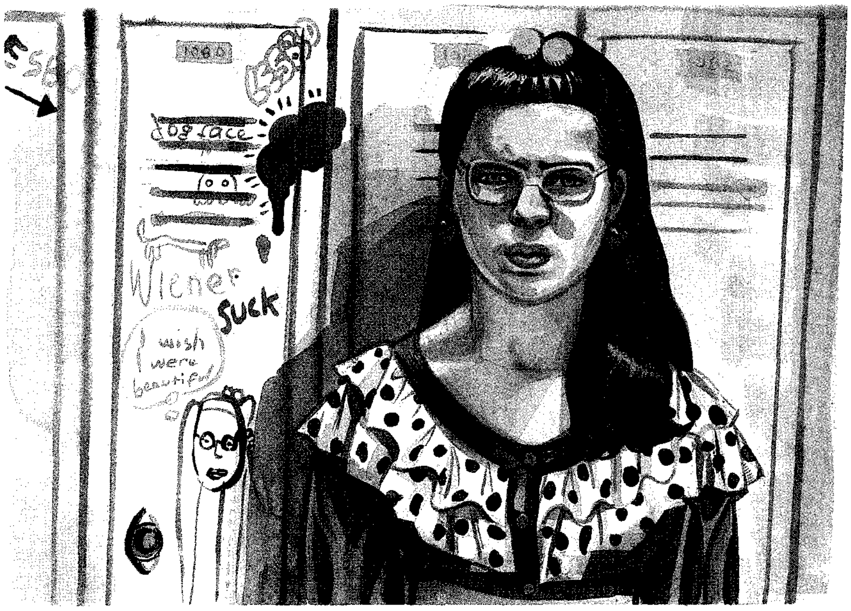
Million Dollar Legs (1932)—One of the silliest and funniest pictures ever made: a lunatic musical satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Andy Clyde, Ben Turpin, and Lyda Roberti singing "It's Terrific." The Mankiewicz brothers (Herman J. and Joseph L.) worked together on this one, and Edward Cline directed.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 25.)

Murder at the Vanities (1934)—A backstage musical with a murderer loose in the theatre—an unusual mixture of thriller and musical which is moderately effective both ways. The star is the dimpled international idol Carl Brisson; with Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Victor McLaglen, Gail Patrick, and some sumptuous footage of Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Directed by Mitchell Leisen.—P.K. (Film Forum 2; May 23-24.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. This fine thriller by Alfred Hitchcock (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) is very well worked out in terms of character, and it has a sustained grip, but it certainly isn't as much fun as several of his others. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, and Henry Travers.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 26.)

Vertigo (1958)—Alfred Hitchcock takes voyeurism and amorous fixation to audacious, almost necrophiliac lengths in this tale of a retired San Francisco police detective (James Stewart) investigating an old acquaintance's wife (Kim Novak) who may be spiritually possessed. The movie breaks into two big chunks that don't balance out, but it's hypnotic—not a conventional masterpiece, perhaps, but an auteur classic flooded with the Master's erotic and moral obsessions. When Hitchcock links the hero's vertigo to his sexual vulnerability, the result *is* dizzying.—M.S. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 25.)

The Woman in the Window (1944)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. The viewer completely identifies with the safe, serene protagonist (Edward G. Robinson), a psychology professor whose interest in the relation of motive to homicide is purely a matter of intellectual curiosity until, while he is visiting a woman's apartment, her lover comes in and unexpectedly attacks him, and he kills the intruder with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, Dan Duryea is a blackmailer, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney.—P.K. (American Museum of the Moving Image; May 25.)



Opening May 24, Heather Matarazzo in "Welcome to the Dollhouse."

JENNY WILLIAMS

LATE RUNS, CLASSICS, ETC.

(Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.)

Film Forum 2 and 3, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—**theatre 2:** A program of musicals made mainly between 1929 and 1934, the first year the Hays Code was strictly enforced. May 22: "One Night of Love" (1934, Victor Schertzinger) and "Golden Dawn" (1930, Ray Enright). . . . May 23-24: "Murder at the Vanities" (†) and "George White's 1935 Scandals" (White). . . . May 25: "Duck Soup" (†), "Million Dollar Legs" (†), and "Diplomaniacs" (1933, William A. Seiter). . . . May 26-27: "The Cat and the Fiddle" (1934, William K. Howard and Sam Wood) and "Music in the Air" (1934, Joe May). . . . May 27 (evening only): "King of Jazz" (1930, John Murray Anderson) and "Girl Crazy" (1932, Seiter and Norman Taurog). . . . May 28: "The Love Parade" (1929, Ernst Lubitsch) and "Folies-Bergère" (1935, Roy Del Ruth and Marcel Achard; in French, with no English subtitles). . . . **theatre 3:** "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (1964, Jacques Demy; in French), with Catherine Deneuve.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—A program of films directed by Don Siegel. May 23 at 2:30: "Duel at Silver Creek" (1952). . . . May 23 at 6 and May 24 at 2:30: "Breaking Point" (1963). . . . May 23 at 8: "Crime in the Streets" (1956). . . . May 24 at 6: "Private Hell 36" (1954). . . . May 24 at 8 and May 26 at 2: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (†). . . . May 25 at 2: "The Beguiled" (1971). . . . May 25 at 5: "Two Mules for Sister Sara" (1969). . . . May 26 at 5: "Dirty Harry" (†). . . . May 27 at 2:30 and May 28 at 6: "Night Unto Night" (1949). . . . May 27 at 5: "Count the Hours" (1953). . . . May 28 at 2:30: "Jinxed!" (1982). . . . ¶ May 23 at 3 and 6: "A.k.a. Don Bonus" (1995, Spencer Nakasako and Sokly Ny). . . . ¶ May 24 at 3: "The Mothering Heart" (1913, D. W. Griffith; silent), with Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ May 24 at 6: "Rossellini on Rossellini" (1994, Adriano Apra). . . . ¶ May 24 at 8 and May 25 at 2: "Irish Cinema—Ourselves Alone?" (1996, Donald Taylor Black). . . . ¶ May 25 at 5: "George Grosz in America" (1993, Norbert Bunge and Christine Fischer-Defoy). . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Shirley Clarke in Our Time" (1993, Donna Cameron). . . . ¶ May 26 at 5 and May 28 at 6: "Pull My Daisy" (1959, Alfred Leslie and Robert Frank) and "The Last Clean Shirt" (1964, Leslie). . . . ¶ May 27 at 3: "Within Our Gates" (1920, Oscar Micheaux; silent). . . . ¶ May 27 at 5: "Satyajit Ray—Introspections" (1990, K. Bikram Singh). . . . ¶ May 28 at 3: "The Quiet One" (1949, Sidney Meyers).

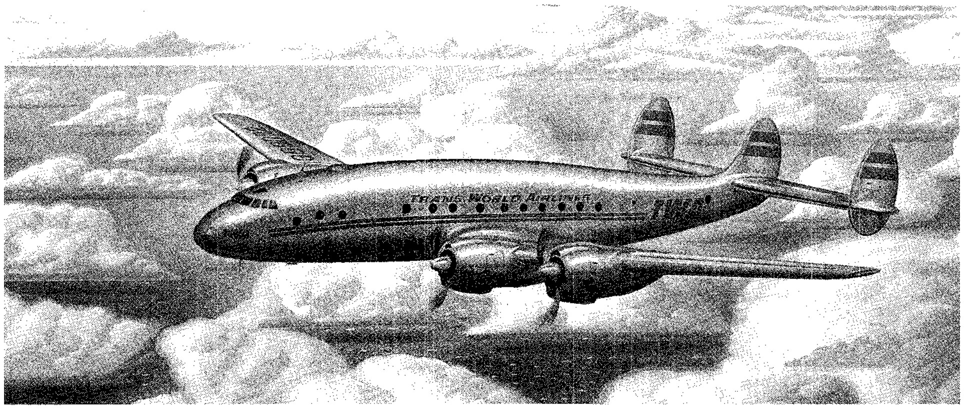
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600)—May 22 at 2, 6, and 10, and May 23 at 4: "And Life Goes On" (1992, Abbas Kiarostami). . . . May 22 at 4 and 8 and May 23 at 2 and 9: "Through the Olive Trees" (1994, Kiarostami). . . . May 24 at 2, 4, 6:15, and 8:30; May 25 at 4, 6, 8, and 10; May 26 at 4, 6, and 8; May 27 at 2, 4, 6, and 8; and May 28 at 2, 6, and 10: "Carpati: 50 Miles, 50 Years" (1995, Yael Strom). . . . May 25-26 at 2: "Tick Tack" (1994, Mohammad-Ali Talebi). . . . May 28 at 4 and 8: "Latcho Drom" (1995, Tony Gatlif).

A Different Light Bookstore, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850)—A Sunday-night series of free films (and popcorn). On May 26 at 7, the feature will be "Myra Breckenridge" (1970, Michael Sarne), with Mae West.

Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400)—May 28 at 7: "The Elephant Man" (†). . . . May 28 at 9:15: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946, Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair.

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—May 28 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Ripoux Contre Ripoux" (1990, Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (1-718 784-0077)—Films made in Hollywood by Alfred Hitchcock and Fritz Lang. May 25 at 2: "The Woman in the Window" (†). . . . May 25 at 4: "Vertigo" (†). . . . May 26 at 2: "Shadow of a Doubt" (†). . . . May 26 at 4:30: "Clash by Night" (1952, Lang).



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

THE NEW SOMETHING

AFTER thirty-five years in the Congress, Bob Dole has quit the Beltway and hit the open road. In his search for a compelling vision, he will need a political map. Fortuitously, the House Republican freshmen have just presented him with one. George P. Radanovich, their class president, who is a vintner from Mariposa, California, has headed up a "vision task force" and produced a document entitled "A More Perfect Union: A Vision for America."

In his office in the Cannon Building, Radanovich, who is forty years old and single, said recently that his election as president of the class of '94 "reminds you of high school." But he takes the responsibility seriously and believes that what he calls "a program of our own, a vision statement" is essential to Republican success. "The whole strategy before was that it would come down to a debt-ceiling issue or a government shutdown, and we were going to win," he said. "But that didn't happen. The shutdown gave us pause. That was our battle. We lost, basically. But the war still rages. Round Two is coming up, all focussed on vision and the Presidential contest."

Radanovich brought out a series of posters featuring color charts and pictures, which he held up for show-and-tell. One with bar graphs that depicted "Government" overshadowing "Religion," "Family," and "Business" was labelled "Reality." "The family has basically been decimated," he said. Then he pointed to the "Religion" bar. "Many people feel that government shouldn't be in the business of helping the poor and needy. That's a scriptural mandate, a Good Samaritan mandate. The poor and needy are not in the Constitution. There should be healthy tax deductions for religious groups while shrinking the government side. The debate on tax reform should be used to translate away from government. Education should be shifted to the family. That's how you diminish government—expand other institutions."

Next he displayed a picture of a chair. "This is the lesson of civilization," he said. "The idea of a chair. The function of a chair and the function of a society are basically the same thing. I can communicate without falling on my butt. Each institution"—government, the family, religion, business—"constitutes twenty-five per cent and has the stability of the chair." He held up another picture of a chair—this one with unequal legs. The tilted chair was labelled "Reality." "Nobody would sit in a chair like that, a Great Society chair," he went on. The leg called "Government" was by far the longest. Then he showed a final picture—a chair with equal legs. It was labelled "Vision."

According to a member of Radanovich's staff, Dole's handlers are "receptive" to the document. Radanovich is still working on the packaging. "What's needed is a Contract II: The New Something," he said. "Get it down to a positive vision that anyone—Joe Six-pack—can understand. It needs a tag line. What you want is the 'Great Society' . . . 'Vision' . . . 'Something' . . . 'New Foundation'—or something. You need a tag line.

"It defines what's in the hearts of everyone in the House Republican Conference," he added. "The freshmen are really working aggressively in this area."

THE GRADUATE

LI LU, one of the principal architects of the Tiananmen Square protest in China, in 1989, has lived a life of such epic dimensions that it seemed only natural when last week he became the first student in the history of Columbia University to simultaneously receive degrees from the undergraduate college, the law school, and the business school. He managed to achieve this feat in six years, despite having arrived in New York without a penny, a friend, or a word of English. "I do love learning," he said, a few hours after he addressed the graduating class of Columbia Law School. And then Li, a strikingly self-possessed young man with large spectacles and a broad jaw, tittered modestly.

Li Lu

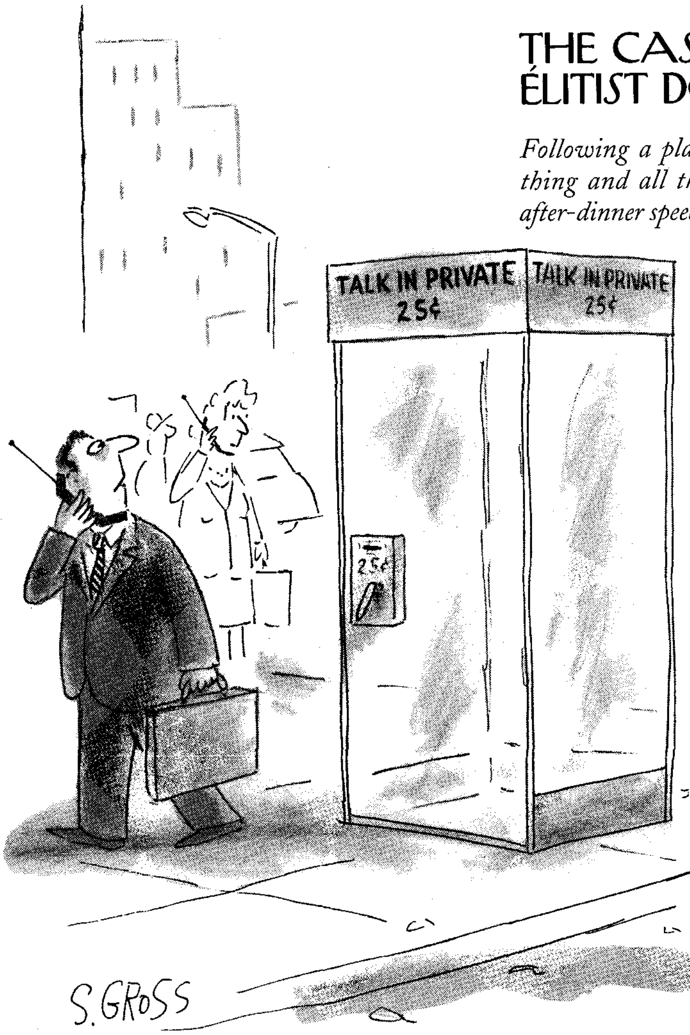
The trajectory of Li's life seems unfathomable, even to him. "I grew up as a virtual orphan," he said recently, amid the gloom of a deserted Upper West Side bar in the early hours of the morning. "I was born in 1966, at the beginning of the Cultural Revolution. My parents were sent to reëducation camps. My grandfather was in jail." Li's grandfather had studied with John Dewey at Columbia—another odd loop in the path of Li's fate—and was arrested by Mao after returning to China to help foster democracy. Li bounced through a series of orphanages and was sent to live with a foster family in the coal-mining region of Tangshan. When he was ten, he saw his entire foster family killed by an earthquake; he was saved when he fell beneath the bed on which the rest of them were sleeping. He was devastated; and then, miraculously, he was reunited with his parents, who had been released from their camp after the Cultural Revolution.

Li was twenty-three when a group of students and workers occupied Tiananmen Square. He quickly became "deputy

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARCELLUS HALL

commander." He believed—at that blissful moment, it was impossible not to believe—that his grandfather's hopes for a democratic China were finally going to be realized. "We thought we would mobilize enough people so that it would be very difficult for the regime to impose a crackdown," Li said. Their calculations, of course, were wrong. As Li marched out of the square, the last of the student leaders, he felt sure that he would be killed, as many of his friends had been. But he somehow survived, escaped detection for two months, and made his way to Hong Kong, Paris, and then New York, where he was taken up by human-rights activists and by friends who were moved by his plight.

And now, in an extravagant realization of the American dream, Li has received a job offer from Lazard Frères, among others, and may embark on a career in investment banking. No one would begrudge him a life of ease and wealth, but Li explains that he has "a long-term strategy" to mobilize the overseas Chinese whose investment has been fuelling China's growth. "This group could potentially have the greatest political influence over the future," he said. Li insists that his academic trifecta was designed to establish his bona fides in a culture that "worships degrees." He actually sounds persuasive when he says this. He has become, he knows, a sort of Nelson Mandela figure—a star of conscience and of suffering. He is acquainted with Madonna and Sting and George Bush. After the graduation ceremony, a reception was held in the home of the mogul John Kluge, who provided a Cadillac Seville stretch limo to chauffeur Li and his family around town. It would be cruel if fate's final trick was to turn Li Lu's head. But Li's head seems to be on straight; he regards himself as an improbable survivor and a tribune for those who suffered at Tiananmen Square. "If I ever lost that sight," he said, his passion still carefully banked at two in the morning, "that would be the moment my life kind of ended—because at that moment I would have lost my sense of morality."



THE CASE FOR ÉLITIST DO-GOODERS

Following a plate of chicken à la something and all those glasses of wine, the after-dinner speech is usually a snooze. But at the recent annual fund-raiser for the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, held in the Grand Ballroom of the Plaza Hotel, nobody dozed off when the art critic Robert Hughes launched into these remarks before presenting an award to the National Endowment for the Arts on behalf of grateful artists.

"As I was reading the papers a few weeks ago, hoping to find out what some deranged car salesman in San Diego might have paid for Mrs. Kennedy's diaphragm, I had a small revelation. It wasn't about the greed of the children or the sanctimonious, toffee-nosed hustlers at Sotheby's, or even about the buyers—those poor, depleted souls, the ultimate victims of America's now psychotic cult of celebrity, trampling one another like thirteenth-century peasants trying to touch the withered bone of some saint so that they could be cured of scrofula or the pox. It was that the auction so clearly represented what so many people in this benighted nation imagine to be the proper form of patronage of the arts—the absolute rule of free-market forces.

"Now, I would bet you that quite a few of those lucky buyers hold certain assumptions in common. One is that artists, playwrights, musicians, dancers, and photographers are basically a bunch of whining left-wing layabouts trying to bot off the public purse; after all, if a painter was any good, he could paint a fluffy pussycat that would get into one of the back lavatories of Camelot and eventually sell for a hundred grand. Another is that taxes—*their* taxes, *their* money—should not be wrung out of them at the rate of sixty-five cents a year by élitist do-gooders and then used to underwrite exhibitions by homosexual photographers or small theatres they've never heard of in towns they've never been to. Still another assumption is that government should, as the exquisitely named representative Dick Armey might say, get out of the business of culture. And that the National Endowment for the Arts, along with the National Endowment for the Humanities and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, should therefore be abolished, thus producing a leaner, trimmer America. We now have a Congress that faithfully reflects these views, and a President who thus far in his term has uttered the word 'arts' about as often as President Reagan spoke the word 'AIDS,' and probably won't have the guts to defy Congress on such a minor but heated issue.

"Of course, the economic argument is the merest flimflam. The drive to abolish the N.E.A. (or to cut its funds to the point where it's unworkable, which amounts to the same thing) has nothing to do with economy—not in a Congress that last year voted the

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Pentagon seven billion dollars more than it had asked for. Eliminating the N.E.A. is simply a bone that Congress can throw to its extreme right. It is a cheesy piece of political symbolism, mounted by opportunists who want to show their populist credentials, and who don't care what the destruction of the N.E.A.—and its ripple effect on state arts funding, as well as on private and corporate funding—does to the public culture of America. To reuse a title that their ideological supporter Hilton Kramer gave to one of his few books, this is truly 'The Revenge of the Philistines.'

"Over the past thirty years, the N.E.A. has given out tens of thousands of grants, only about five per cent of which have been to individual artists. It has given grants to little theatres and to struggling dance groups, to small-town chamber-music ensembles and to local art-education programs. It has also given money to large museums to help them put on great exhibitions, to major symphony orchestras, and to opera, classical ballet, and all other forms of performance. It has supported some bad art, some mediocre art, and some stuff that proved quite ephemeral. But it has also funded a great deal that was good and some that was superb, at very minimal cost. And we are all spiritually and culturally the richer for its existence.

"One of the ways you measure the character—indeed, the greatness—of a country is by its public commitment to the arts. Not as a luxury; not as a diplomatic device; not as a social placebo. But as a commitment arising from the belief that the desire to make and experience art is an organic part of human nature, without which our natures are coarsened, impoverished, and denied, and our sense of community with other citizens is weakened. This may sound like rhetoric, but after twenty-six years of writing in America I know it to be true—I know it in my heart, my sometimes mean and irritable writer's heart. The arts are the field on which we place our own dreams, thoughts, and desires alongside those of others, so that solitudes can meet, to their joy sometimes, or to their surprise, and sometimes to their disgust. When you boil it all down, that is the social purpose of art: the creation of mutuality, the passage from feeling into shared meaning."

WRITER'S TALE

Mark Helprin is a man of elusive identity. As a novelist, he is a grand fabulist known best for "Winter's Tale," his story of a New York that never was. Occasionally, for his own amusement, he will tell a harmless fable to a journalist, like the time he claimed that his mother had been sold into slavery. As a polemicist, he is among the most conservative of the literati, writing hawkish op-ed pieces on the Mideast, military affairs, and other issues for the *Wall Street Journal*. Now he is a speechwriter, the author of the most vivid paragraphs of the election season: Bob Dole's speech announcing his resignation from the Senate.

Helprin, who is in his late forties, is the son of a Broadway actress (and non-slave), Eleanor Lynn, and a former movie-studio head, Morris Helprin. He has served stints at Harvard, in various graduate schools, and in the Israel Defense Forces. His first stories were published in this magazine when he was in his early twenties. Perhaps it is appropriate to his new role as a speechwriter and informal adviser to Dole that one of his best novels is "A Soldier of the Great War," which tells the story of an old man whose life has been shaped by his wartime experiences.

"I've known Dole for about five or six years, having met him first at the Senate restaurant," Helprin said the other day by telephone from a hotel room in Chicago. "On my way out of the restaurant, there was a big round dish filled with mints, and, as I was filling my pockets, Dole caught me and smiled a beneficent smile. It wasn't a glorious way to meet someone, but it was imprinted in his mind, I guess. After that, I kept running into him at the Senate."

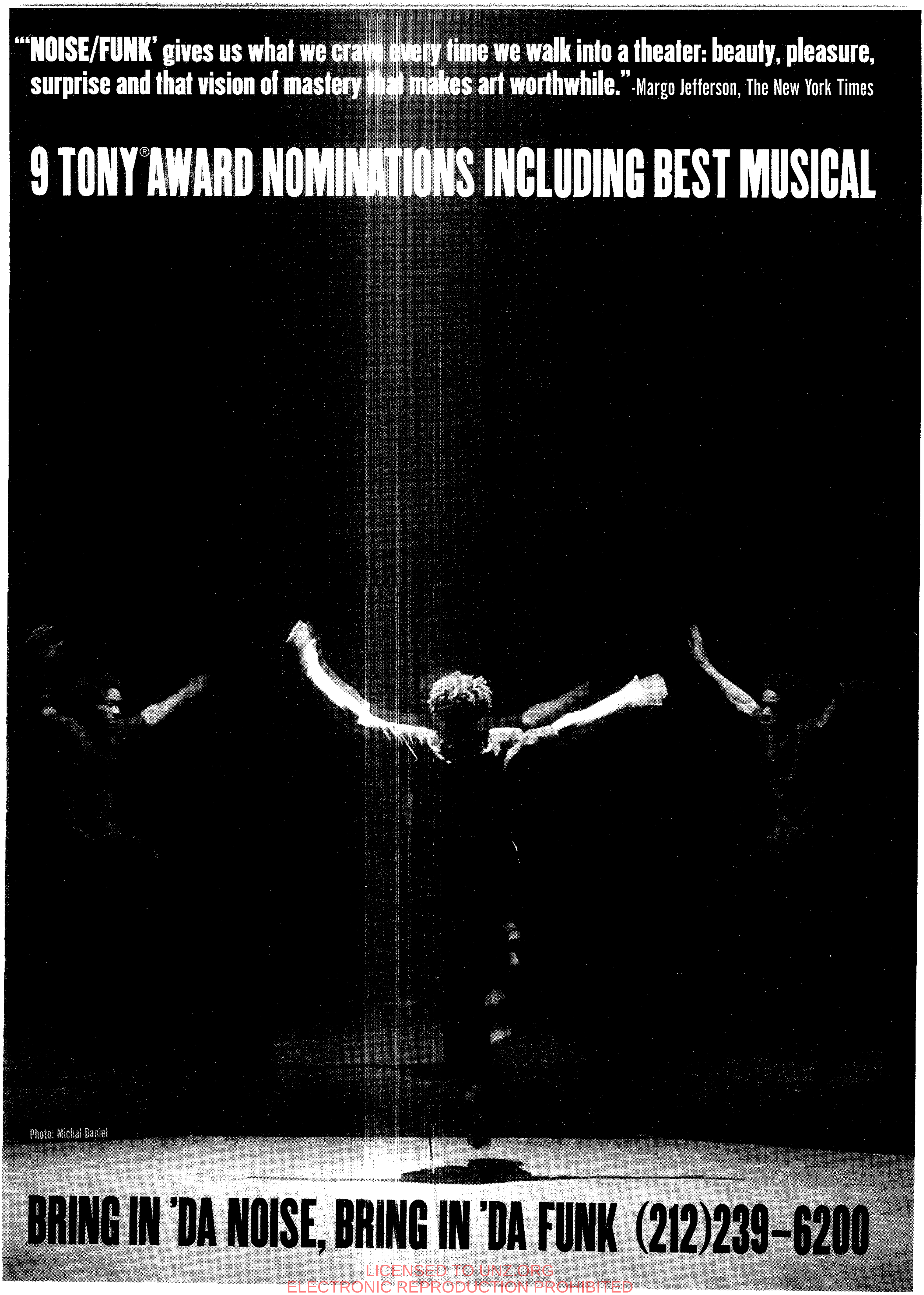
Helprin spends nearly all his time with his family at his house in the Hudson Valley. But over the years he has come to Washington to meet with various Republicans on the Hill, particularly Slade Gorton, of Washington, and Rudy Boschwitz, of Minnesota.

"I went to see Dole back in April, and we were sitting on the 'beach'—his terrace outside his office," Helprin said. "I must have arrived at the right time in his thinking, because when I suggested that he resign from the Senate he was in full agreement. He nodded and said, 'If I'm going to run for President, I'm going to run for President,' meaning he was not going to be dilatory and spread himself too thin.

"Dole called me the next morning and asked me to write a short statement. I don't know when he and his advisers firmed up the decision, but it was obviously like a rocket waiting on the pad. I wrote it all at home, and we spoke on the phone. It turned out he was a great editor. I tend to overdo it. He cuts things down. He has the grace and the economy of an older man with experience."

Like all speechwriters, Helprin was eager to see how his words would come out in performance. On the day of the announcement, he repaired to the bar at the Fairmont Hotel in Chicago and watched as Dole, his voice thick with emotion, read the short speech of resignation. "I thought he delivered it as very few people could," Helprin said. "It was almost as if I hadn't written it. But I knew he would be like that. He is a very emotional man, who converts his passion into action." ◆

"The New Something," Sidney Blumenthal; "The Graduate," James Traub; "The Case for Élitist Do-Gooders," Robert Hughes; "Writer's Tale," David Remnick.

"'NOISE/FUNK' gives us what we crave every time we walk into a theater: beauty, pleasure, surprise and that vision of mastery that makes art worthwhile." -Margo Jefferson, The New York Times

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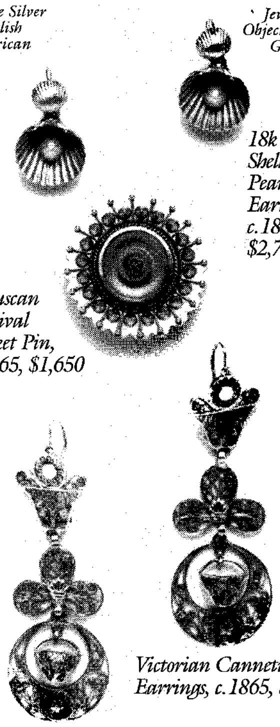

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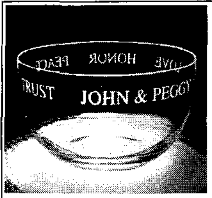

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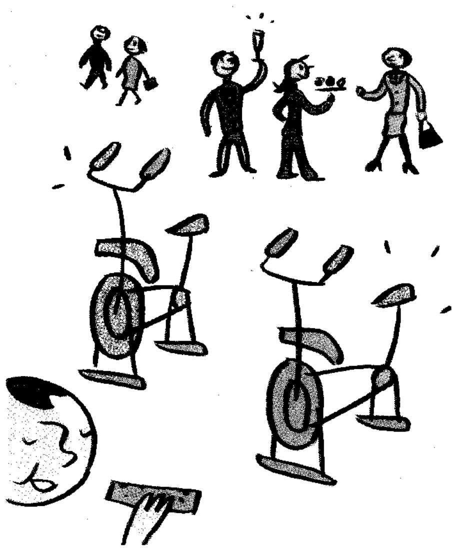
PARIS JOURNAL

THE RULES OF THE SPORT

Why the Americans and the French have such different ideas about what to do in a gym.

BY ADAM GOPNIK

LATE last year, the French government assembled a committee to choose a name for the vast new stadium that's being built in a Paris suburb. The committee included an actor, an "artiste," some functionaries, and even a few athletes. They took a long time deliberating over their choice. Names were submitted: some people liked the idea of naming the stadium after Verlaine or Saint-Exupéry, and lots of others liked the idea of calling it Le Stade Platini, after Michel Platini, the great French soccer player. At last, in December, the committee announced that it had come to a decision, and the government decided to broadcast the verdict on television. The scene was a little like the end of the Simpson trial: the worried-looking jurors filing to their seats, the pause as the envelope was handed to the Minister of Youth and Sports, the Minister clearing his throat to read the decision to the nation. The stadium that would represent France to the world, he announced, would be called (long, dramatic pause) Le Stade de France. The French Stadium. "Banal and beautiful at the same time," one journalist wrote. "Obvious and seductive. Timeless and unalterable."



ISABELLE DERVAUX

It wasn't hard to detect, beneath the sturdy, patriotic surface of the new name, an undercurrent of ironic, derisory minimalism. The French are prepared to be formally enthusiastic about American-style stadiums and American-style sports, but they are not going to get carried away by it all. This realization first came home to me when I joined a pioneer health club on the Left Bank and spent four months unsuccessfully trying to get some exercise there.

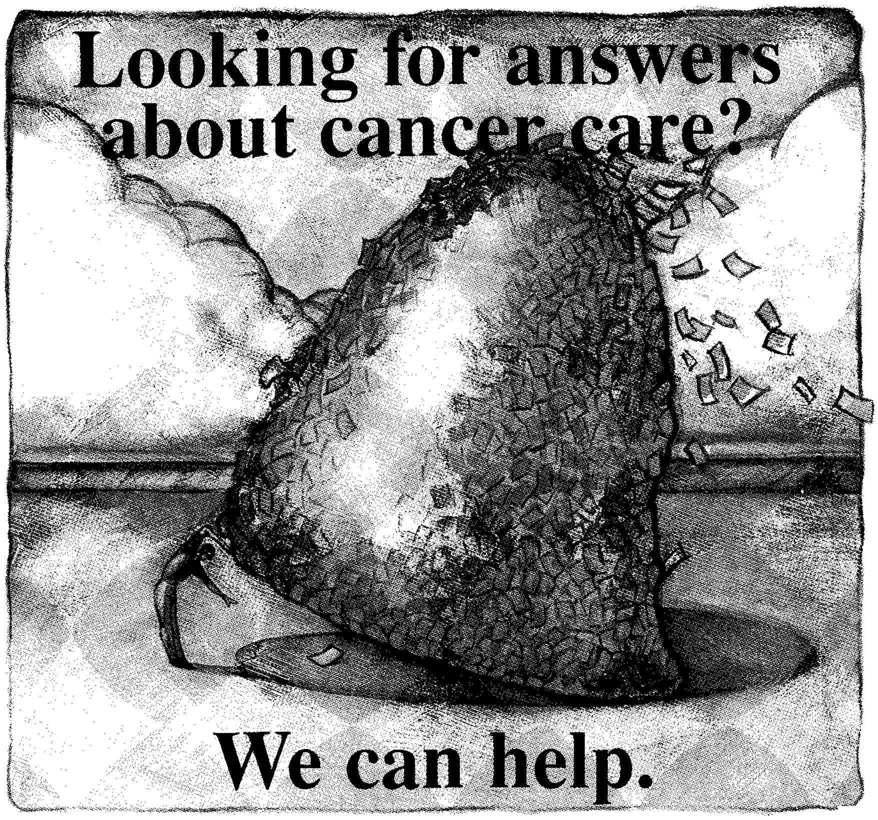
"An American gym?" Parisians asked when I said that I was looking for someplace to work out, and at first I didn't know what to say. What would a French gym be like? Someone suggested that my wife and I join the Health Club at the Ritz—that was about as French as a gym could get. This sounded like a nice, glamorous thing to do, so we went for a trial visit. I ran out of the locker room and dived into the pool. White legs were dangling all around me—crowded to the edges, as though their owners were clinging to the sides of the pool in fear—and only after I rose to the surface did I see that the owners were all hanging from the edge of the pool, eating tea sandwiches off silver platters.

Finally, after we'd done a lot of asking around, someone suggested a newly opening "New York-style" gym, which I'll call the Régiment Rouge. One afternoon, my wife and I walked over to see what it was like, and found it down at the end of a long, winding street. The gym was wedged into the bottom two floors of an institutional-looking Haussmann-era building. We went in and found ourselves surrounded by the virtuous sounds of Activity—sawing and hammering and other plaster-dust-producing noises. The bruit seemed to be rising from a cavernlike area in the basement. At the top of a grand-opera-style staircase that led to the basement were three or four fabulously chic young women in red tracksuits—the Régiment Rouge!—that still managed to be fairly form-clinging. The women all had ravishing long hair, and lightly applied makeup. When we told them that we wanted to *abonner*—subscribe—one of them whisked us off to her office and gave us the full spiel on the Régiment Rouge. It was going to bring the rigorous, uncompromising spirit of the New York health club to Paris—its discipline, its toughness, its *regimental* quality. They were just in the middle of having the work done—one could hear this downstairs—and it would all be finished by the end of the month. The locker rooms, the *appareils Nautilus*, the stationary bicycles with electronic displays, the steam baths, the massage tables—everything would be not just *à l'américaine* but *très New Yorkais*. Best of all, she went on, they had organized a special "high intensity" program in which, for the annual sum of about two thousand francs (four hundred dollars), you could make an inexorable New York-style commitment to your physique, and visit the gym as often as once a week.

It was obvious that the once-a-week deal was the winner—the closer, in Mamet language—and that, though she had a million arguments ready for people who thought that when it came to *forme* once a week might be going overboard, she had nothing at all ready for people who thought once a week might not be *forme* enough. We asked her if we could possibly come more often than that, and she cautiously asked us what we meant by "often." Well, three, perhaps four times a week, we said. It was not unknown, we added quickly, apologetically, for New Yorkers to visit a gym on an impulse, almost daily. Some New Yorkers, for that matter, arranged to go to their health club every morning before work. She echoed this cautiously, too: They rise from their beds and exercise vigorously before breakfast? Yes, we said weakly. That must be a wearing regimen, she commented politely.

She paused, and then she said, wonderingly, "Ah, you mean you wish to *abonner* for an infinite number of visits?" After much fooling around with numbers and hurried, hushed conferences with other members of the regiment, she arrived at a price for an infinity of *forme*. The difference between once a week and infinity, by the way, turned out to be surprisingly small, improvised prices being one of the unpredictable pleasures of Paris life. She opened dossiers for both of us; you can't do anything in France without having a dossier opened on your behalf.

A week later, I dug out my old gym bag, cranked up my Walkman, and set off for the Régiment Rouge. When I arrived,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the young women in the red tracksuits were still standing there. They looked more ravishing than ever. I picked out our consultant from the group, and told her I was ready to get *en forme.* "Alas, the work continues," she announced. I peered down. The renovation seemed to have stopped just where it had been when I saw it before. "The *vestiaires* and the *appareils* will now be installed next month," she said. "However, we are having classes all week long, on an emergency basis, and the Régiment Rouge wishes to make you an award for your patience." Then she gave me a bag of chocolate truffles. (There is a health-food store on the Rue du Bac that displays in its window its own brand of chocolates and its own marque of champagne. "*Tout Organique!*" a sign alongside them proclaims virtuously.) I ate one.

A week after that, we got a phone call from our consultant. She proudly announced that things were ready at last, and there would be a crêpe party in honor of the opening. "We will have apricot jam and crème de marrons," she explained. We went to the crêpe party. Everyone—would-be members and the girls in the red tracksuits—walked around eating stuffed crêpes and admiring the pristine, shiny, untouched Nautilus machines and exercise bikes and free weights.

A few days later, I went back again to try to use the gym, but on my way in to the regimen room I was stopped by another of the girls in red tracksuits. Before one could start work on the machines, she explained, it was necessary that one have a rendezvous with a *professeur.* When I arrived the next day for my rendezvous, the *professeur*—another girl in a red tracksuit—was waiting for me in the little office. She had my dossier out, and she was reviewing it seriously.

"Aren't we going to demonstrate the system of the machines?" I asked.

"Ah, that is for the future. This is the oral part of the rendezvous, where we review your body and its desires," she said. If I blushed, she certainly didn't. She made a lot of notes, and then snapped my dossier shut and said that soon, she hoped, we could begin.

While all this was going on, I tried to tell Parisians about it, and I could see that they couldn't see what, exactly, I thought was strange. The absence of the whole rhetoric and cult of sports and exercise is the single greatest difference between daily life in France and daily life in America. It's true that French women's magazines are as deeply preoccupied with body image and appearance as American ones. But they are confident that all problems can be solved by lotions. The number of French ointments guaranteed to eliminate fat from the female body seems limitless, and no pharmacy window is complete without a startlingly erotic ad for the Fesse-Uplift—an electrical buttock stimulator, guaranteed to eliminate fat by a steady stream of "small, not unpleasing shocks administered to the area," the ad says. *Votre Beauté,* the *Self* of France, recently had a special issue on losing weight. There were articles on electrical stimulation, on nutrition (raw carrots will help you lose weight; cooked carrots won't), on anti-obesity pills, and on something called "passive exercise." There was also, of course, a long article on reducing lotions. Finally, buried in the back, among the lonely-hearts ads, was a single, vaguely illicit-looking page of workout diagrams. If all else fails.

Among men, an enthusiasm for sport simply segregates you in a separate universe: you are a sportsman or you are not. The idea of sports as a lingua franca meant to pick up the slack in male conversations is completely alien here. The awkwardnesses that in America can be bridged by a hearty "See the Knicks last night?" exist here, but nobody bridges them by talking about sports. Sport is a hobby, and has clinging to it any hobby's slightly disreputable air of pathos. Also, sport is an immigrant preoccupation: where in America it acts as a common church, here it is still low church. There is a daily sports paper here, called *L'Équipe,* but it is meant for enthusiasts; *Le Monde* devotes one or two pages to the subject, and *Libération* only a few pages more. Paris has one very good soccer team (whereas London alone has six). It happens to be named after my neighborhood, Paris Saint-Germain, but you could walk the length and breadth of Saint-Germain and not see a single bit of evidence—not a sign in a window, a pennant in a bar, or a sweater on a supporter—that it exists. France has some terrific footballers, but they play mostly in England and Italy. The nearest thing to a Magic-Michael showdown in France is the *affrontements* of the French-born players David Ginola and Eric Cantona, but those take place across the Channel, in the North of England, where Ginola plays for Newcastle and Cantona for Manchester United. Still, Ginola and Cantona are regularly dunned by *L'Équipe* to declare their love of country. "But la France I think of all

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While you stand to the side
Pulling a hankie out
To wipe your brow surreptitiously.

—Charles Simic

the time! Not only when I play Manchester! She is in my head and in my heart!" Ginola declared recently. It sounded a little forced to me, but apparently *L'Équipe* was satisfied.

Legend has it that among French men sex and food are supposed to take the place of sports ("Did you perhaps see the petite blonde with the immense *balcon, mon vieux*?"), but in fact they don't. What the French do to bridge the uneasy competitive silences that seem to be the price of a Y chromosome is talk about government, and particularly about the incompetence of government ministers: which minister has outdone the others in self-important pomposity is viewed as a competitive event. Though the subject is different, the tone is almost exactly the same as that of American sports talk. "Did you see Léotard on the eight-o'clock last night?" one Parisian man might ask another. (The news is on at eight here.) Then they both shake their heads woefully, with that half smile, half smirk which New York men reserve for Mets relief pitchers: *beyond* pathetic.

If talking about the bureaucracy takes the place of talking about sports, getting involved with the bureaucracy takes the place of exercise. Every French man and woman is engaged in a constant entanglement with one ministry or another, and I have come to realize that these entanglements are what take the place of going to a gym where people actually work out. Three or four days a week, you're given something to do that is time-consuming, takes you out of yourself, is mildly painful, forces you into close proximity with strangers, and ends, usually, with a surprising rush of exhilaration: "Hey, I did it." Every French ministry is, like a Nautilus machine, thoughtfully designed to provide maximum possible resistance to your efforts, only to give way just at the moment of total mental failure. Parisians emerge from the government buildings on the Île de la Cité feeling just the way New Yorkers do after a good workout: aching and exhausted but on top of the world.

A FEW days after my oral interview, I went back to the Régiment Rouge, and this time I actually got on one of the stationary bicycles and rode it for twenty-four minutes. I was in full New York regalia (sweatpants, headband, Walkman) and did it in good New York form (Stones blasting in my headphones, crying out "One minute!" when there was a minute left to go). By now, there were other people at the gym, though the man on the bicycle next to me was going at a speed barely fast enough to sustain life, while the woman beside him, who was on a treadmill, was walking at the right speed for window-shopping on the Boulevard Saint-Germain on an especially sunny day when your heart is filled with love and your pockets are filled with money—it was as though she had set the machine at "Saunter."

I got down from my bike perspiring right through my T-shirt—the first person on the Left Bank, I thought proudly, to break a sweat at a gym. I walked back to the desk. "A towel, please," I panted (in French, of course). The girl in the red tracksuit at the desk gave me a long, steady, opaque look. I thought that maybe I had got the word for towel wrong (I hadn't, though), and after I asked again and got the same look in return I thought it wise to try to describe its function. My description sounded like a definition from Dr. Johnson's dictionary: that thing which is used in the process of removing water from the surfaces of your body in the moments after its immersion. "Ah," she said. "Of course. A towel. We have none yet." She looked off into the middle distance. "This," she said at last, "is envisaged." I looked at her dumbly, pleadingly, the reality dawning on me. Then I walked all the way home, moist as a chocolate mousse.

A COUPLE of days later, I went for what I thought would be my last visit to the Préfecture de Police to get my *carte de séjour*, a process that had involved a four-ministry workout stretching over three months. The functionary seemed ready to give it to me—she was actually holding it out across the desk—but then she suddenly took one last look at the dossier the Préfecture had on me, and noticed something that she had somehow missed before.

"*Alors, monsieur*," she said, "you have not yet had a physical examination to make sure that you are in sufficiently good health to remain in France."

I didn't know what to say. "I belong to a gym," I said at last, and I showed her my card from the Régiment. "Well," she said, "this will be useful for your dossier." I couldn't argue with that. ♦

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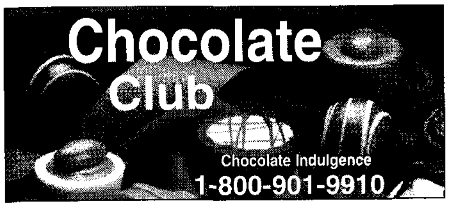

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LIFE AND LETTERS

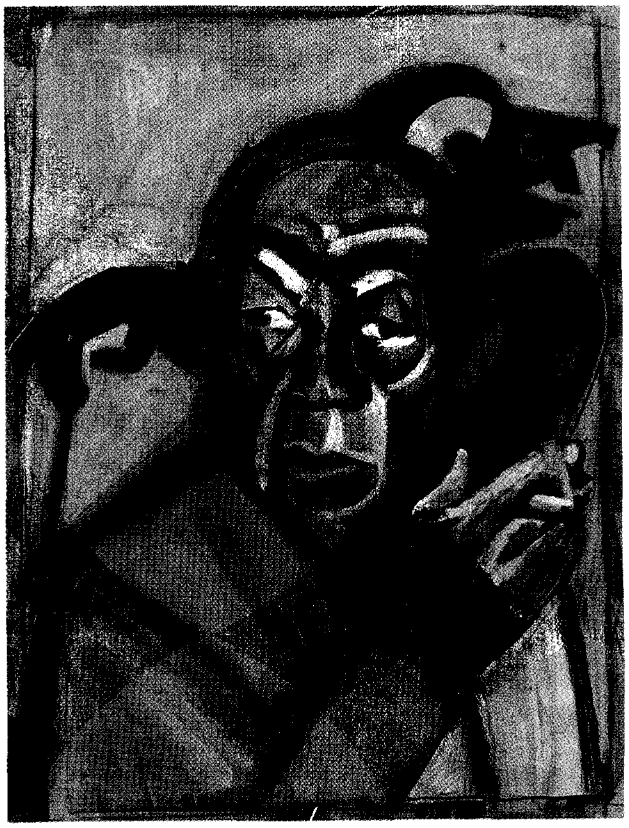
THE INDONESIAD

What does a novelist who has witnessed fifty years of tyranny write? The epic of his nation.

BY JAMIE JAMES

It's practically a law of literature that nation-building produces epics; the passions and cataclysms unleashed by the birthing of a nation must find their way into heroic narratives, which run the gamut from the Iliad to "Doctor Zhivago." The youngest of the world's major nations, Indonesia, was created in the last days of 1949, when thirteen thousand six hundred and seventy-seven islands of the Southeast Asian archipelago gained their independence from Dutch colonial rule.

Indonesia's epic storyteller is Pramoedya Ananta Toer, who is now seventy-one and has lived a life as crowded with incident and emotional upheaval as a novel by Dumas *père*. Imprisoned by the Dutch as a propagandist during the revolution in the forties, detained for fourteen years as a political prisoner after a coup in 1965—this after a mob stormed his house, and government dump trucks carried away his library and thousands of pages of notes—Pramoedya has been a witness to wave after wave of tyranny in Indonesia for more than fifty years. Most of what he has written has been suppressed; many of his manuscripts have been confiscated and burned. The Suharto regime still keeps him under continuous surveillance and forbids him to leave Jakarta, the capital city. Possession of his books is a crime in Indonesia, punishable by a stiff prison term. Even so, perhaps half a million copies of them are in circulation there.



Pramoedya Ananta Toer composed the Buru Quartet in a prison camp—first reciting it, then writing it down.

ANDREA VENTURA

Pramoedya's masterwork is the Buru Quartet, a cycle of novels set in the final, decadent years of Dutch colonialism in Java. The series follows the life of a revolutionary journalist named Minke. The first native Javanese boy to attend the élite Dutch colonial high school, Minke is full of idealistic notions about European progress. The process of his disillusionment and the forging of his Indonesian identity—a new element in the periodic table of history—form the novels' core. The Buru Quartet is saturated with the gothic gloom and steamy atmosphere of the rain forest. With the publication this month, by William Morrow, of the quartet's final volume, "House of Glass," and the paperback reissue, by Penguin, of its predecessors, "This Earth of Mankind," "Child of All Nations," and "Footsteps," American readers can now follow Pramoedya's saga of Minke—one of the most ambitious undertakings in postwar world literature—from beginning to end.

The Buru novels are epic in more senses than one, for, like Homer's poems, they were composed orally. Pramoedya was incarcerated in a hellish prison camp on Buru Island during most of the seventies, and for his first several years there the authorities denied him the use of paper and pen. An equatorial rhapsode, he worked out the complex tale of Minke's intellectual awakening, political ordeals, and love affairs by telling it to his fellow-prisoners in the barracks.

Pramoedya's name has been perennially on the lips of those professional mentioners who compile the lists of nominees for the Nobel Prize in Literature. He is indisputably the leading candidate for Southeast Asia, which has not yet had its turn in Stockholm, and which in recent years has been too preoccupied by its booming economy to worry very much about culture. Pramoedya's prose isn't always polished, and his books are occasionally passionate to the point of excess. Yet anyone who would understand Indonesia, today the fourth most populous nation in the world (after China, India, and the United States), must read his books.

PRAMOEDYA now lives in a cool, spacious house, made somewhat chaotic by the shrieking laughter of visiting grandchildren and the babble of an unwatched television, in a neighborhood of Jakarta that was once a Dutch teak estate. He was not expecting any visitors, so when I arrived a child was sent to fetch him from a garden he owns nearby. Furiously prolific in his prime, Pramoedya now suffers from writer's block, and, with Javanese practicality, he has decided to devote his days to cultivating corn, pineapples, mangoes, and jackfruit rather than to staring at a blank page.

Barefoot and wearing a pair of cinched-up blue polyester trousers and a T-shirt damp with sweat, Pramoedya slipped into the room. In greeting, he bobbed his large, well-shaped head with the proud yet deferential air of a peasant invited to a rich man's house, appearing not the least bit heroic. Then, as he sat talking quietly about his time on Buru Island, his eyes drooped sadly and his smile was soft. Yet slowly he began to exert a gravitational pull, like a small, dense planet.

"There were eighteen of us," he said, referring to the political prisoners in his compound. "We were completely isolated from the other prisoners except during roll call and in the showers. I would tell my companions the story, and then, in the showers, they would pass it on to the rest of the prisoners. And so it spread."

Almost as galling for Pramoedya as the ban on writing materials was a ban on any reading matter other than Islamic scripture. A Catholic priest occasionally smuggled in copies of *Catholic Digest* and *Reader's Digest*, but otherwise the prisoners were deprived of the written word. "A man I knew was caught reading a newspaper," he said. "They led him away, shackled. The next time we saw him, he was floating in the river."

In the mid-seventies, Pramoedya was finally allowed to write. "It was like a dam breaking," he said. "I wrote continuously. I couldn't stop writing. Perhaps I'm different from other people, but when I'm oppressed that's what I do—I write." He called the Buru novels "my lullaby for my fellow-prisoners, to calm their fears, they who were suffering so much torture." The other political prisoners in his barracks conspired to help him compose his Indonesiad. "They did my share of the forced labor," he told me. "They gave me their food. They built me my own room to work in." With a faint smile, he recalled that at Buru prisoners had to pay or barter for their food and medicine. "I had four chickens," he said. "With the money I made from the eggs, I was able to buy paper and cigarettes—the writer's necessities." The priest and a river boatman smuggled out the manuscripts of the quartet, but prison guards seized and destroyed six other books Pramoedya wrote at Buru—little worlds that are now lost forever.

WHEN Pramoedya was born in 1925 in the village of Blora, in eastern Java, Dutch colonial rule had been firmly in place on the island for

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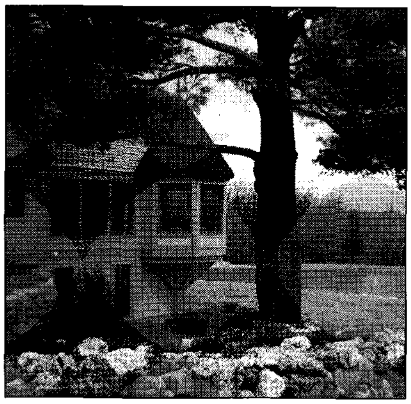

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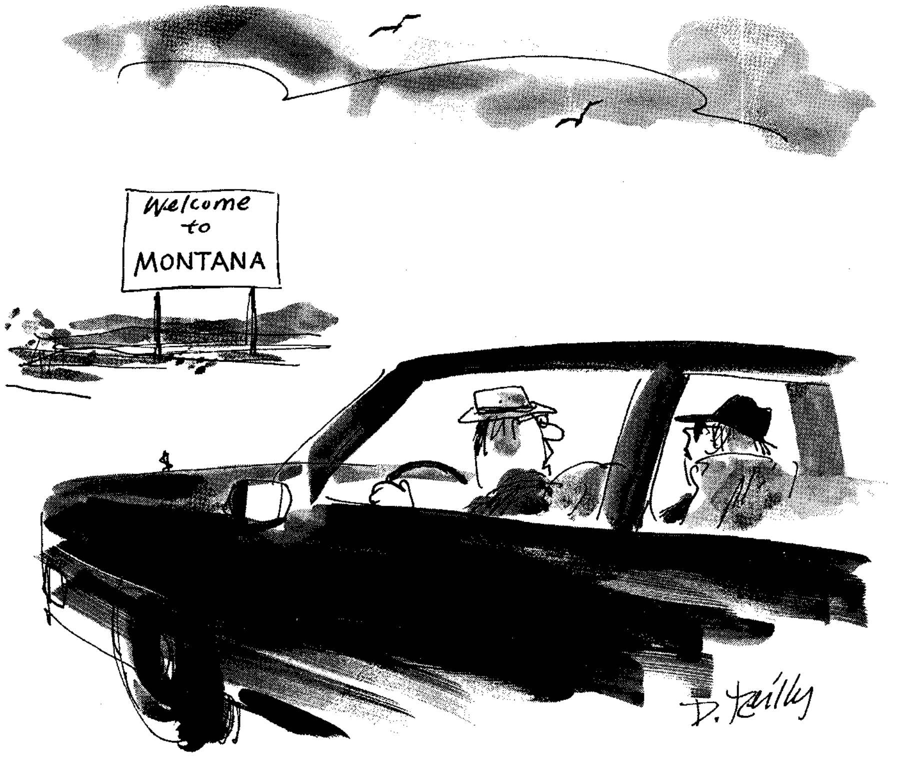

"Lock your door and roll up the window."

• •

three hundred years and seemed destined to endure forever. Yet there were cracks in the monolith of empire, and Pramoedya's father was a nationalist determined to blow them wide open. He resigned his post as a teacher in the colonial school system to join a school run by a group called Budi Utomo—the first native reform movement on Java—at a tenth the government salary. Budi Utomo (the name means Noble Endeavor) was disbanded in 1935, however, whereupon he took to gambling and slowly began to crack up—the prototype of the dissolute, ineffectual patriarch who recurs throughout his son's fiction.

The eldest of nine children, Pramoedya seems to have been a slacker as a boy: it took him six years to finish three grades of school. After he finally completed his primary education, he drifted to Surabaya, a city in eastern Java, where he dabbled in radio and attempted, unsuccessfully, to become a telegraph operator. When the Second World War broke out, he returned home to avoid being dragooned by the Dutch Army, but all too soon that worry became irrelevant. In an autobiographical sketch written some forty years later, Pramoedya recounts how the Japanese arrived in Blora, on March 2, 1942: "The Japanese came into our town in trucks, flying Japanese flags made of paper, with the Red-and-White"—the Indonesian national flag—"fluttering behind. On them a brief phrase: 'The Japanese Are Your Elder Brothers.' "

The Javanese greeted them as liberators, coming to free them from the hated Dutch overlord. "But within only a few days all that political delight had completely vanished," Pramoedya recalled. "The Japanese had begun to roam around raping women." Just a few days after the Japanese arrived, Pramoedya was stopped on a deserted road by two soldiers, who robbed him of his wristwatch and confiscated his brand-new bicycle. He wrote, "I then went home, stripped of my treasured possessions, bearing the weight of hatred in my heart."

His family went to pieces after the invasion. His father's gambling got worse, and he shirked his responsibilities, leaving it up to Pramoedya, just seventeen, to support the family with the proceeds from a cigarette stall. A few months later, Pramoedya's mother died, and he ran away to Jakarta. There he found his first job in journalism, with the Japanese news agency, Domei. He

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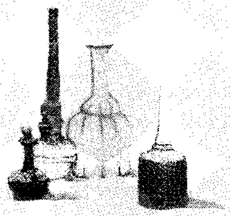


EVERY NIGHT IS OPENING NIGHT

"What is the special pasta?" the maitre'd at Le Madri demands. "Orechiette," a waiter replies crisply. "That's an ear-shaped pasta, flecked with bacon, with a tiny bit of cream." His delivery is compelling. One fact is off. In this recipe, the maitre'd explains, cream is not an ingredient; it is an inspired afterthought.

It's five-thirty in the afternoon, and at Pino Luongo's restaurants, the staff stops all other activity and gathers for a pre-dinner meeting. The lineup suggests the Marines. The energy is pure Actor's Studio. So, at Coco Pazzo, the maitre'd is multi-tasking: reviewing a reservation list black with names as he reminds the waiters that the milk for the mozzarella comes from a water buffalo. And at Il Toscanaccio, the youngest of Luongo's Manhattan restaurants, the staff is learning that its steak isn't—as a waiter suggests—rib-eye, grilled off the bone, with a hot herb oil drizzled on top. *"It's not* a pre-heated oil," the maitre'd emphasizes. "The herbs are set on top of the cooked steak, *and then* the hot olive oil is added, which sears the herbs to the meat."

The woman seated in the tiny alcove at Coco Pazzo exudes stardom: She's got a hat jammed on her head and her back to the bar. Clearly, she wants to have a private conversation with the vaguely recognizable man across from her. Good luck. At Coco Pazzo's 31 other tables, many of the clients bear such instantly recognizable names that they can—almost—identify her.

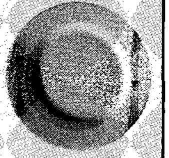
If the staffs of Coco Pazzo, Il Toscanaccio and Le Madri know how to please even the edgiest of temperaments, it's largely because the owner regards his establishments as theaters. Pino Luongo spent a decade in his native Italy studying acting and touring with repertory groups; when he opened his first New York restaurant, his mentor was his favorite playwright, Pirandello. "I don't think theater is meant to represent reality," says the 42 year-old Luongo."Neither are restaurants. I see a restaurant as a private dining room that's open to the public. And the customers are the cast."

Luongo's flair for theater served him well at Le Madri, where he imported Italian artisans after failing to find local plasterers who could create authentic waxy Venetian stucco walls. When he opened another restaurant, he recalled how, in the still-staid 1960s, Italian women overthrew tradition and men applauded—and he decorated the walls with murals of shapely legs. Some critics objected. When Luongo regrooved that space and created Il Toscanaccio, he did away with those murals. Except for one pair of legs. And he had them framed.

In Luongo's childhood, summer meant beach houses, salty skin, straightforward food, and the insistent melodies of Italian pop songs. But that leisure wasn't indolence. For him, summer was also a time for culture.

Some years ago, when Luongo recalled his involvement with a theater group in Rome that started an outdoor film festival, he launched a festival of his own in a parking lot next to Le Madri on Sunday evenings in July and August. This year, the theme is Westerns. For him, that means serving spaghetti and spareribs, offering lessons in Tuscan barbecue, and hiring a Country Swing band.

Luongo's primary concern is still the ultimate form of theatricality: creating a dining experience so fulfilling that, for a few hours, customers play their parts as if life is a comedy. This, he feels, calls for the meals of his childhood summers: a Tuscan fish stew called cacciucco, a bottle of Sauvignon Puiatti, and strawberries coated with sugar and sprinkled with red wine vinegar. In the evening, he visits his restaurants to see how that menu plays. When he hears lively conversation, bursts of laughter and customers asking "What are they having at the next table?" he knows he's got a hit.



Even after the best nights, though, Luongo sometimes dreams that he enters one of his establishments and sees it packed. And silent; people chew, but don't talk. On those nights, he wakes with a start. Then, he says, he remembers that he runs Italian—not French—restaurants, and life becomes bearable again.

Le Madri IL TOSCANACCIO Coco Pazzo Sapore di mare mad. 61

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spent his spare time studying in the reading room of a local library, which was next door to the headquarters of the Japanese military police. "And the whole time," he wrote, "from the first turning of a page to the moment the library closed, one heard, over and over again, the moan 'Have mercy, sir!' . . . If one heard the sound of chains being pulled, I think everyone knew what was going on in the torture chamber next door: a prisoner was being stretched out on his back and forced to swallow a bowl of soapy water. A rattling of the chains meant that the feet of the poor wretch were being shackled, then hoisted above his head as the soapy water came vomiting out of his mouth. Screams unaccompanied by rattling meant that toe- and fingernails were being extracted one by one, very slowly. And if all one heard were sighs and panting gasps, one knew that a stomach swollen with soapy water was being stamped on by rubber-soled feet." After listening to the screams and sighs of the tortured while he read, Pramoedya would return to the news office at Domei, which, in his words, "reported only the victories, the righteousness, and the wisdom of the Japanese."

Almost immediately after the war, Indonesia plunged into revolution. A provisional government formed by the Indonesian Nationalist Party (P.N.I.), led by a charismatic former engineer named Sukarno, declared independence, just eleven days after Hiroshima. When a desperately undermanned contingent of Allied troops arrived on Java, they found the P.N.I. effectively in control, and virtually turned power over to it. A bloody conflict erupted throughout the archipelago as the Dutch struggled to hold on to their empire. As soon as Pramoedya heard about the declaration of independence, he enlisted in the revolutionary army in Jakarta, and by late 1946 he had risen to the post of second lieutenant as an information officer.

The following year, he joined the propaganda group Voice of Free Indonesia, and less than a year later he was arrested for possessing anti-Dutch literature, and was tortured and imprisoned. In Bukit Duri prison, Pramoedya wrote his first novel, "The Fugitive." It was a dark, Faulknerian morality tale about an Indonesian patriot who returns incognito to his home village the night before the Japanese surrender, only to be betrayed by his fiancée's father. He wrote the short novel in a week, squatting on a large tin can in his cell and using his bunk as a desk during the day. Since the guards forbade any activity by the prisoners after dark, he recounted, "at night I could write only beneath the concrete bedstead, flat on the floor with a lantern at my side."

STRUCTURALLY, "The Fugitive" is based upon *wayang*, the shadow-puppet plays that are the principal literary medium of the classical Javanese civilization. In such plays, the characters oppose each other like heroes in combat: the puppeteer-narrator draws them together and apart and then back together, in a dialectical process of narrative. Yet "The Fugitive," for all the classical symmetry of its construction, is a young man's book, idealistic and unforgiving. It smolders with resentment against all the foreign occupiers of Java, and burns with wrathful indignation at those among the older generation who collaborated with them. Setting the pattern for much of Pramoedya's œuvre, the manuscript of the novel was smuggled out of the prison by a sympathetic Dutch intellectual.

"The Fugitive" was one of the first accomplished works of literature written in Bahasa Indonesia, the dialect of Malay that was proclaimed the official language of the new nation. Just as the Homeric dialect helped formalize the concept of Greekness by welding together the various idioms of the Aegean, Bahasa Indonesia was one of the principal forces that brought about the unity (such as it is) of Indonesia, where more than six hundred languages are still spoken. Pramoedya has never published a page in his native Javanese.

In 1949, after four years of bitter warfare, the Dutch capitulated. The political situation in Indonesia's early years was as turbulently confused and confusing as that of the French Revolution. Sukarno walked a fine line to keep regional secessionists, Islamic extremists, Communists, and the military from upsetting the balance of power. More than a hundred and fifty parties contended in the 1955 national elections. Sukarno kept the infant nation together by cre-

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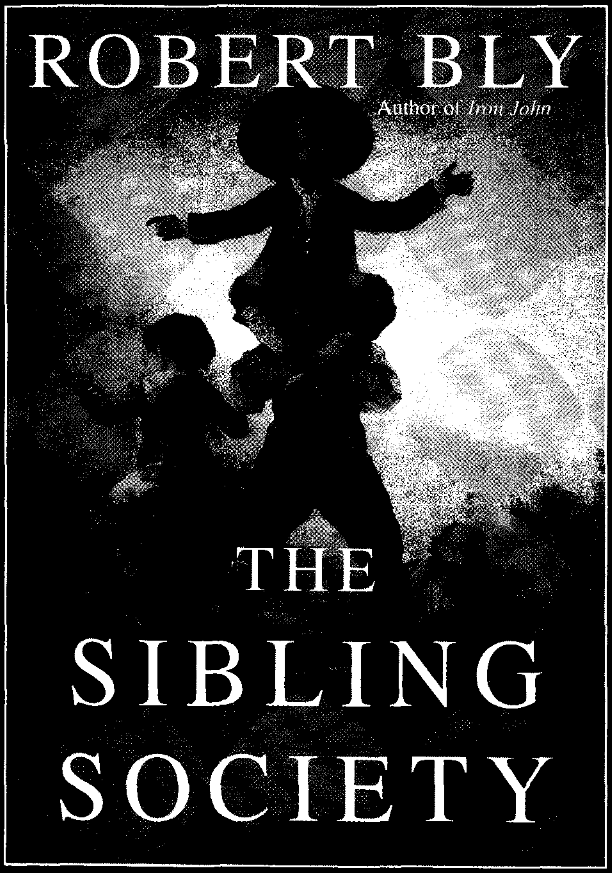

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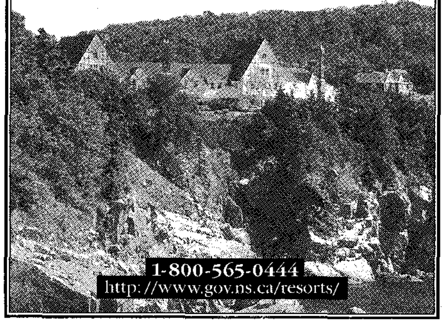

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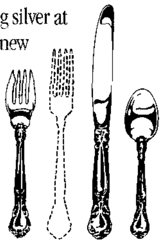

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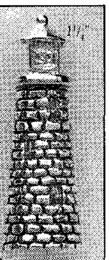

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ating a nearly fanatical cult of personality, proclaiming himself the Great Leader of the Revolution. The result was a form of despotism; it may also have been the only way to bond the archipelago's disparate elements into a nation.

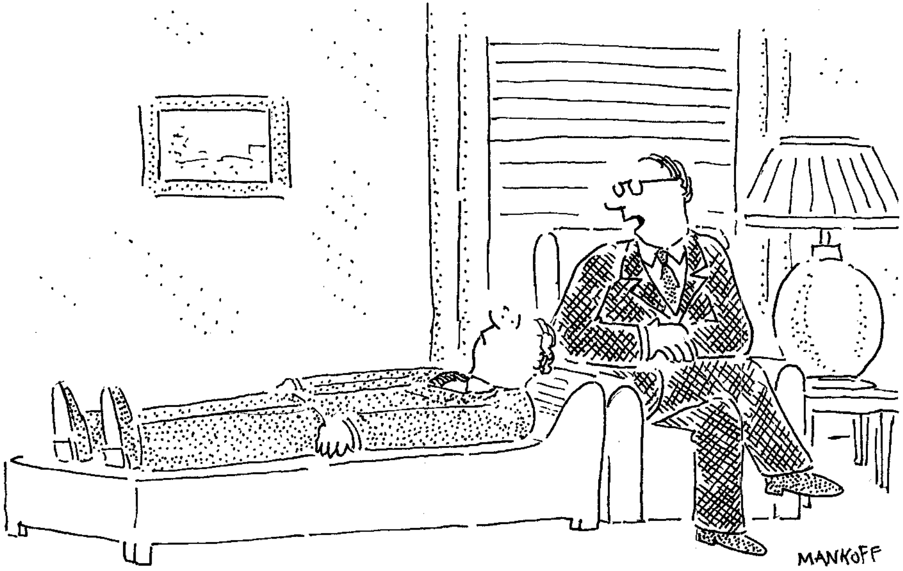
Pramoedya returned to Jakarta immediately after his release from Bukit Duri and threw himself into the ideological fray. He became a member of Lekra, the Institute for People's Culture, which was closely affiliated with the Indonesian Communist Party; like Sukarno, he flirted with Communism but never committed himself to it. Pramoedya quickly emerged as one of Indonesia's most powerful journalists, editing and writing for "Lentera" ("The Lamp"), the culture page of *Bintang Timur*, an influential left-wing newspaper sponsored by the P.N.I. Although he was a stout supporter of Sukarno, he never gave up his intellectual independence; in fact, he served a short prison sentence in 1960 for criticizing the government's treatment of the Chinese minority.

By 1965, a regime centered on the increasingly unstable personality of Sukarno could no longer hold together. On the night of September 30th, six senior Army officers were murdered, and the military blamed the Communists. Over the next few months, General Suharto took control of the government and instituted a rabidly anti-Communist and reactionary New Order, as he called it, which continues to rule Indonesia today. In the chaos that ensued, as many as half a million people accused of being Communists were killed, and the Army peremptorily imprisoned thousands more, including Pramoedya.

His world disintegrated. It was then that a mob ransacked his house and he was incarcerated without any formal charges being made against him. After four years in jail in Jakarta, he was sent to Buru, some eight hundred and fifty miles northeast of Java. There he spent the next ten years of his life composing his epic—first reciting it and then writing it down.

THE walls of Pramoedya's study are lined from floor to ceiling with books, including many of the Western authors he has translated into Bahasa Indonesia: Pascal, Steinbeck, Tolstoy, Gorky. He sat with his left ear tilted toward me, for he is almost completely deaf in the other one—a result of rifle-butt blows to his head during the years of imprisonment. As he talked, he puffed continually on a fragrant chain of clove-scented cigarettes; from time to time, with Asian politesse, he would offer the pack to me.

Although he took pains to avoid Solzhenitsyn-style bitterness, Pramoedya was unreserved in his criticism and defiance of the present Indonesian government. Earlier this year, the Attorney General told him he wanted him to change his attitude. "I said, 'When you return all my books, then I will change my attitude,' " Pramoedya recounted. (Pramoedya's neighbors reported that after his 1965 arrest they saw his con-



"Wow! You need professional help."

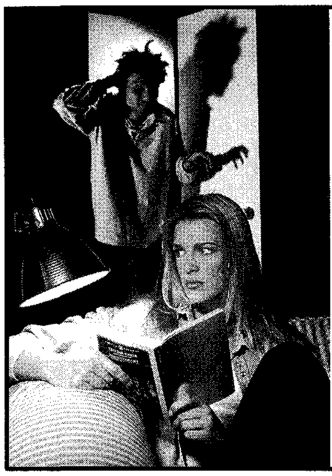
fiscated library in the market, being sold as fish wrap.)

Although the authorities have forbidden him to travel outside the capital, he said he does so whenever he pleases. "I've tried to ignore the city arrest as much as I can," he went on. "If I obeyed those regulations, I would be nothing better than cattle in a pen." After his release from Buru, he was ordered to report at regular intervals to the military authorities, but four years ago he publicly announced that he would no longer do so. "I said, 'I won't retract my statement. I won't report.' So now the security officer comes around to see me. We drink coffee together. He's very polite."

Last year, Pramoedya received the Ramón Magsaysay Award, which is the top literary honor in Asia. He wasn't allowed to attend the ceremonies, in Manila, so his wife, Maemunah Thamrin, went in his stead to collect the fifty-thousand-dollar prize. His selection created a furor in Indonesia: there's no quarrel like an old quarrel, especially among bookish old men. Pramoedya's ideological opponents from the sixties attacked the choice furiously, claiming that when he was the editor of "Lentera" he had "oppressed" and "harassed" them with a "smear campaign."

The charges against him are based upon columns he published in "Lentera," entitled "Those Who Are to Be Cut Down and Those Who Are to Be Encouraged." The former were young writers who chafed at the Sukarno regime's ideological restrictions; Pramoedya contemptuously called them *gelandangan*—"vagrants." (Calling one's adversaries vagrants who ought to be cut down does have an unsavory, bullying tone, but it needs to be placed in context: in Sukarno's Indonesia the political discourse on every side was characterized by such over-the-top phrasemaking.)

The conflict intensified in September of 1963, when a group of Pramoedya's foes published a three-page essay called "Manifes Kebudayaan"—"Cultural Manifesto"—which attacked the artistic restrictions imposed by the government. Pramoedya and other intellectuals on the left ridiculed the document, shortening the name to "Manikebu," the term for water-buffalo semen. They claimed that the manifesto's authors were the tools of the Army, and warned



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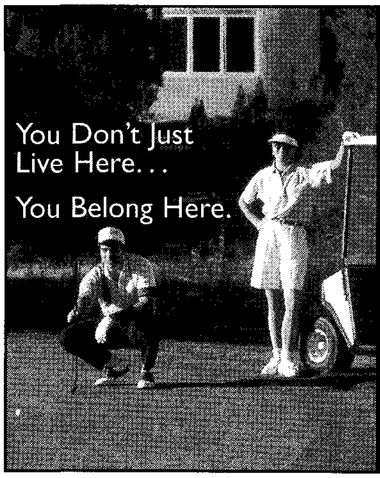

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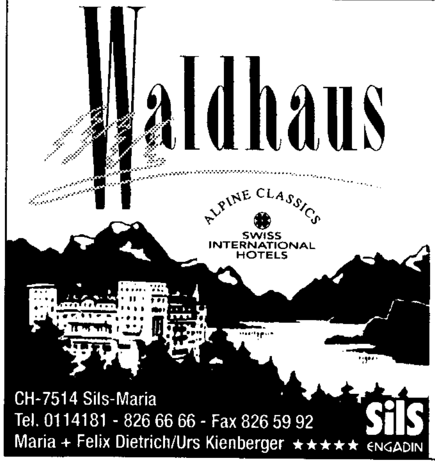

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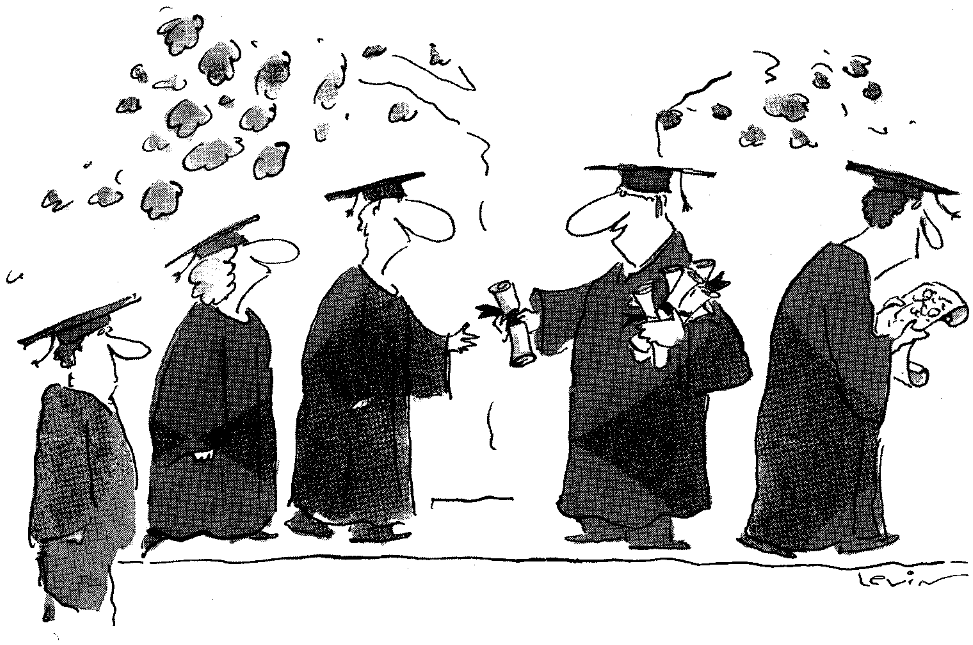


"Check it out."

• •

of the bloodshed that would result if the military took power—a prophecy that proved to be horrifyingly accurate. The campaign against the Manikebu succeeded. Within a year, Sukarno declared the movement illegal, and the authorities cracked down on those who had supported it: several writers were fired from their university jobs, and their books were banned. For some victims of the purge, it was a defining moment from which they never recovered. After Pramoedya was awarded the Magsaysay, his most outspoken opponent, the novelist and journalist Mochtar Lubis, returned the Magsaysay medal he himself had won, in 1958, along with part of the cash prize.

Other old foes of Pramoedya are more forgiving. Goenawan Mohamad, who had signed the "Manifes Kebudayaan" and whose important newsweekly, *Tempo*, was shut down by the government two years ago, wrote, "To join Lubis in condemning Pramoedya's past is to me morally and politically unacceptable." He pointed out that Pramoedya never had an official position, and that the government for which he supposedly worked as an enforcer of orthodoxy had imprisoned him for criticizing its policies toward the Chinese minority. "Pramoedya has suffered for so long, and the magnificent strength that has allowed him to survive lies in his pride," Goenawan wrote. "That is his last hold. I do not wish to destroy it."

Pramoedya, for his part, mildly pointed out to me that, as a banned writer, he isn't permitted to respond to Lubis and his other critics, who routinely savage him in print. He was puzzled by the controversy. "I find it very difficult to understand why they protest," he said. "One would think that other writers would be very happy." He added that many more of his Indonesian colleagues have supported him "through public and private statements" than have objected.

John H. McGlynn, an American translator and editor based in Jakarta who has worked with both Pramoedya and Lubis, suspects Nobel politicking. Pramoedya is Southeast Asia's strongest candidate for the literature prize. "But Lubis wants the Nobel for himself," McGlynn told me. "He knows he'll never get it, but he'll be damned if this person he detests will get it." McGlynn says that he has tried to get the two men together to thrash it out; Lubis, however, refuses even to be in the same room with Pramoedya. The Nobel committee gets weak in the knees at the thought of coming down on the wrong side of a political fight, but when it does take sides it usually favors the left. Certainly no major literary figure alive has suffered more for his work and beliefs than has Pramoedya Ananta Toer, and the Suharto regime is still unrelenting in the suppression of his books: the Attorney General has said that the Buru novels are "poisonous and very possibly could create public unrest."

SUCH denunciations, of course, can be interpreted as a sort of tribute to the novelist's achievement. Certainly the scale of Pramoedya's ambitions finds a correlative in the scale of the Buru cycle, which sprawls across twenty years and more than fifteen hundred pages in the English translation, by Max Lane. The first volume of the series, "This Earth of Mankind," is one of those books that, like "The Catcher in the Rye," inspire such devotion that an admirer instinctively mistrusts anyone who scoffs at them. As I read it, I kept regretting that I had not been able to do so at fifteen, when, with the fanaticism of adolescence, I could have appropriated Minke's passionate idealism as my own.

The port city of Surabaya, turn of the century: Minke, the son of a Javanese nobleman, is the first native boy to attend the élite colonial high school, where he is surrounded by the ruling caste—the Dutch and their Eurasian progeny. He is torn between his roots in the ancient Javanese culture and the pull of Western learning:

> Science was giving birth to more and more miracles. The legends of my ancestors were being put to shame. No longer was it necessary to meditate in the mountains for years in order to be able to speak to somebody across the seas. The Germans had laid a cable reaching from England to India! And these cables were multiplying and spreading all over the face of the earth. The whole world could now observe the behavior of any person. And people could now observe the behavior of the whole world.

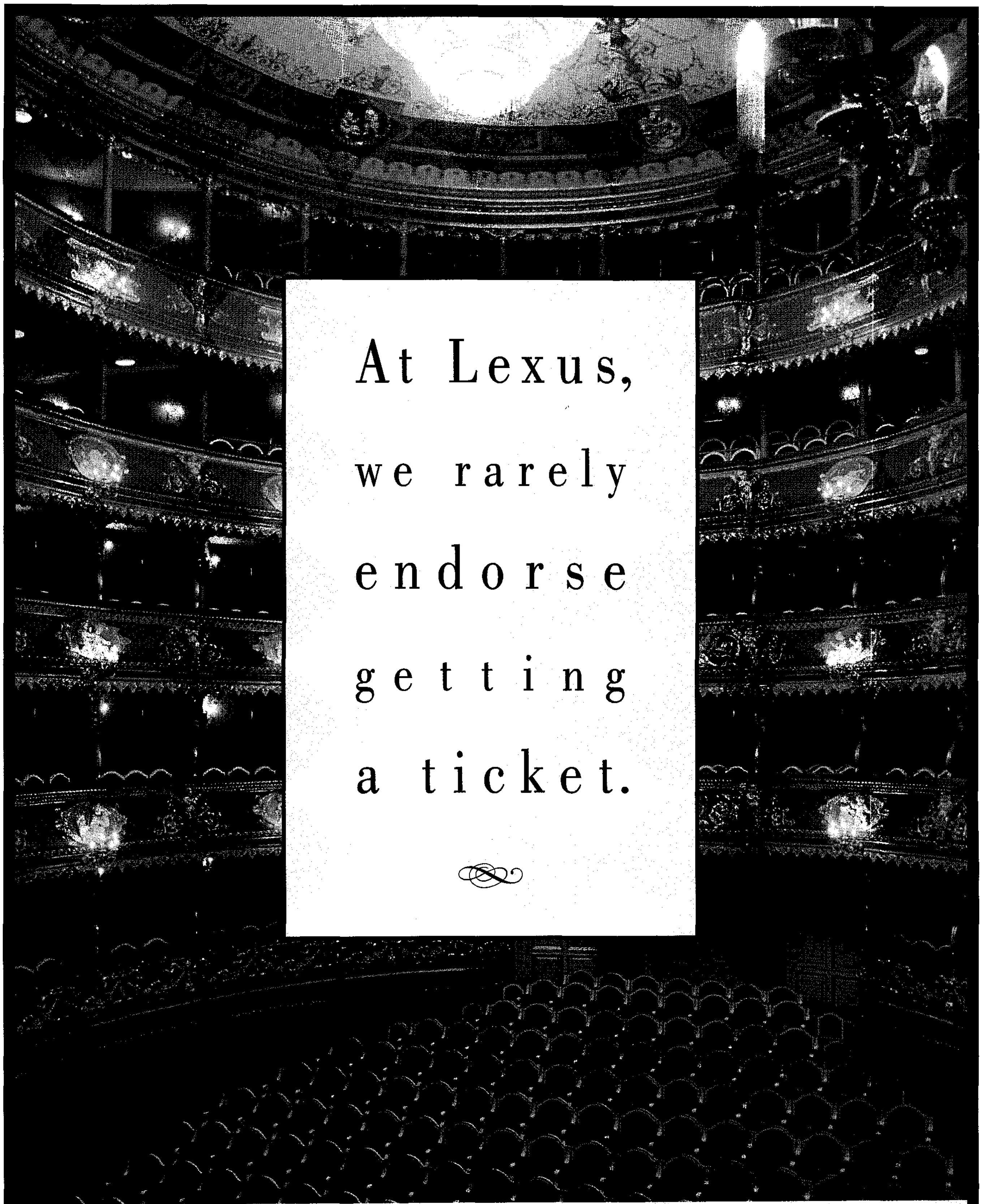
Minke falls under the spell of Nyai Ontosoroh, the beautiful native mistress of a dissolute, syphilitic Dutch planter named Herman Mellema, and of their innocent, childlike daughter, Annelies. Minke moves into the Mellema household and becomes Annelies's lover. When Mellema is found murdered at a local brothel, its proprietor is charged with the crime, yet, in the sensational courtroom drama that follows, it is Nyai

Continued on page 93

LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 96

JULY 22-AUGUST 11

Four Saints in Three Acts
Gate Theatre
Morton Feldman
Thang Long Wa pet Theatre



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LINCOLN CENTER FESTIVAL 96

Lincoln Center Festival 96 wants to be special, and in many ways it already is, before it has even happened. It is the first major annual international summer arts festival to be planned in New York itself for at least a generation. And, we at Lincoln Center believe, it is special for the sheer density, intensity and quality of the varied arts events crammed happily into its short three weeks.

While avoiding any overall theme, we have tried to program this inaugural Festival to make overt and covert connections between the varied attractions within it: Beckett connects to Feldman, *Leonore* to *Fidelio*, Ailey and Marsalis to Hawkins and Green, interactive computer opera to digital video. We have also sought to create events within the Festival on a grand scale: not one but all of Beckett's plays, Feldman's six-hour *String Quartet II*, more than 100 performances of Tod Machover's *Brain Opera*, a Cunningham piece with the audience surrounded by 112 musicians.

Everything, old and new, we have tried to offer in a way that's out of the ordinary, presented or juxtaposed with a friskiness that will make the whole Festival seem fresh. We want people to feel that Lincoln Center Festival 96 is itself special, that it's a three-week gift to those who can attend, and that they had better move quickly before it's suddenly gone, at least for this summer.

Above all, however, mixing Lincoln Center's own world-famous companies with guests both national and international, we have tried to mirror the energy and diversity of New York and America. This is a festival in, of and for the City of New York, with all of the openness and cosmopolitanism this city has always stood for. We want people to see in us the best New York has to offer — to its own citizens, to visitors and to the world.

Beverly Sills, Chairman, *Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts*
Nathan Leventhal, President, *Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts*
John Rockwell, Director, *Lincoln Center Festival 96*

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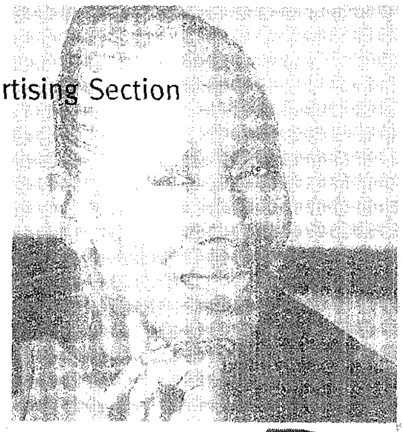


Dance

One of the most celebrated artistic collaborations of the 20th century was that between choreographer Merce Cunningham and the late composer John Cage, whose half-century partnership resulted in some of contemporary dance and music's boldest creations. Their final work, *Ocean*, receives its New York premiere in six performances in Damrosch Park as one of the Festival's three extraordinary dance presentations.

Like many Cunningham-Cage pieces, *Ocean* was inspired by the complex and multi-faceted writings of James Joyce. On a round stage, 15 dancers twirl, leap, scurry, clash and spin, surrounded by members of the audience, who in turn are encircled by the 112 musicians of the Essential Music Orchestra. *Ocean* incorporates 19 different compositions by Andrew Culver, played all at once (though not in sync), in five ever-shifting layers, with an electronic score by David Tudor adding sounds from ocean sources—sea mammals, arctic ice and even sonar. After its American premiere in Berkeley, California the *San Francisco Examiner* called the work a "luminous landmark... an epic abstraction of manifold and incomparable beauties."

In conjunction with these performances, Lincoln Center Festival 96 presents *Merce Cunningham and Music*, two concerts celebrating the choreographer's ties with leading contemporary composers (for details, see "Classical" page).

Another leading American dance company will be featured when the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater brings its unique, joyful brand of movement to the New York State Theater for six performances. A highlight will be the premiere of a first-time collaboration between the company's Artistic Director Judith Jamison and Wynton Marsalis, the Artistic Director of Jazz at Lincoln Center. In addition to creating the music and conducting the new work, Marsalis will lead the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra as it accompanies Ailey's dynamic dancers in *Night Creature*, choreographed by Alvin Ailey to the music of Duke Ellington. The company will also offer Jamison's *Hymn* and their ecstatic signature piece, *Revelations*, featuring a live gospel chorus.

Merce Cunningham Dance Company

Ocean
July 30, 31 – August 1, 2, 3, 4
9:30 PM
Damrosch Park
$35

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater and Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra

August 7, 8 PM
August 8, 8 PM
August 10, 8 PM
August 11, 1 PM
New York State Theater
$66/$57/$48/$38/$25/$12
The River
Choreography: Alvin Ailey
Music: Duke Ellington
New Work
Choreography: Judith Jamison
Music: Wynton Marsalis
Revelations
Choreography: Alvin Ailey
Music: traditional
August 9, 8 PM
August 10, 2 PM
New York State Theater
$66/$57/$48/$38/$25/$12
Night Creature
Choreography: Alvin Ailey
Music: Duke Ellington
Cry
Choreography: Alvin Ailey
Music: Alice Coltrane, Laura Nyro and Chuck Griffin
New Work
Choreography: Judith Jamison
Music: Wynton Marsalis
Hymn
Choreography: Judith Jamison
Music: Robert Ruggieri

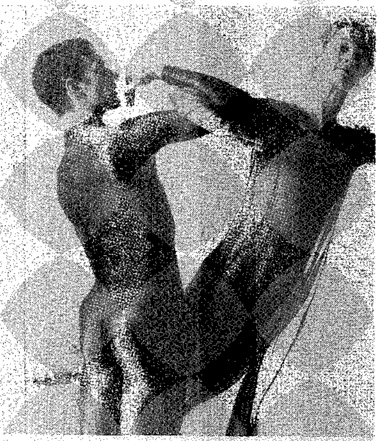
Lyons Opera Ballet

Coppélia
July 22, 7 PM (Opening night)
July 23, 8 PM
July 24, 2 PM and 8 PM
New York State Theater
Opening night
$100/$75/$65/$55/$45/$28/$15
All other dates
$66/$57/$48/$38/$25/$12

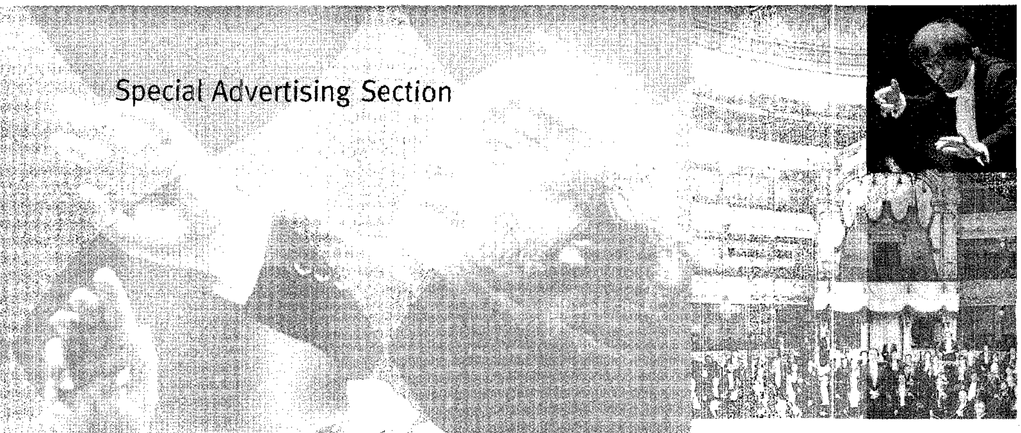
For tickets come to the Avery Fisher Hall Box Office or call CenterCharge at 212.721.6500

From across the Atlantic comes the Lyons Opera Ballet, in the American premiere of Maguy Marin's outrageously funny reworking of a ballet classic—Léo Delibes's *Coppélia*. Marin, one of Europe's most innovative choreographers, won the hearts of New Yorkers in 1987 with her popular version of *Cendrillon*. Now, in creating this new version of *Coppélia*, Marin followed the advice Samuel Beckett once gave her about adapting his own work: "Be disrespectful." She set this age-old tale of obsessive desire in a modern-day suburban complex, where the temptress is not a mechanical doll but a pertly sexy red suit, a blonde wig, and video images multiplied over and over. Audiences around the world have marveled at Marin's ingenious artistry, and her version of *Coppélia* is sure to delight.

Coppélia is one of the special opening night events of Lincoln Center Festival 96. On July 22, all ticket holders for this performance are invited to a pre-curtain reception on the promenade of the New York State Theater.



For information on how to order tickets see page 91



Classical Music

Adventurous music programming is a keynote of Lincoln Center Festival 96, with the resident New York Philharmonic and Chamber Music Society sharing center stage with visiting orchestras from around the world. Fresh interpretations of beloved standards alongside lesser-known works, mini-festivals, and tributes to two towering 20th-century musicians are bound to add unprecedented vitality to New York's summer music scene.

St. Petersburg's electrifying Kirov Orchestra and Chorus, under its Music Director Valery Gergiev, comes to Avery Fisher Hall for four programs, including two of rarely-heard works written for official Soviet occasions, featuring Prokofiev's grand-scale *Cantata for the 20th Anniversary of the October Revolution*, *Zdravitsa* (Hail to Stalin) and *Alexander Nevsky* Cantata and Symphony No. 6, and Shostakovich's Symphony No. 11 (The Year 1905). Mezzo-soprano Olga Borodina, who will sing the *Alexander Nevsky* Cantata, will also star in a program devoted to Berlioz's *Roméo et Juliette*. For its final concert the Kirov salutes Igor Stravinsky with a concert version of his opera *The Nightingale*, along with the complete music for *The Firebird* ballet (See "Opera" page for details). The Kirov Orchestra is performing on the opening night of Lincoln Center Festival 96 on July 22, and all ticket holders for this performance are invited to a pre-curtain reception on the promenade of Avery Fisher Hall.

Beethoven takes the spotlight when the 65-member Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique, John Eliot Gardiner's highly acclaimed, London-based period-instrument ensemble, makes its American debut. Joined by the Monteverdi Choir, the orchestra offers three of the master's most powerful works: the Ninth Symphony (coupled with the rarely-heard cantata *Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt*), the *Missa Solemnis*, and a semi-staged version of *Leonore*, the early version of the opera *Fidelio*. Alternating with these performances will be a modern-orchestra version of *Fidelio* by the New York Philharmonic under its renowned Music Director Kurt Masur (for details, see "Opera" page).

The New York Philharmonic will perform seven concerts in all, complementing and expanding on various other Festival presentations. Hand-in-hand with the Kirov performances will be a program of German music from the first three decades of the 20th century, concluding with the final scene from Strauss's *Salome*, sung by the unsurpassed interpreter of the role, Maria Ewing. Finally, the Philharmonic will answer the Kirov's *Roméo et Juliette* with a valentine of its own: three different works based on Shakespeare's play, by Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev and Leonard Bernstein.

(Continued)

[illegible] Orchestra

July 22, 7 PM (Opening night)
Avery Fisher Hall
$85/$60/$50/$40/$35/$15
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 11 *(The Year 1905)*
Prokofiev: *Cantata for the 20th Anniversary of the October Revolution*, texts by Marx, Lenin, and Stalin, for orchestra, double chorus, military band, accordionists and speaker

July 23, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
All-Prokofiev program:
Zdravitsa (Hail to Stalin)
Symphony No. 6
Alexander Nevsky Cantata
Olga Borodina, mezzo-soprano

July 25, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
Berlioz: *Roméo et Juliette*
Olga Borodina, mezzo-soprano
Nikolai Gassiev, tenor
Nikolai Putilin, bass-baritone

For other performances by the Kirov Orchestra and Chorus see "Opera" page.

Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique

July 27, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
All-Beethoven program:
Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt
Symphony No. 9
Charlotte Margiono, soprano
Anne Sofie von Otter, *mezzo-soprano*
Michael Schade, tenor
Franz Hawlata, bass

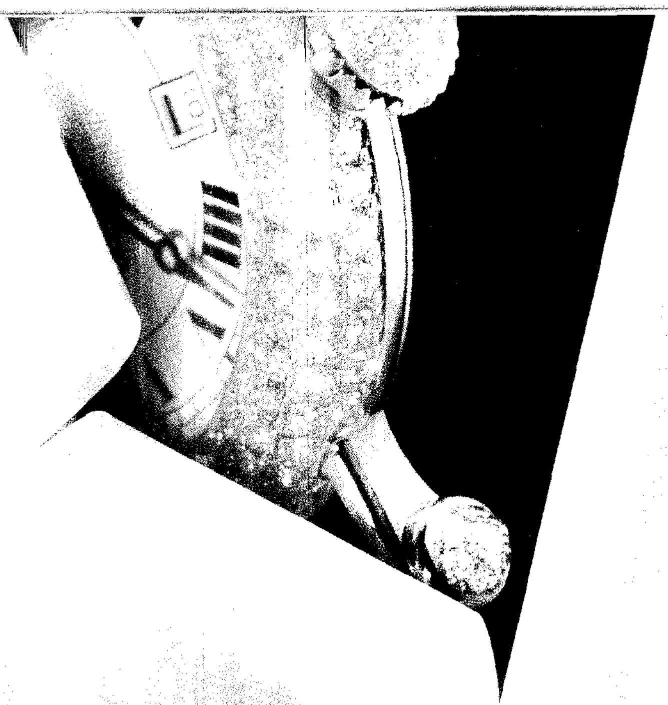
July 28, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
Beethoven: *Missa Solemnis*
Luba Orgonasova, soprano
Anne Sofie von Otter, mezzo-soprano
Michael Schade, tenor
Alastair Miles, bass

For other performances by Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique see "Opera" page.

The New York Philharmonic

August 6, 8 PM
August 7, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
Morton Feldman: *Structures*
Richard Strauss: *Metamorphosen*
Hindemith: Concert Music for Strings and Brass
Richard Strauss: *Salome*, final scene
Maria Ewing, soprano

For tickets come to the Avery Fisher Hall Box Office or call CenterCharge at 212.721.6500



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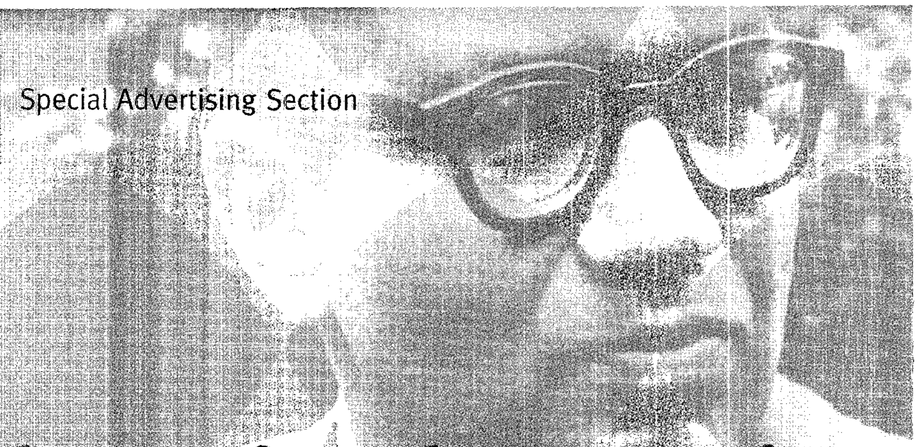


The New York Philharmonic

August 9, 8 PM
August 10, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
Tchaikovsky: *Romeo and Juliet*
Bernstein: Symphonic Dances from *West Side Story*
Prokofiev: excerpts from *Romeo and Juliet*

For other performances by The New York Philharmonic see "Opera" page.

The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center

A Lincoln Center Reunion
July 22, 7:30 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$35
Ani Kavafian and Joseph Silverstein, violin; Paul Neubauer, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; Anne-Marie McDermott and John Browning, piano
Theodora Hanslowe, mezzo-soprano
William Sharp, baritone
William Schuman: String Quartet No. 3
Samuel Barber: *Dover Beach* for Voice and String Quartet
Samuel Barber: Piano Sonata
Aaron Copland: Sextet for String Quartet, Clarinet, and Piano
Leonard Bernstein: Arias and Barcarolles

For other performances by the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center see "Asian Arts" page.

A Morton Feldman Retrospective

August 2, 8 PM
Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street
$20
The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center David Shifrin, Artistic Director
Ransom Wilson, flute; Paul Neubauer, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; Aki Takahashi, piano; Rolf Schulte, violin; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; Joan La Barbara, mezzo-soprano; David Shifrin, clarinet
Only
I Met Heine on the Rue Furstenberg
The Viola in My Life I
Why Patterns?

August 3, 1 PM
Society for Ethical Culture
$20
Aki Takahashi, solo piano
Illusions
Extensions III
Piano
Triadic Memories

August 3, 5 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$20
The Kronos Quartet
David Harrington and John Sherba, violin; Hank Dutt, viola; Joan Jeanrenaud, cello
String Quartet II
(six hours, uninterrupted)

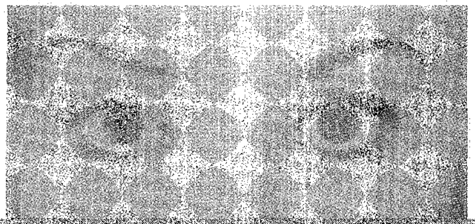
Classical Music
continued

Chamber music takes its place next to orchestral when the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center hosts a "Lincoln Center Reunion," featuring works by some of America's best composers and Lincoln Center's leading lights—Aaron Copland, William Schuman, Samuel Barber and Leonard Bernstein.

The mysterious music of another American composer will be explored in a four-concert retrospective of the works of Morton Feldman (1926-87). Central to this celebration is the Kronos Quartet's performance of Feldman's legendary, six-hour-long *String Quartet II*, an unparalleled spiritual soundscape. Japanese pianist Aki Takahashi will perform a solo piano recital, and the first lady of experimental American music, mezzo-soprano Joan La Barbara, will offer the haunting *Three Voices*, singing along with herself on two pre-recorded tracks. On the same program, the contemporary ensemble Essential Music enhances the Gate Theatre's Beckett Festival with a performance of *For Samuel Beckett*, Feldman's chamber-orchestra tribute to a friend and fellow artist (see "Theater" page). The New York Philharmonic will contribute to the retrospective with two performances of Feldman's *Structures*.

Yet another Feldman score can be heard as part of a two-concert musical tribute to the choreographer Merce Cunningham (see *Ocean*, "Dance" page) and his life-long collaborations with important composers of our time. Both concerts will take place at the Society for Ethical Culture near Lincoln Center. The first, on July 26, is a program of electronic music with live performances by David Behrman, Takehisa Kosugi and David Tudor. Tudor, who provides the electronic portion of the score for *Ocean*, and Kosugi have both served as music directors of the Cunningham company. The second concert, July 28, offers music for chamber orchestra from earlier in Cunningham's career, when Jonathan Sheffer leads his Eos Ensemble in music by Cage, Haieff, Harrison, and Satie as well as Feldman.

For tickets come to the Avery Fisher Hall Box Office or call CenterCharge at 212.721.6500



Bringing Lincoln Center Festival 96 to a rousing close is an 80th-birthday tribute to the revered violinist Yehudi Menuhin. To celebrate, Lord Menuhin will conduct the Orchestra of St. Luke's in a benefit concert for the Festival, with clarinetist Richard Stoltzman, sitarist Ravi Shankar, kora player Foday Musa Suso, soprano Barbara Hendricks, violinists Shlomo Mintz, Elmar Oliveira and Edna Michell, and Allen Ginsberg. Originally planned by New York-based violinist Edna Michell, longtime friend and colleague of Lord Menuhin, as a collaboration with four or five composers, this event has grown to a showcase of fifteen composers. The program includes eight world premieres and six American premieres of short romances for violin and other soloists by an intriguing mix of composers, including Somei Satoh, Henryk Górecki, Arvo Pärt, György Kurtág, Luciano Berio, David Del Tredici and Philip Glass. Though they represent a wide variety of disciplines and genres, the composers and performers all reflect Lord Menuhin's—and the Festival's—commitment to the ideals of musical beauty and international harmony.

For information on how to order tickets see page 9[illegible]

August 4, 4 PM
Society for Ethical Culture
$20

Three Voices,
Joan La Barbara, mezzo-soprano
For Samuel Beckett, for chamber orchestra
Essential Music, John Kennedy and Charles Wood, Artistic Directors

[illegible]

July 26, 8 PM
Society for Ethical Culture
$20

Featuring John D.S. Adams, David Behrman, Takehisa Kosugi, and electronic equipment
David Behrman: *Interspecies Smalltalk*
Takehisa Kosugi: *Spectra*
David Tudor: *Rainforest IV*

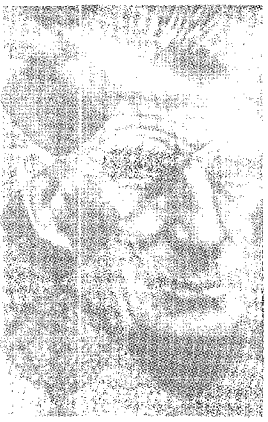
July 28, 5 PM
Society for Ethical Culture
$20

Eos Ensemble
Jonathan Sheffer, Artistic Director and Conductor
John Cage: *The Seasons* and *Credo in Us*
Morton Feldman: *Summerspace*
Alex Haieff: *Princess Sondidla and Her Entourage*
Lou Harrison: *The Open Road*
Eric Satie: *Sting of Jellyfish (Ruse of Medusa)*

A Benefit Tribute to Yehudi Menuhin

Avery Fisher Hall
August 11, 8 PM
$85/$60/$50/$40/$35/$15

Giya Kancheli: *V and V*, for Violin Tape and String Orchestra, **American Premiere**
Arvo Pärt: *Darf Ich...*, for Violin Röhrenglocke and String Orchestra **American Premiere**
John Tavener: *Song of the Angel*, for Violin, Soprano and String Orchestra, **American Premiere**
Chen Yi: *Romance of Hsiao and Ch'in* for Two Violins and String Orchestra **World Premiere**
Luciano Berio: Piece for Violin, Clarinet and String Orchestra, **World Premiere**
Lukas Foss: *Romance*, for Violin, Soprano and String Orchestra (Poem by Walt Whitman) **American Premiere**
Philip Glass: *Echorus*, for Two Violins and String Orchestra with Poetry by Allen Ginsberg, **American Premiere**
Shulamit Ran: *Yearning*, for Violin and String Orchestra, **American Premiere**
Foday Musa Suso: *Lullaby*, for String Quartet, Kora with other West African Instruments and String Orchestra, **World Premiere**
György Kurtág: Piece for Two Violins and String Orchestra, **World Premiere**
Somei Satoh: Piece for Violin, Soprano, Shō, **World Premiere**
Henryk Górecki: Piece for Violin, Shō, Soprano and *String Orchestra* **World Premiere**
Ravi Shankar: Piece for Violin, Clarinet and Sitar, **World Premiere**
Steve Reich: *Duo*, for Two Violins and String Orchestra, **American Premiere**
David Del Tredici: Piece for all Soloists Orchestra and Choir, **World Premiere**



Theater

Two extraordinary theater companies from the British Isles are crossing the Atlantic to be part of the Lincoln Center Festival inaugural season, and both are sure to make theater history.

London's famed Theatre de Complicite makes its New York debut with the American premiere of *The Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol*, a "poetic and deeply moving" production (*The Observer*, London) of a play about a tiny peasant woman in the French Alps—from her birth and life on her family's farm to her experiences as a smuggler and even to her life beyond the grave. At last, New Yorkers will have the chance to see this splendid troupe which the *Guardian* praised for its "freshness, vitality, invention and wit."

Ireland's groundbreaking Gate Theatre will offer—for the first time in America—the complete stage works of Samuel Beckett, whose plays are among the most imaginative and influential of the 20th century. This retrospective was performed only once before, in Dublin in 1991, to enormous critical acclaim. All 19 works—from the full-length *Waiting for Godot*, *Krapp's Last Tape*, and *Endgame* to the 121-word *Come and Go*—will be presented during this exciting festival within a festival, in authentic versions approved by the playwright's estate.

Artists in the company include Barry McGovern *(I'll Go On)*, Alan Stanford *(Salome)*, Rosaleen Linehan *(Dancing at Lughnasa)*, David Kelly *(Krapp's Last Tape)*, and Johnny Murphy *(The Commitments)*, led by an international team of directors including Antoni Libera of Poland, Walter Asmus of Germany, and Pierre Chabert of France, all of whom collaborated with Beckett, and the British Karel Reisz, among whose films are *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* and *The French Lieutenant's Woman*.

In conjunction with the Beckett Festival, New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture and Ireland House will host the *Beckett Symposia*, a series of free talks, discussions and other presentations both downtown and at Lincoln Center (see "Festival Symposia, Lectures and Demostrations" page).

Theatre de Complicite

The Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol
August 7, 8, 9, 10, 8 PM
August 11, 3 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$45

The Beckett Festival

Waiting for Godot
July 29, 8 PM (preview)
July 30, 8 PM
July 31, 4 PM and 8 PM
August 4, 4 PM and 8 PM
John Jay Theatre
$45

Happy Days
August 2, 8 PM (preview)
August 3, 4 PM and 8 PM
John Jay Theatre
$45

Ohio Impromptu
Rough for Theatre II
Catastrophe
August 6, 8 PM (preview)
August 7, 4 PM
John Jay Theatre
$45

Endgame
August 9, 4 PM (preview)
and 8 PM
August 10, 8 PM
August 11, 4 PM and 8 PM
John Jay Theatre
$45

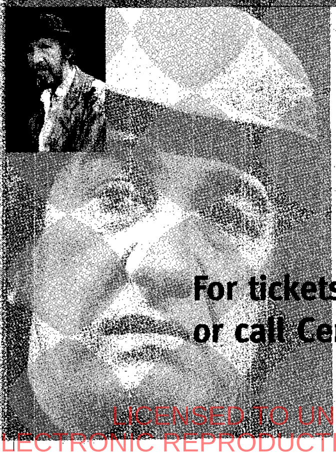
Footfalls
Rough for Theatre I
Rockaby
July 29, 6 PM (preview)
July 30, 3 PM and 6 PM
Clark Studio Theater
$30

Not I
What Where
Act Without Words I
August 1, 3 PM (preview)
and 6 PM
August 2, 6 PM
Clark Studio Theater
$30

Krapp's Last Tape
August 3, 3 PM (preview)
and 6 PM
August 4, 3 PM and 6 PM
Clark Studio Theater
$30

Come and Go
Act Without Words II
Play
August 6, 6 PM (preview)
August 7, 3 PM and 6 PM
August 8, 6 PM
Clark Studio Theater
$30

Breath
That Time
A Piece of Monologue
August 10, 6 PM (preview)
August 11, 3 PM and 6 PM
Clark Studio Theater
$30



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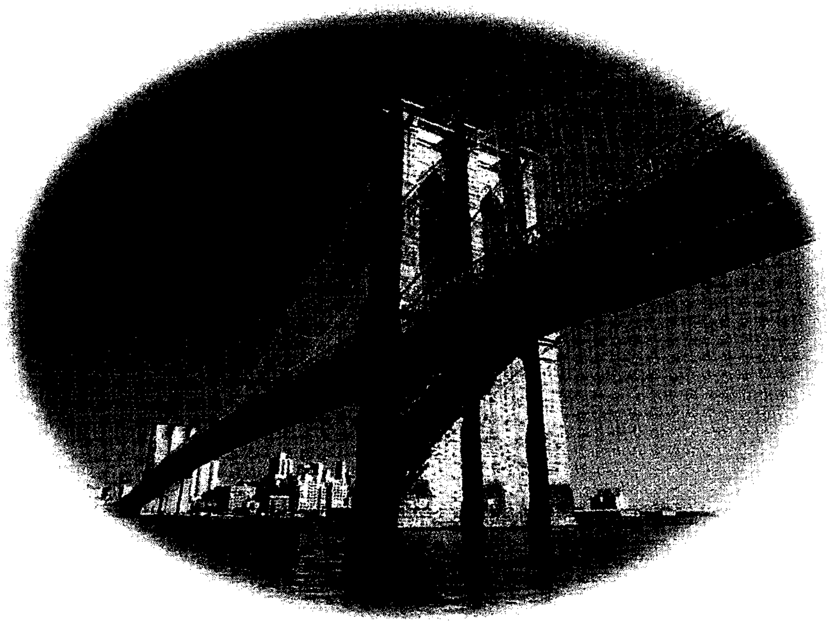

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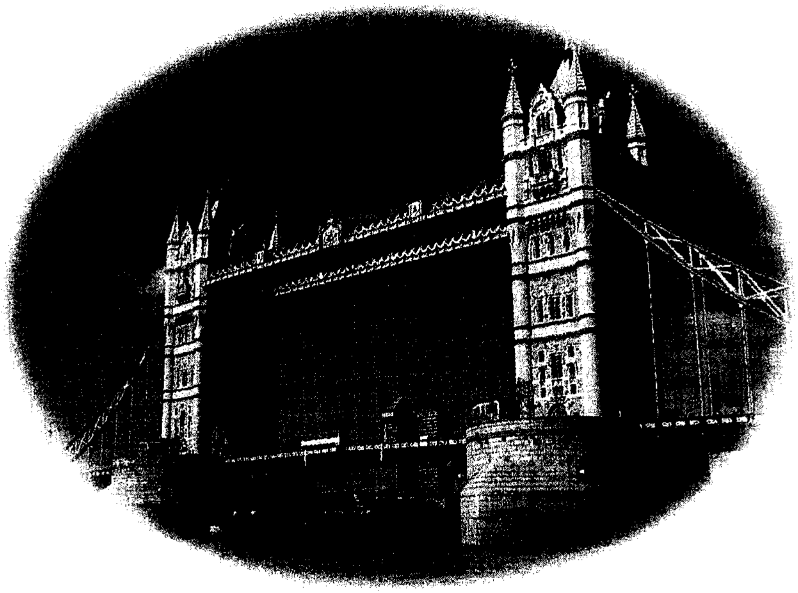

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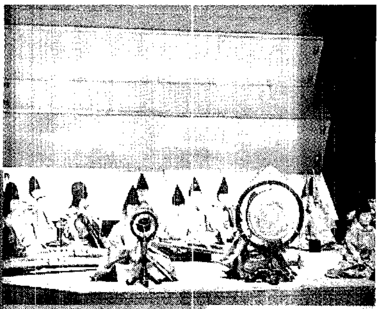

Reigakusha

July 26, 8 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$35
Classical gagaku: *Ringa, Etenraku, Bairo*
Traditional music for gagaku ensemble and bugaku dancer: *The Dragon King*
Toru Takemitsu: *In An Autumn Garden*
New York Premiere

July 28, 8 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$35
Maki Ishii: *Hiten-seido*
Toru Takemitsu: *Distance*
Lois V Vierk: Lincoln Center commission
World Premiere
Classical gagaku
Traditional music for gagaku ensemble and bugaku dancer: *"Rodai-Ranbu"*

Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre

July 22, 8:30 PM
July 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 6:30 PM and 9 PM
Damrosch Park
$20

Tan Dun and New Generation East

July 27, 8 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$35
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center
Ransom Wilson, flute; David Shifrin, clarinet; Peter Press, mandolin; Aki Takahashi, piano; William Trigg, percussion; Cho-Liang Lin, violin; Paul Neubauer, viola; Fred Sherry, cello; Edgar Meyer, string bass; Nancy Allen, harp; Shi Kelong, baritone; Jin Hi Kim, komungo; Stephen Taylor, oboe; Benjamin Verdery, guitar
Tan Dun, Artistic Advisor/Conductor
Chen Qigang: *Poème Lyrique II*
New York Premiere
Jin Hi Kim: *Voices of Sigimsae*
World Premiere
Somei Satoh: *Uzu (Vortex)*
Tan Dun: Concerto for Pizzicato Piano and 10 Instruments
American Premiere
Guo Wenjing: *She Huo*
New York Premiere
Toshio Hosokawa: *Interim*
American Premiere
Tan Dun: *Circle*

Asian Arts

The traditional arts of Asia have long held a fascination in the West. Lincoln Center Festival 96 offers the chance to see and hear two thrilling groups in their first New York appearances.

Reigakusha, Japan's foremost gagaku ensemble, comes to Alice Tully Hall for two performances in July. Gagaku (literally "elegant music") is a 1,200-year-old tradition of ritual music and dance that flourished in the Imperial Court of Japan. Performing on ancient instruments and costumed in sumptuous brocade robes, the 30 members of Reigakusha, joined by a bugaku dancer, will perform not only the ceremonial music for which it is known, but some extraordinary new works created especially for the ensemble, including the late Toru Takemitsu's rarely heard *In An Autumn Garden*, Maki Ishii's *Hiten-seido* and the world premiere of a new work by the American composer Lois V Vierk commissioned by the Festival. To complement the performances, a lecture-demonstration and symposium exploring the history of gagaku will be offered at the Society for Ethical Culture (see "Festival Symposia, Lectures and Demostrations" page).

Across the plaza from Alice Tully Hall, fire-breathing dragons, sprites, fabled heroes and capering villagers will spring to life under the gleaming red and gold pagoda of Hanoi's Thang Long Water Puppet Theatre, when Lincoln Center Festival 96 brings this colorful, uniquely Vietnamese art form to Damrosch Park. In 11 magical performances, wooden puppets, manipulated by unseen puppeteers, glide and float across the water, enacting ancient legends or comic scenes of daily life, while accompanying musicians fill the air with the exotic sounds of Vietnamese folk music. This enchanting company is sure to appeal to young and old alike.

Finally, at Alice Tully Hall, the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center will perform a program entitled *New Generation East*. Put together by Tan Dun, the noted New York-based Chinese composer, the program will offer music by composers from China, Japan and Korea: Tan Dun, Chen Qigang, Jin Hi Kim, Somei Satoh, Guo Wenjing and Toshio Hosokawa. Blending traditional Asian and international musical styles, these artists have found a poetic and mysterious voice all their own. The concert, filled with New York, American and world premieres, concludes with Tan Dun's own *Circle*.

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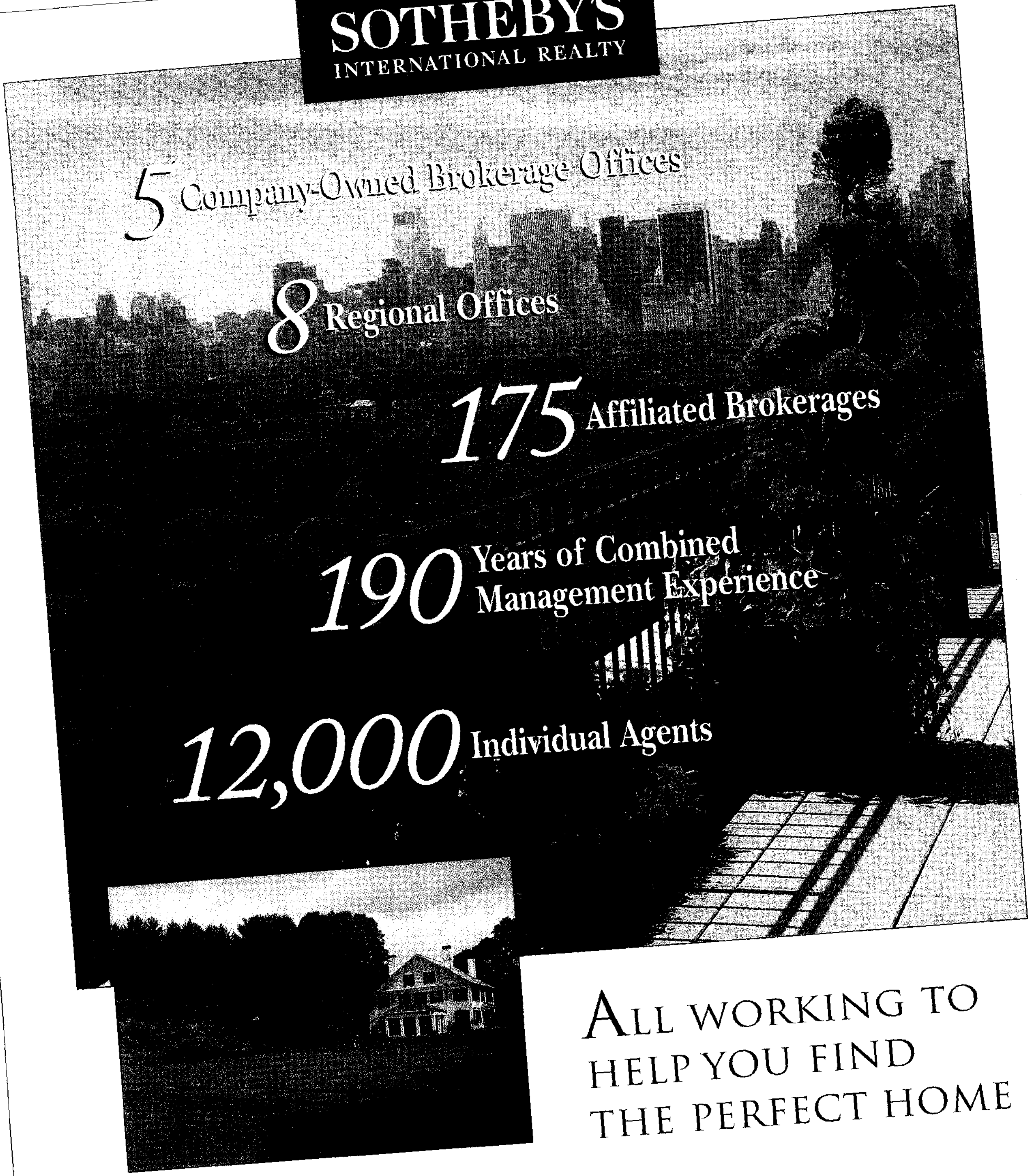

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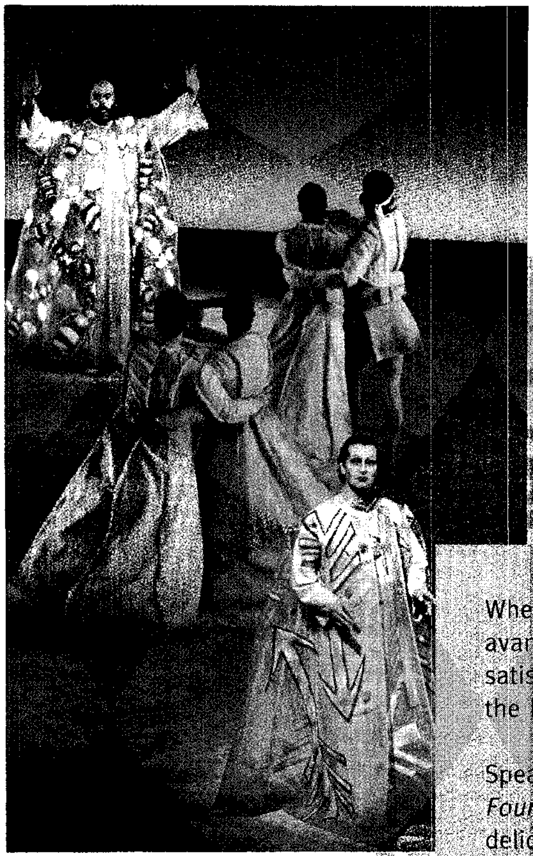
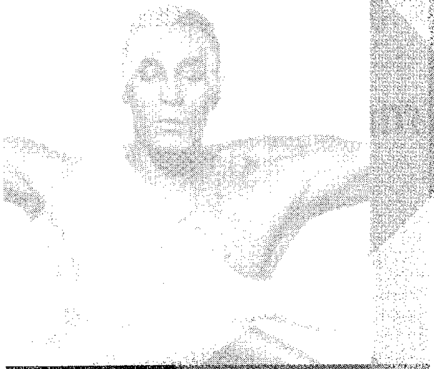


Opera

Whether you're a diehard traditionalist, a cautious modernist or an intrepid avant-gardist, Lincoln Center Festival 96 is offering a variety of operas to satisfy your tastes, from early Beethoven on period instruments to opera on the Internet.

Spearheading the initiative is Robert Wilson's stunning new production of *Four Saints in Three Acts*, Gertrude Stein and Virgil Thomson's delightful, deliciously baffling 1934 spoof of theater and grand opera. First performed in Hartford, Connecticut by an all-black cast, in a production directed by John Houseman, choreographed by Frederick Ashton, and designed by the painter Florine Stettheimer, *Four Saints* is one of a mere handful of American folk operas to endure the test of time. Now, Lincoln Center Festival 96, in conjunction with the Houston Grand Opera, is offering the first New York production of the work to be mounted in a major opera house. Wilson, well-known to audiences here for his stagings of *Einstein on the Beach, the CIVIL warS, The Black Rider,* and other original works, directs, bringing his singular touch to Thomson's tuneful score and Stein's fanciful verse. This also marks the first time that New York audiences will get to see one of Wilson's innovative stagings of an opera from the existing repertory. Joining him are Dennis Russell Davies conducting the New York City Opera Orchestra, and the noted painter Francesco Clemente making his stage debut as costume designer. The outstanding cast includes Ashley Putnam (St. Theresa I), Suzanna Guzman (St. Theresa II), Marietta Simpson (Commère), Wilbur Pauley (Compère), Sanford Sylvan (St. Ignatius), Nicole Heaston (St. Settlement and Monk), Gran Wilson (St. Chavez) and the Houston Grand Opera Chorus. You won't want to miss this "thrilling evening of theater" *The Times* (London).

(Continued)



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30th anniversary

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Gerard Schwarz, ***Music Director***

JULY 9-20

Tuesday July 9 - Wednesday, July 10
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
Itzhak Perlman, *violin*; **Pinchas Zukerman**, *viola*
Neil Balm, Lee Soper, Fred Mills, John Dent,
Carl Albach, Raymond Riccomini, trumpets
Stölzel: Concerto grosso a quattro cori
Mozart: *Sinfonia concertante* for violin, viola and orchestra, K.364
Mozart: Symphony No.41 in C major ("Jupiter")
Tickets: $42/$32/$22

Thursday, July 11
TOKYO STRING QUARTET
Claude Frank, *piano*; **Richard Stoltzman**, *clarinet*
All-Mozart Program String Quartet in C major, K.465 ("Dissonance")
Piano Quartet in G minor, K.478; Clarinet Quintet in A major, K.581
Tickets: $30/$20/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Friday, July 12 - Saturday, July 13
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Claus Peter Flor, *conductor**
Horacio Gutiérrez, *piano*; **Pamela Frank**, *violin*
Mozart: Overture to *The Magic Flute*
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.19 in F major, K.459
Mozart: Violin Concerto No.5 in A major, K.219
Schubert: Symphony No.1 in D major
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Monday, July 15
THE CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
David Shifrin, *Artistic Director*
with special guest **Alicia De Larrocha**, *piano*
David Shifrin, *clarinet*; **Ani Kavafian**, *violin*; **Joseph Silverstein**, *violin*
Paul Neubauer, *viola*; **Fred Sherry**, *cello*; **Lewis Paer,** *bass*
Mozart: Duo for violin and viola in B-flat major, K.424
Weber: Quintet for clarinet and strings in B-flat major
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.12 in A major, K.414 "A Quattro"
Tickets: $30/$20/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Tuesday, July 16 - Wednesday, July 17
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Pinchas Zukerman, *conductor and violin*
Tricia Park, *violin*
Mozart: Overture to *The Marriage of Figaro*
Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto in E minor
Bach: Concerto for two violins; Mozart: Symphony No.40 in G minor
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Thursday, July 18
EMERSON STRING QUARTET
André Previn, KBE, *piano*; **Timothy Cobb**, *double bass*
All-Schubert program
Quartettsatz; Quartet in A minor
Piano Quintet in A major ("Trout")
Pre-concert recital at 7pm
Tickets: $30/$20/$15

Friday, July 19
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Raymond Leppard, conductor
Andreas Haefliger, *piano** **Kun Woo Paik**, *piano**
Christian Zacharias, *piano*
Mozart Piano Concerti of 1786
Concerto No.23 in A major, K.488; Concerto No.24 in C minor, K.491
Concerto No.25 in C major, K.503
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Saturday, July 20
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Raymond Leppard, *conductor*
Christian Zacharias, *piano*; **Janet Williams**, *soprano*
Nai-Yuan Hu, *violin** **Wendy Warner,** *cello**
All-Mozart Program: The Year 1786
Piano Trio in B-flat major, K.502; Piano Concerto in C major, K.503
Ch'io mi scordi di te for soprano, piano and orchestra, K.505
Symphony No.38 in D major, K.504 ("Prague")
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert lecture at 7pm*

AUGUST 12-24

Monday, August 12
CANADIAN BRASS • Baroque Spectacular
New York Chamber Symphony; Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
Vivaldi: Two Trumpet Concerto in C major; Gabrieli: Antiphonal music
Handel: Concerto in F major, Op.6 No.9
W.A. Mozart: Two Arias from *The Magic Flute*
L. Mozart: Trumpet Concerto; Trombone Concerto
Bach: Air on a G String; Little Fugue in G Minor
Tickets: $40/$30/$20 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Tuesday, August 13
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
James Galway, *flute*; **Naoko Yoshino**, *harp**
Bach: Suite No.1 in C major, BWV 1066
Mercadante: Flute Concerto in E minor
Handel: Harp Concerto in B-flat major
Mozart: Symphony No.36 in C ("Linz")
Tickets: $38/$28/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Wednesday, August 14
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
James Galway, *flute*; **Naoko Yoshino**, *harp** **John Cerminaro**, *horn**
Bach: Suite No.2 in B minor, BWV 1067
Mozart: Concerto for Flute and Harp in C major, K.299
Mozart: Horn Concerto No.2 in E-flat major
Mozart: Symphony No.36 in C major ("Linz")
Tickets: $38/$28/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Thursday, August 15
BEAUX ARTS TRIO
Menahem Pressler, *piano*; **Ida Kavafian,** *violin*; **Peter Wiley,** *cello*
Mozart: Trio in C major, K.548; Mendelssohn: Trio in D minor
Schubert: Trio in B-flat major, Op.99 D.898
Tickets: $30/$20/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Friday, August 16 - Saturday, August 17
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
Garrick Ohlsson, *piano*; **Hei-Kyung Hong**, *soprano*
Bach: Suite No.3 in D major, BWV 1068 (August 16)
Bach:Suite No.4 in D major, BWV 1069 (August 17)
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.17 in G, K.453
Mozart: Exsultate, jubilate
Clementi: Symphony No.4 in D major
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Monday, August 19
I SOLISTI VENETI *
Claudio Scimone, *conductor*
Vivaldi: The Four Seasons; Pergolesi: Mandolin Concerto in G Minor
Pasculli: Concerto for Oboe and Strings on the themes from *Donizetti's La Favorita*
Bottesini: Gran Duo Concertante for Violin, Double Bass and Strings
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert lecture at 7pm*

Tuesday, August 20
I SOLISTI VENETI*
Claudio Scimone, *conductor*
June Anderson, *soprano*
Boccherini: La musica notturna nelle strade di Madrid for Strings
Vivaldi: Concerto No. 10 in B Minor for four violins, cello, and strings
Albinoni: Oboe Concerto Op. 9 No. 2
Boccherini: Stabat Mater for Soprano and Strings
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Wednesday, August 21
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
Stephen Hough, *piano*; **Joshua Bell**, *violin*
Michael Haydn: Symphony No.29 in C major
Mozart: Piano Concerto No.9 in E-flat major, K.271
Beethoven: Violin Concerto
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Thursday, August 22
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
Hélène Grimaud, *piano*; **Gil Shaham**, *violin*
Haydn: Symphony No.104 in D major ("London")
Schumann: Piano Concerto in A minor; Mozart: Violin Concerto No. 2
Mozart: Symphony No.39 in E-flat major, K.543
Tickets: $35/$25/$15 • *Pre-concert recital at 7pm*

Friday, August 23 - Saturday, August 24
MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL ORCHESTRA
Gerard Schwarz, *conductor*
Patricia Schuman, *soprano*; **Nancy Maultsby**, *mezzo-soprano**
Vinson Cole, *tenor*; **Charles Austin**, *bass**
Pro Arte Chorale, Bart Folse, *director*
Handel/Mozart: Messiah, K.572
Sung in German in Mozart's 1789 arrangement
Tickets: $42/$32/$22

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Opera continued

Another Festival highlight will be two different back-to-back views of a work from the standard repertory, when Lincoln Center's own New York Philharmonic under Kurt Masur performs three concert performances of Beethoven's powerful opera *Fidelio*, starring Deborah Voigt as Leonore and Gary Lakes as Florestan. Alternating with a semi-staged version of *Leonore* is Beethoven's early version of *Fidelio*, performed by John Eliot Gardner's celebrated Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique in its New York debut. This version features Charlotte Margiono as Leonore and Kim Begley as Florestan (for details on other New York Philharmonic and Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique programs, see "Classical Music" pages). The international flavor of Lincoln Center Festival 96 is further enhanced by the appearance of the the Kirov Orchestra and Chorus, from Russia's foremost opera theater. The Kirov will play four programs under its dynamic music director Valery Gergiev, including an all-Stravinsky concert highlighted by his rarely-heard fairy tale opera *The Nightingale* (for details on other Kirov performances, see "Classical Music" pages).

Finally, opera of a completely different nature will be represented by *Brain Opera*, an interactive, digital event conceived by composer-inventor Tod Machover, in which the audience directly participates in the music making (for details, see "High Tech" page).

For information on how to order tickets see page 91

Four Saints in Three Acts

August 1, 7 PM
August 2, 8 PM
August 3, 2 PM and 8 PM
New York State Theater
$75/$55/$50/$40/$25/$15
Ashley Putnam (St. Theresa I)
Suzanna Guzman (St. Theresa II)
Marietta Simpson (Commère)
Wilbur Pauley (Compère)
Sanford Sylvan (St. Ignatius)
Nicole Heaston (St. Settlement and Monk)
Gran Wilson (St. Chavez) and the Houston Grand Opera Chorus

The New York Philharmonic

July 31, 8 PM
August 2, 8 PM
August 4, 3 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
Beethoven: *Fidelio* (opera in concert)
Deborah Voigt (Leonore)
Gary Lakes (Florestan)
Paul Plishka (Rocco)
Simon Estes (Don Pizarro)
Theodore Baerg (Don Fernando)
Dominique Labelle (Marzelline)
Gordon Gietz (Jacquino)
New York Choral Artists
Joseph Flummerfelt, Director
For other performances by The New York Philharmonic see "Classical Music" pages.

Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique

July 30, 8 PM and
August 1, 8 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$48
Beethoven: *Leonore* (semi-staged opera)
Charlotte Margiono (Leonore)
Kim Begley (Florestan)
Franz Hawlata (Rocco)
Matthew Best (Don Pizarro)
Detlef Roth (Don Fernando)
Christiane Oelze (Marzelline)
Michael Schade (Jacquino)

The Kirov Orchestra and Chorus

July 26, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$48/$42/$36/$32/$15
All-Stravinsky program
The Nightingale (opera in concert)
with a cast including
Olga Trifonova, Nikolai Gassiev,
Nikolai Putilin, Ilia Shevtsova,
Gennady Bezzubenkov,
Grigory Karasev, Yuri Laptev,
Victor Vikhrov,
Olga Markova-Mikhailenko
The Firebird
Original version of the complete ballet score
For other performances by The Kirov Orchestra and Chorus see "Classical Music" pages.

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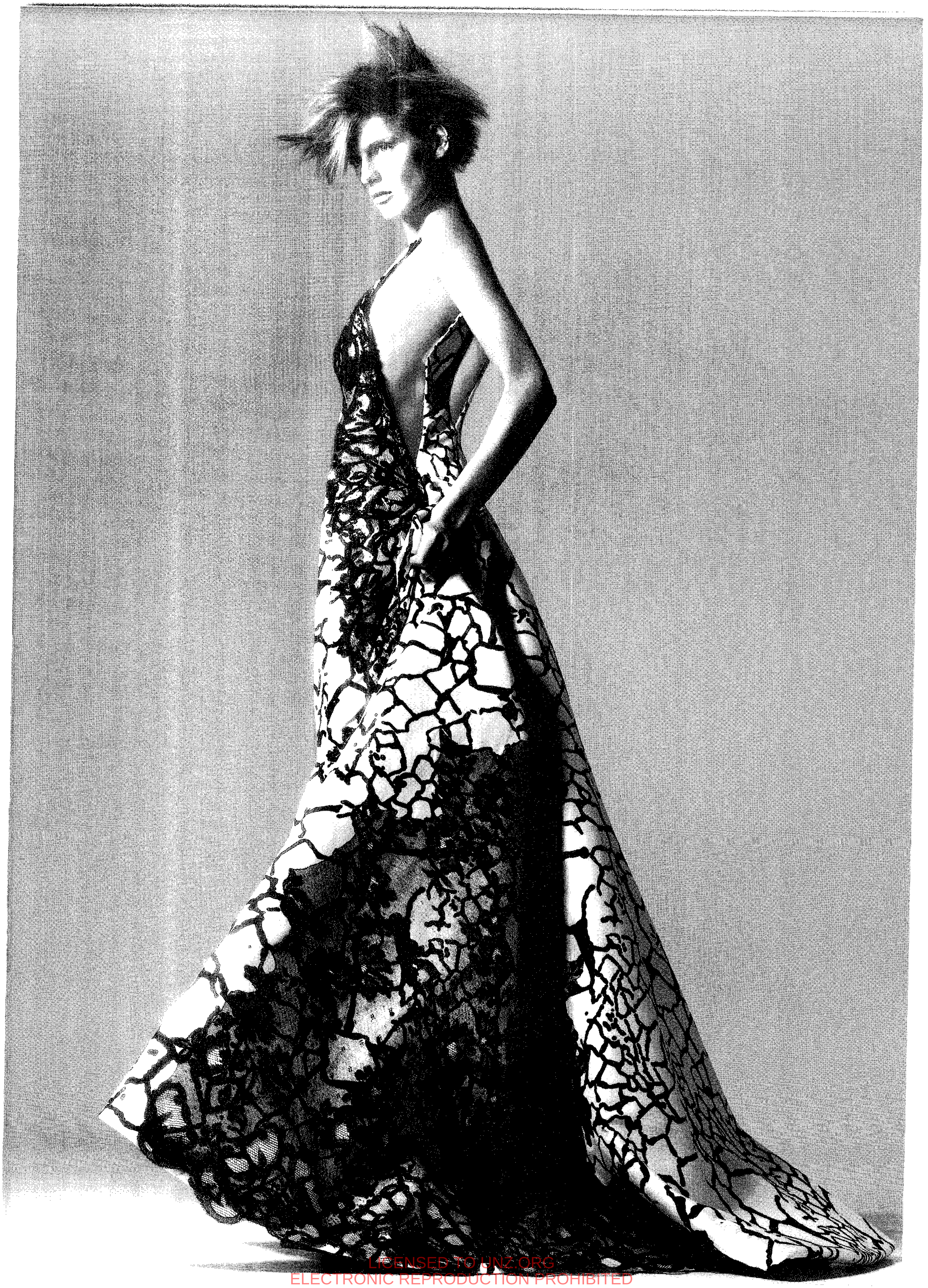

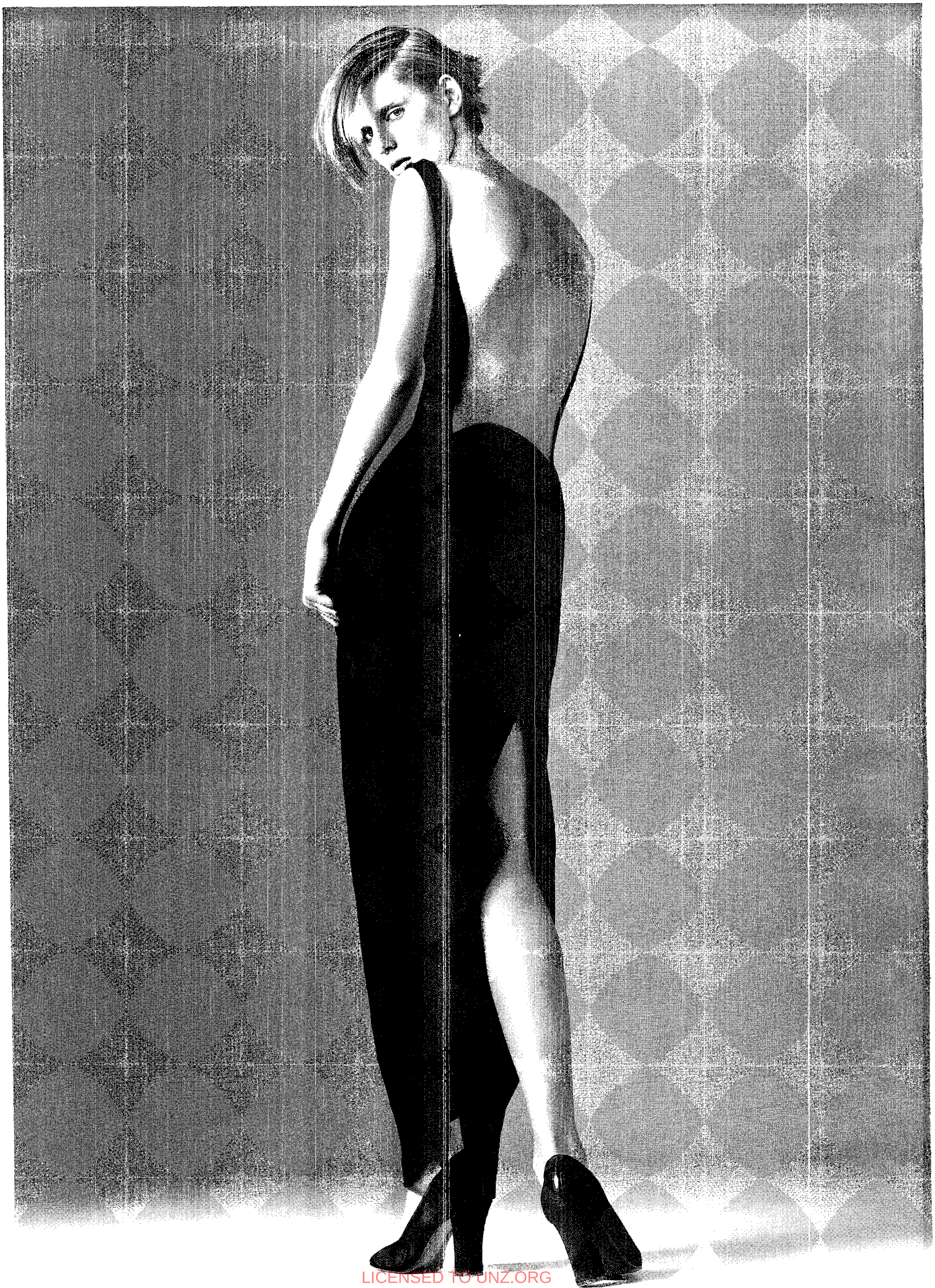

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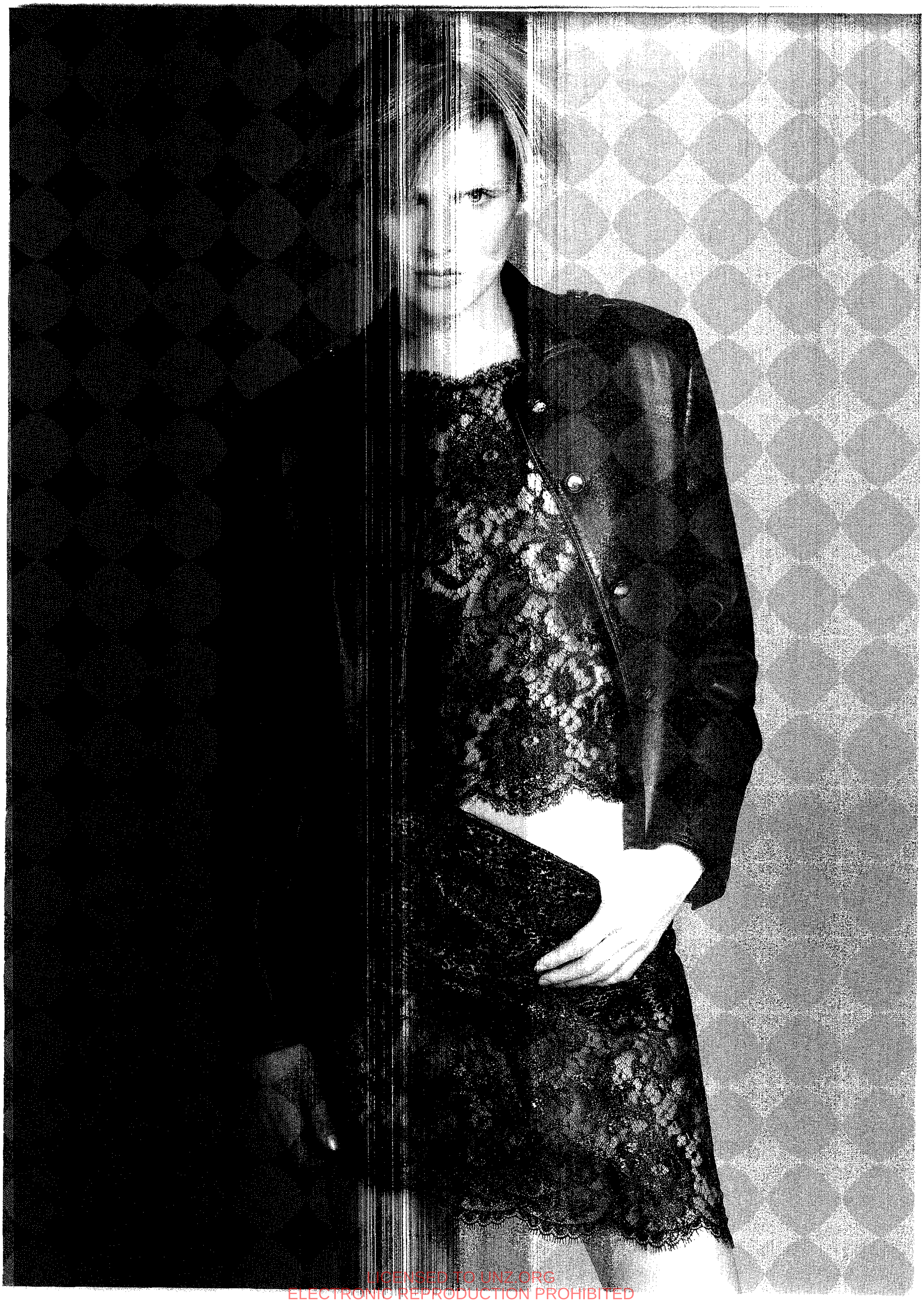

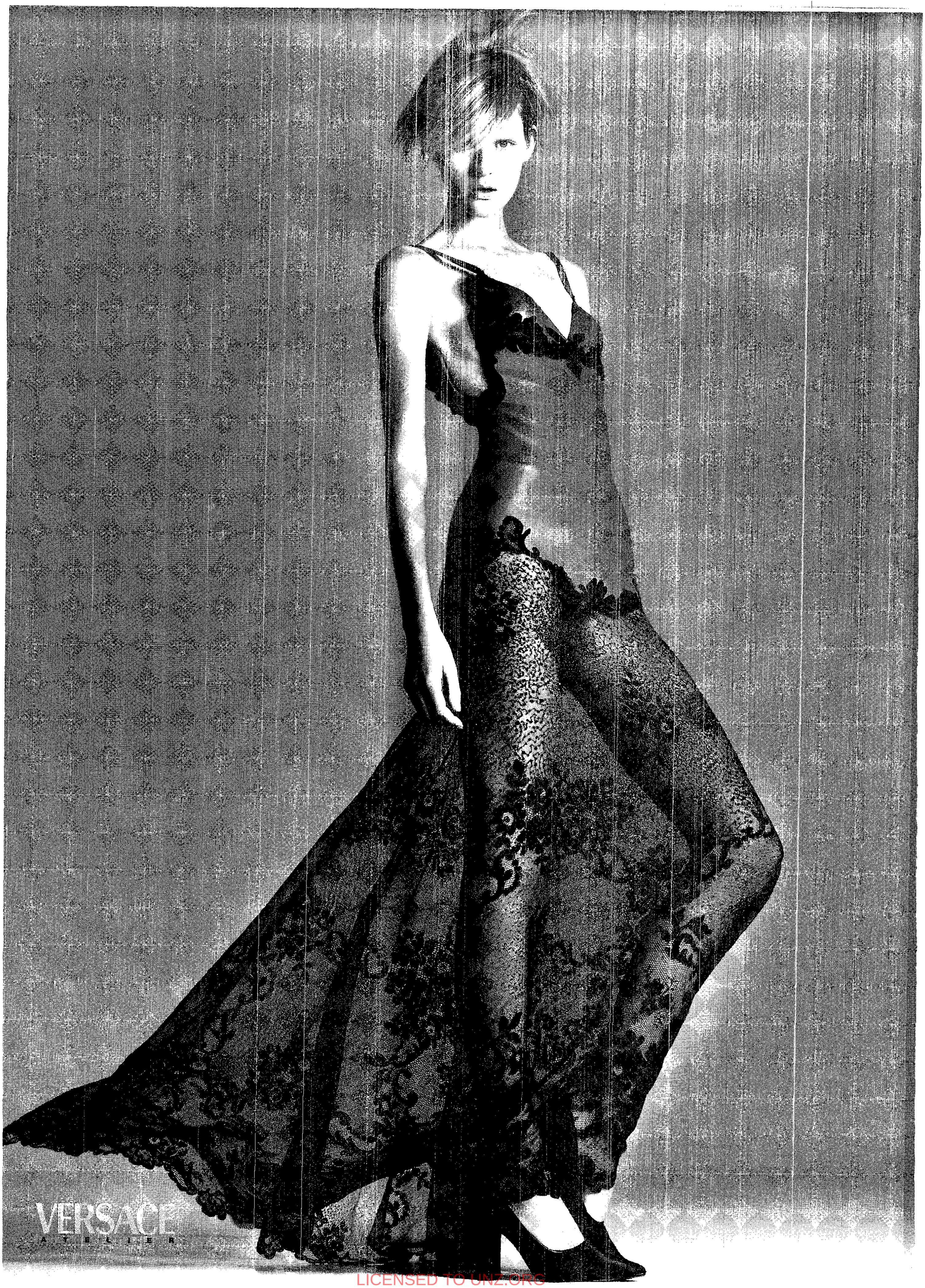
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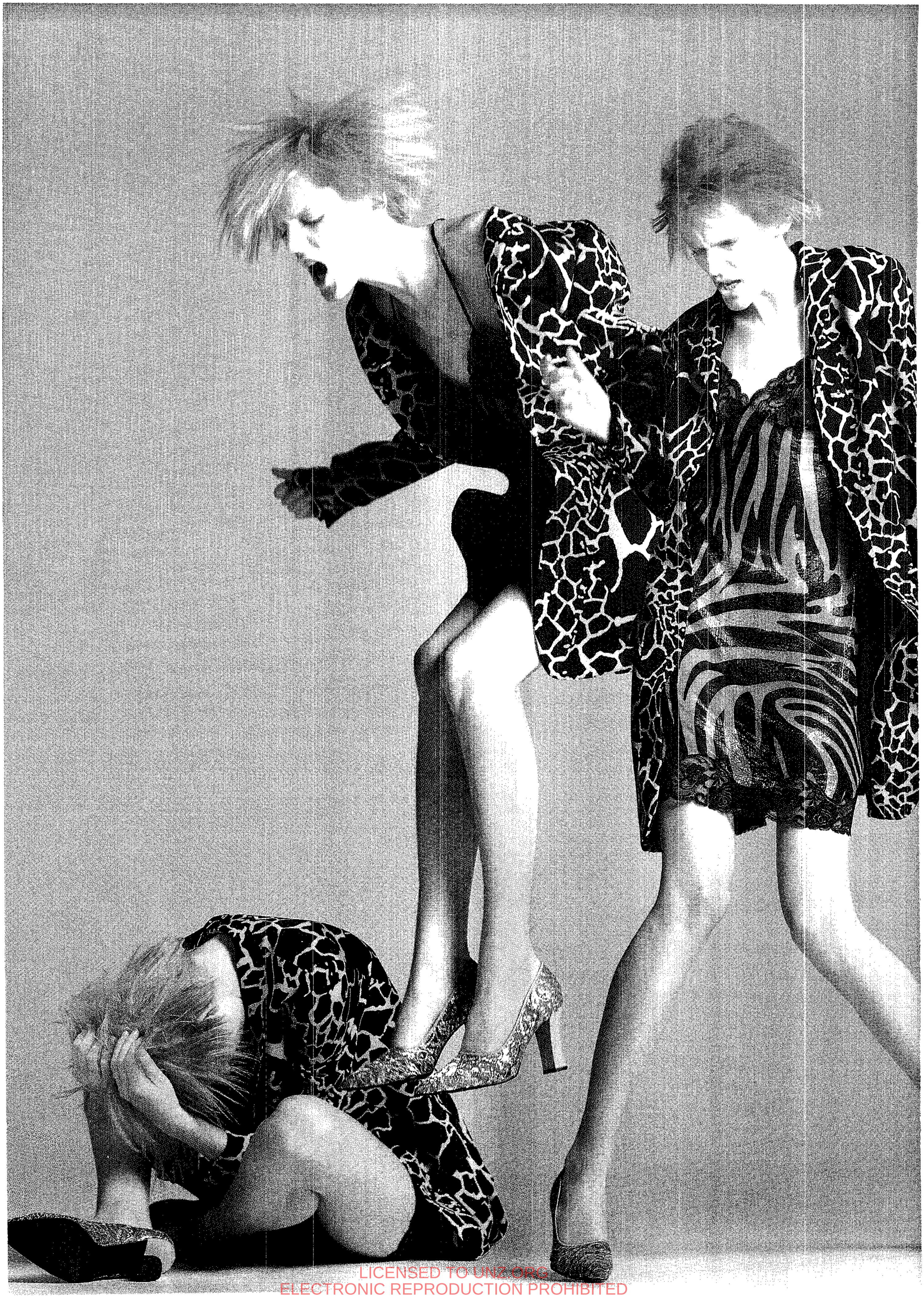

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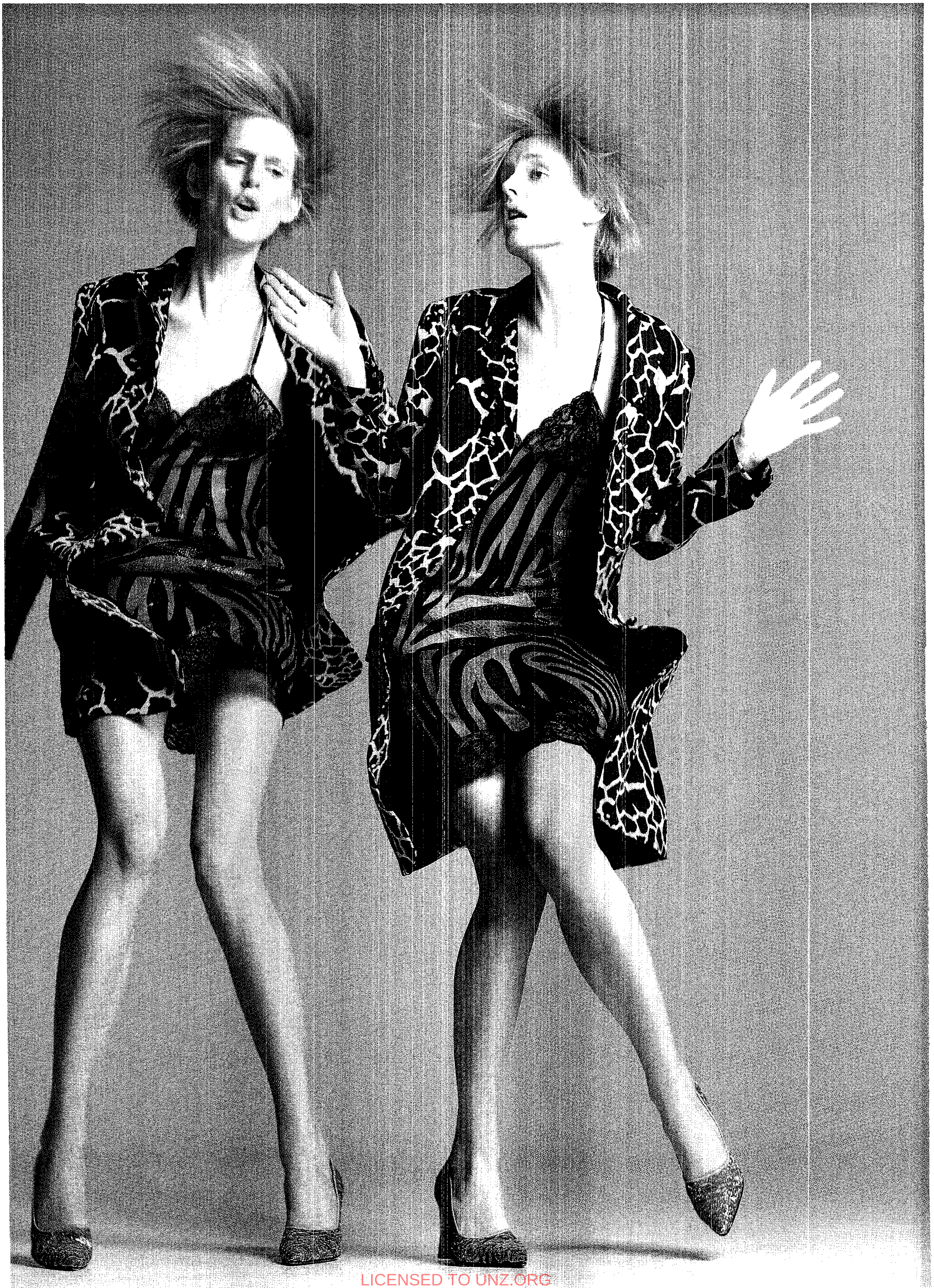

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ATELIER

Brain Opera

July 23 - August 3
(1PM - 7 PM, on the hour)
Juilliard Theater Marble Lobby
Morse Recital Hall
Free

Hyperstring Trilogy

July 25, 8 PM
Alice Tully Hall
$20
Ani Kavafian, violin
Paul Silverthorn, viola
Matt Haimovitz, cello
Eos Ensemble
Jonathan Sheffer, Artistic Director and Conductor
Begin Again Again ... for solo Hypercello
Song of Penance for Hyperviola and 17 Instruments
Forever and Ever for Hyperviolin and Chamber Orchestra

New York Video Festival

July 26 - August 3
Walter Reade Theater
$7.50
$5 for Film Society Members
(except for special events)

High Tech

"I want it to feel like walking into somebody's brain while a piece of music is being created," says Tod Machover of his *Brain Opera*, an interactive digital work which will have its premiere during nearly 100 free performances throughout the run of Lincoln Center Festival 96.

Brain Opera is a far cry from *La Bohème*. Created by Machover with a team of artists, scientists, musicians and inventors at the MIT Media Lab, this hybrid opera house and video arcade will allow the public to interact with special computer-enhanced "hyperinstruments" and computer-interactive programs stationed both outdoors and inside the marble lobby of the Juilliard Theater. Then, every hour, "orchestrators" in Juilliard's Morse Recital Hall will link those interactions into a 45-minute multimedia event, making each performance completely unique.

Free passes to the *Brain Opera* will be distributed beginning at 10 AM in the Marble Lobby on the day of each performance.

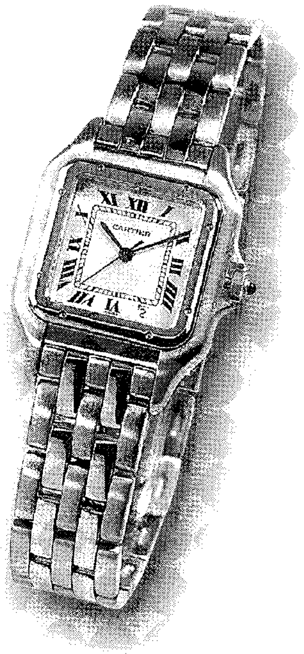
If you can't get there in person, the opera can be experienced on-line as a key project of the Internet 1996 World Exposition. Just set your browser to *http://brainop.media.mit.edu* and enjoy the ride. Either way, it promises to be an extraordinary experience not to be missed.

In conjunction with *Brain Opera*, Machover's Hyperstring Trilogy, consisting of all three of his compositions for hyperinstruments, will be heard for the first time on a single program at Alice Tully Hall. This concert features violinist Ani Kavafian, violist Paul Silverthorn, and cellist Matt Haimovitz, along with the acclaimed Eos Ensemble conducted by Jonathan Sheffer.

Innovative images will also be represented in the New York Video Festival, a leading showcase for new videos of all genres, from cutting-edge multimedia and music videos to provocative documentaries. Launched by the Film Society of Lincoln Center in 1992 as a special event of the popular New York Film Festival, this year the Video Festival teams up with Lincoln Center Festival 96, which will sponsor an expanded program of installations and related performances. Programs take place in the intimate, state-of-the-art Walter Reade Theater.

Tickets to the New York Video Festival will be available after July 12 at the Walter Reade Box Office, 165 West 65th Street 212-875-5600, by Moviefone 777-Film and through the web (http://www.777film.com).

For tickets come to the Avery Fisher Hall Box Office
or call CenterCharge 212-[illegible]6500



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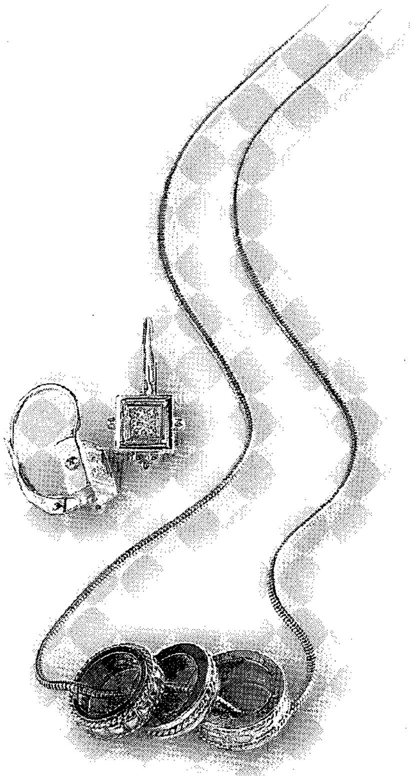
Mikimoto – The beauty of classic elegance.

Philippe Charriol – The art of magnificent design.



Penny Preville – The allure of unforgettable love.

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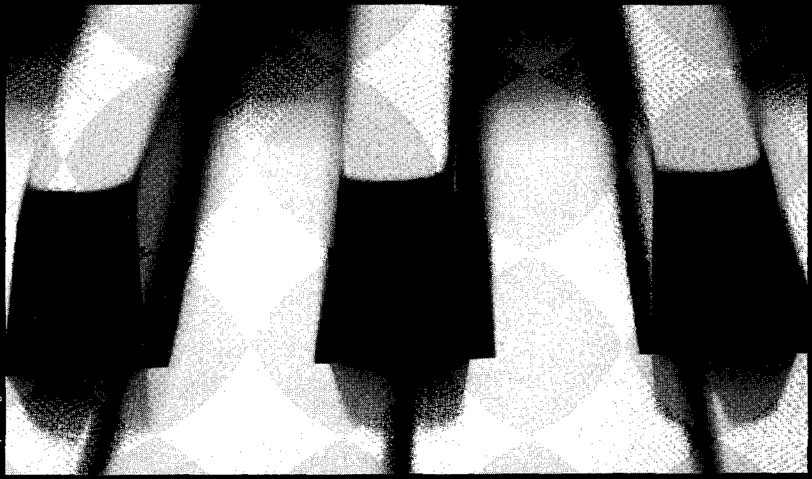

Christoph Franzgrote

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96.3 WQXR the classical station

Gospel and Soul

July 22, 7 PM
Church of St. Paul the Apostle
Ninth Avenue between
59th and 60th Streets
$32

August 8, 8 PM
Avery Fisher Hall
$65/$60/$50/$40/$35/$15

Gospel music—emotionally-charged, joyful, and distinctively American—has the power to lift the spirit and exhilirate the soul. What better way to kick off Lincoln Center Festival 96 than with a salute to this most powerful form of religious music? The opening night concert, at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, is the first of a two-concert celebration exploring this grand American tradition and its links to the broader context of soul music and popular music. Filling the vaults of the church with their particular brand of gospel will be the renowned Institutional Radio Choir of Brooklyn, a 40-voice ensemble which took New York by storm in the late 1980's when it appeared on Broadway in "The Gospel at Colonus." Joining the choir will be the internationally acclaimed vocalist Tramaine Hawkins, whose impassioned singing won her the 1991 Grammy Award for Best Traditional Soul Gospel album.

On August 8, the celebration moves to Avery Fisher Hall. That concert will open with the rolling, inexorable, exultant sounds of the trombone-based Sons of Thunder band from the Harlem branch of the United House of Prayer for All People, a nation-wide Baptist Church.

Topping that bill will be the single artist who best embodies the extension of gospel mysteries into the wider secular arena of soul and impassioned love songs: Al Green. With a silky, insinuating tenor and supercharged band and back-up vocalists, Green's "natural conflation of soul singing and revival-strength gospel" (*Newsday*) is the acme of gospel-based soul music. And he comes by his gospel credentials honestly, since he is also the Rev. Al Green, with his own Full Gospel Tabernacle in Memphis, Tennessee.

For information on how to order tickets see page 93

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The Revolution is coming to New York!

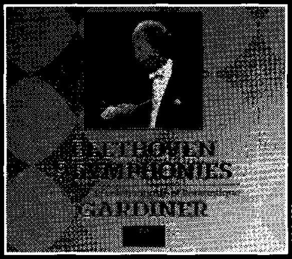
Celebrate the U.S. debut of John Eliot Gardiner's period instrument Orchestre Révolutionnaire & Romantique in 4 Beethoven concerts at Lincoln Center Festival 96:

7/27: SYMPHONY NO. 9
("Live From Lincoln Center" PBS-TV broadcast)

7/28: MISSA SOLEMNIS

7/30 & 8/1: LEONORE
(early version of *Fidelio*)

The Revolution on CD!



"To listen to Gardiner's Beethoven is to rediscover these revolutionary compositions in all their terror and wonder."
—Time

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Beethoven: *Missa Solemnis*
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Festival Symposia, Lectures and Demonstrations

The Beckett Symposia

Free and open to the public

In conjunction with The Beckett Festival, New York University's Center for French Civilization and Culture and Ireland House will host The Beckett Symposia. The Center's Director, Tom Bishop, will direct a series of pre-performance talks, round-table discussions, a special presentation by the acclaimed British actress Billie Whitelaw, and a poetry reading. For information call New York University at (212) 998-8705.

Beckett and 20th Century Theater
August 1, 8 PM
New York University

Beckett and Ireland
August 5, 8 PM
New York University

An Informal Evening with Samuel Beckett
with Billie Whitelaw
August 7, 8 PM
Kaplan Penthouse

Readings from Beckett
August 8, 8 PM
New York University

Pre-performance talks
July 30, August 2 and 10, 4:30 PM
July 31, August 9, 6 PM
Kaplan Penthouse

Panelists and programs subject to change

Four Saints in Three Acts

Steven Watson, the author of a forthcoming book about the social and cultural impact of the first *Four Saints in Three Acts* production in 1934, will present a lecture accompanied by slides and video entitled *Modern Collaborators: Four Saints in Three Acts*.

Pre-performance Lecture
August 2, 6:30 PM
Kaplan Penthouse
Free to ticket holders

New York University
Top of the Park
Loeb Student Center, 5th floor
566 LaGuardia Place
at Washington Square Park

Kaplan Penthouse
Rose Building, 9th floor
165 West 65th Street

Reigakusha Special Events

In conjunction with Reigakusha's New York debut, Lincoln Center Festival 96 and Music From Japan will present two special events at the Society for Ethical Culture.

For tickets and information on special discounts, please call Music From Japan at (212) 674-4587.

Lecture/Demonstration
July 25, 6 PM
Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street
$10 ($8 for Reigakusha ticket holders)
Steven Nelson and members of Reigakusha will present an historical overview of gagaku, the imperial court music of Japan, through spoken explanations and demonstrations of the classical instruments.

Symposium: Gagaku in the Flow of World Music
July 27, 3 PM
Society for Ethical Culture
$10 ($8 for Reigakusha ticket holders)
Led by Reigakusha's Artistic Director, Sukehiro Shiba, and featuring a panel of gagaku experts, the symposium will explore gagaku from its origins to its recent renaissance. A demonstration will include excerpts of classical works and newly reconstructed works from Reigakusha's repertoire.

Festival Photo

During the three weeks of the Festival, a photo exhibit by Betty Freeman of artists involved in the Festival will be installed in the promenade level of the New York State Theater.

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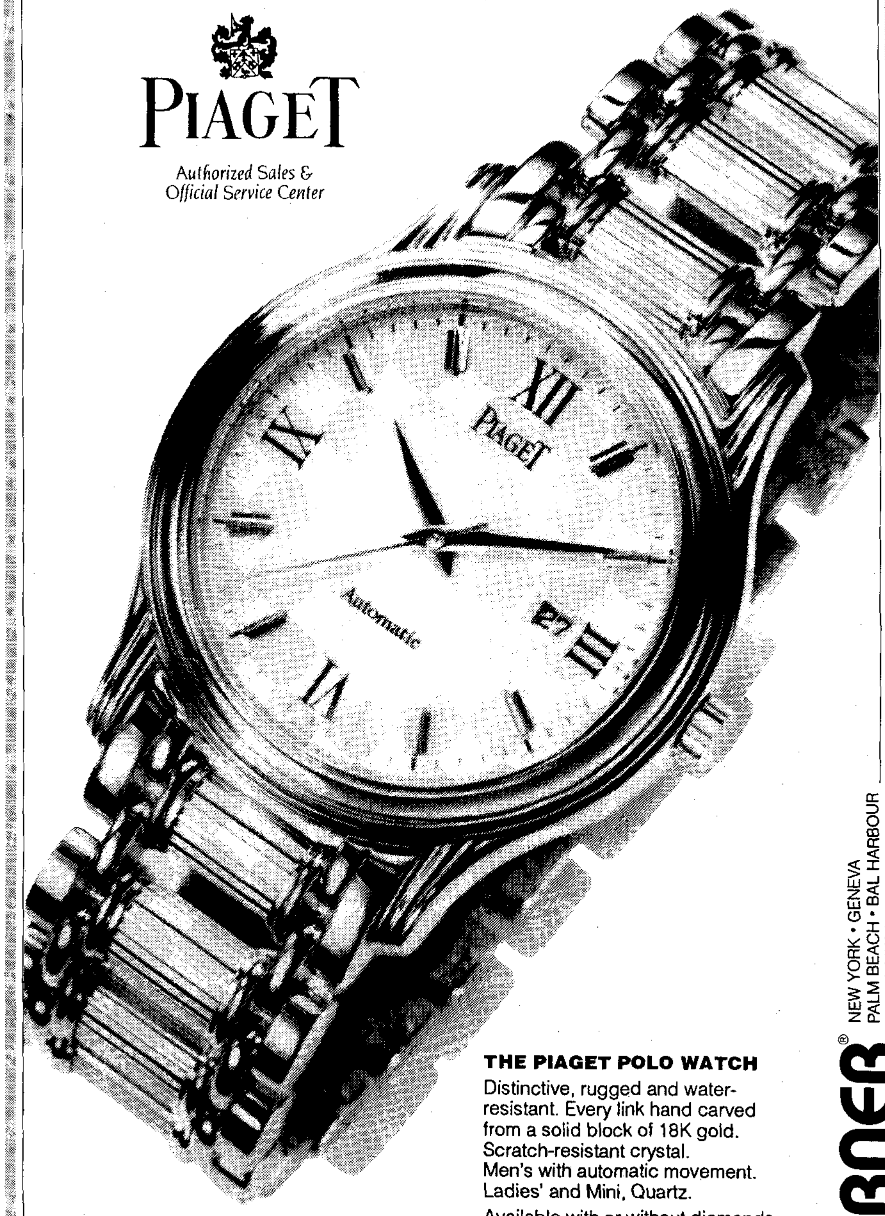

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Watch enlarged to show details.

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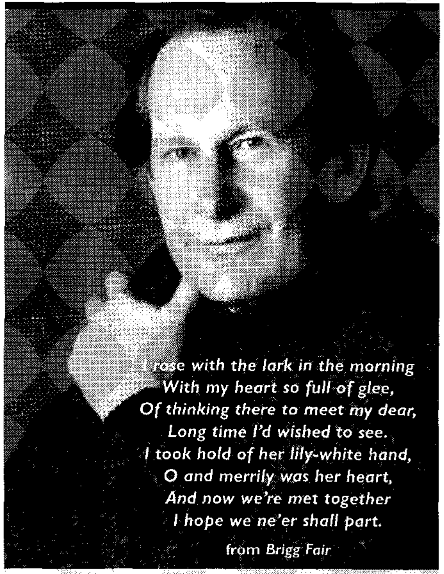
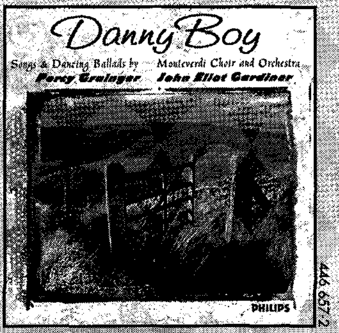


I rose with the lark in the morning
With my heart so full of glee,
Of thinking there to meet my dear,
Long time I'd wished to see.
I took hold of her lily-white hand,
O and merrily was her heart,
And now we're met together
I hope we ne'er shall part.
from Brigg Fair

Grammy Winning Conductor John Eliot Gardiner Pays Homage to the Eccentric Genius of Percy Grainger with his New Recording Danny Boy.


Danny Boy
Songs & Dancing Ballads by Percy Grainger
Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra John Eliot Gardiner
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PHILIPS

"April Recording of the Month"
—Gramophone

"(Gardiner) is characteristically hot in his response to (Grainger's) rhythmic zest, so too his wonderfully articulate, impeccably tuned, Monteverdi singers and players."
—Gramophone

◆ ◆ ◆

See John Eliot Gardiner and the Monteverdi Choir at the Lincoln Center Festival, July 27 – August 1.

Available July 16 on CD
John Eliot Gardiner and the Orchestra Revolutionnaire et Romantique perform Berlioz's Harold in Italy

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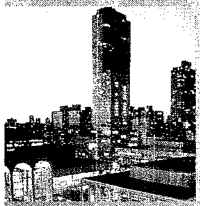


Around the Center

Other exciting programs being offered at Lincoln Center this summer.

New York City Ballet

New York State Theater
The 1995-96 season runs through June 30
For tickets, call Ticketmaster at 212-307-4100

Paris Opera Ballet

Metropolitan Opera house
June 24 - July 3
For tickets, call the Met ticket service 212-362-6000

A Fair Country by Jon Robin Baitz

Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater
Through June 30
For tickets call TeleCharge
212 239-6200

The Film Society of Lincoln Center

All films showing at the Walter Reade Theater

Carpati
A new film by Yael Strom
May 24 - June 2

Synagogues in the Cinema
June 3 - June 11

Human Rights Watch Film Festival
June 12 - June 27

French Literature on Screen
Through July 12

Taiwan Cinema
August TBA

CineRock: Loud Music, Rare Films
August through September TBA

For tickets to these Film Society of Lincoln Center Events, visit the Walter Reade Theater Box Office.

Mostly Mozart Festival

30th Anniversary Season
July 9 - 20 and August 13 - 24
Mostly Mozart Festival Music Director Gerard Schwarz and the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra will be joined by an extraordinary lineup of guest soloists and ensembles in special programming for this 30th anniversary season. For information call the Mostly Mozart Hotline at 212-875-5103.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors

August 13 - September 5
A free summertime festival for the whole family, this year Out-of-Doors celebrates the art and artists of North America: Mexico, Canada, special regions of the U.S. and the Caribbean. For information call the Out-of-Doors Hotline at 212-875-5108.

Dining

Visitors to Lincoln Center can enjoy a light supper at the Outdoor Fountain Grill, which features contemporary Italian dining every evening from 5 PM, through September. Or stop by the Fountain Bar for drinks or refreshments. For reservations, call 212-874-7000.

Parking

Safe, indoor parking is available at Lincoln Center 24 hours a day. Enter on 62nd and 65th streets, between Columbus and Amsterdam Avenues. Special pre-pay discount is available. For reservations, call 212-874-9021.

Twenty glorious nights of dancing under the stars on the Lincoln Center Fountain Plaza

July 10
The Tommy Dorsey Orchestra *swing*

July 11
Johnny Gimble with Bill Kirchen & Too Much Fun *western swing*

July 12
Ray Sepúlveda • Oro Solido
salsa & merengue

July 13
The Loren Schoenberg Big Band
swing & ballroom

A Family Tea Dance 5:00-6:30pm
Pierre Dulaine and Yvonne Marceau of American Ballroom Theatre Outreach Program teach basics of social dancing. Ages 8 and up. Admission to the dance floor is free, first-come first-serve.

July 17
Steve Riley and the Mamou Playboys
cajun

July 18
Jump Blues Triple Header
Michelle "Evil Gal" Willson • Love Dogs • Candye Kane *west coast swing*

July 19
A Night in Martinique
Malavoi • Charanson *rumba, creole waltz, beguine, zouk, plus charanga*
Presented in collaboration with the Martinique Promotion Bureau.

July 20
Illinois Jacquet *swing*

July 24 Special Event
Evening of International Dancing and Desserts
Brave Combo • Los Macondos
fox trot, tango, polka, two step, hora... plus Colombian cumbia & vallanato
Co-chaired by Nina and Tim Zagat.

July 25
Roomful of Blues *west coast swing*

July 26
La Bottine Souriante *french canadian quadrilles & square dances, plus waltz, polka, swing* Presented in collaboration with the Canadian Consulate and the Quebec Government House.

July 27
Cherish the Ladies • Kips Bay Ceili Band
Irish couple dances, sets & ceilis
Presented as part of Green Linnet Records' 20th Anniversary Celebration.

July 31
Marty Grosz and Destiny's Tots
Featuring Bobby Gordon
30's smooth & hot swing

August 1
The Artie Shaw Orchestra
swing & ballroom

August 2
Jimmy Sturr and His Orchestra *polka*

August 3
Leroy Jones *new orleans swing*
A 95th birthday salute to Louis Armstrong.

August 7
New York-Buenos Aires Connection • Gabriela Anders Band
argentine tango, plus cumbia, bolero, samba, cha cha & guaracha

August 8
France Joli • Tavares *classic disco*

August 9
Jimmy Bosch and Masters at Work
Featuring Dave Valentin *dancing the descarga, from the mambo to la makarena*

August 10
Frank Wess and His Orchestra
Featuring Grady Tate *swing*

Dancing 8:15-11:00 pm Wednesdays through Saturdays

Lessons 6:30-7:30 pm Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays

Tickets $8.00 for admittance to Midsummer's dance club under the stars.

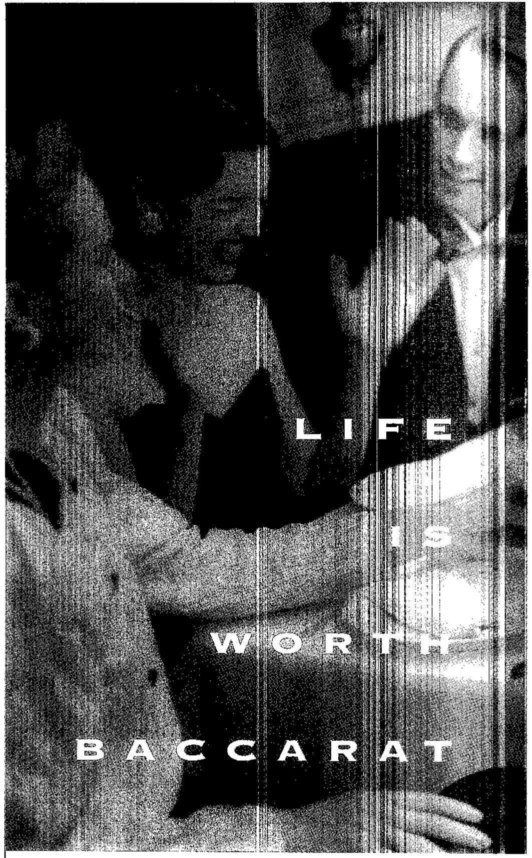
Discounted easy-access Swing Passes available beginning June 10 through CenterCharge at (212) 721-6500.

Tickets for **July 24th special event** in support of Midsummer Night Swing are $25 and include a sampling of desserts by top New York City chefs and bakers. Available in advance through CenterCharge.

Moonlight Dinner Dance Package at $25 includes three-course dinner plus dancing, with priority access. Reservations suggested. Call the Fountain Grill at (212) 874-7000.

For more information call the Midsummer Hotline at (212) 875-5102.

Midsummer Night Swing is made possible by Daisy and Paul Soros and William H. Kearns Foundation.



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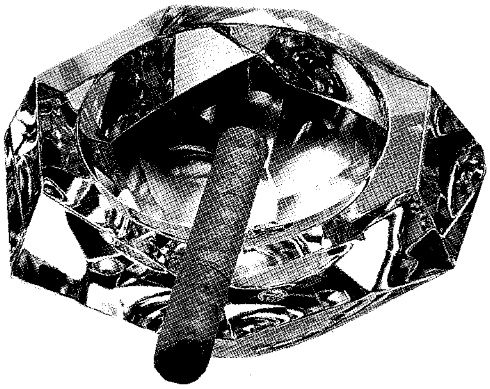

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-glenn close

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Festival Opening Night Celebrations - July 22

Pre-performance Celebration 5:30 PM
Please join us on the Lincoln Center Plaza to launch the inaugural season of Lincoln Center Festival 96 with an opening celebration! This event is free and open to the public. In addition, all ticket holders to that evening's performances of the Kirov Orchestra & Choir or *Coppélia* are invited to an exclusive pre-concert reception at 6 PM on the promenade of Avery Fisher Hall or the New York State Theater.

Post-performance Dancing and Dining 9:30 PM
All ticket buyers have the opportunity to purchase tickets to an opening night party, including festive dancing and international food under the stars on the Lincoln Center Plaza, 9:30 - 11:00 PM. Tickets are $40 and are limited.

Guide to Price Listings

Avery Fisher Hall
65th Street & Broadway
1st Tier/Orchestra/2nd Tier Center/2nd Tier Box/3rd Tier Center/3rd Tier Box

New York State Theater
63rd & Broadway
Lyons Opera Ballet (Opening Night)
1st Ring Center/Orchestra/1st Ring Side/2nd Ring/3rd Ring/4th Ring/5th Ring
Lyons Opera Ballet
(All other nights)
1st Ring Center/Orchestra and 1st Ring Side/2nd Ring/3rd Ring/4th Ring/5th Ring
Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater
Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra
1st Ring Center/Orchestra and 1st Ring Side/2nd Ring/3rd Ring/4th Ring/5th Ring
Four Saints in Three Acts
1st Ring Center and Orchestra/1st Ring Side/2nd Ring/3rd Ring/4th Ring/5th Ring

Alice Tully Hall
65th & Broadway
All seats are one price

Clark Studio Theater
165 West 65th Street
Rose Building, 7th floor
All seats are one price and general admission

Church of St. Paul the Apostle
9th Avenue between 59th and 60th Streets
All seats are one price and general admission

Walter Reade Theater
165 West 65th Street
All seats are one price and general admission

New York Society for Ethical Culture
2 West 64th Street
All seats are one price and general admission

Damrosch Park
62nd Steet near Amsterdam Avenue
All seats are one price and general admission

John Jay Theatre
10th Avenue between 58th and 59th Streets
All seats are one price

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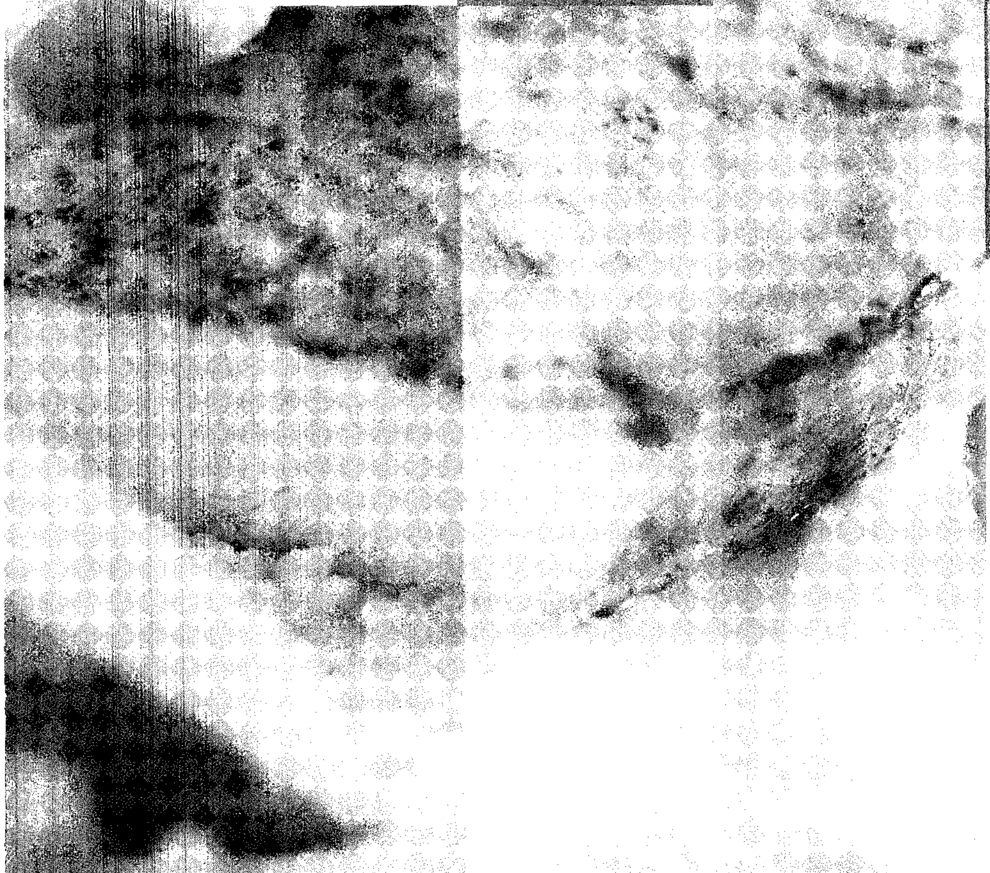
Stir first four ingredients together in bowl. Set aside. Heat nonstick skillet over medium-high heat; brush chops with vegetable oil and season with pepper. Brown on one side (2-3 minutes), turn. Add peach mixture, reduce heat to low, cover and cook 4 minutes. Serve with peaches and sauce. Garnish with fresh raspberries. Serves 4.

Since the dawn of time, pork and fruit have been pairing up. And not just apples. Try pineapples. Or plums or berries or lemons or limes. It's only natural. So why resist? For recipes, send a self-addressed, stamped, business-size envelope to: Recipes Ad, Box 10383, Des Moines, IA 50306. Or visit our website at http://www.nppc.org/

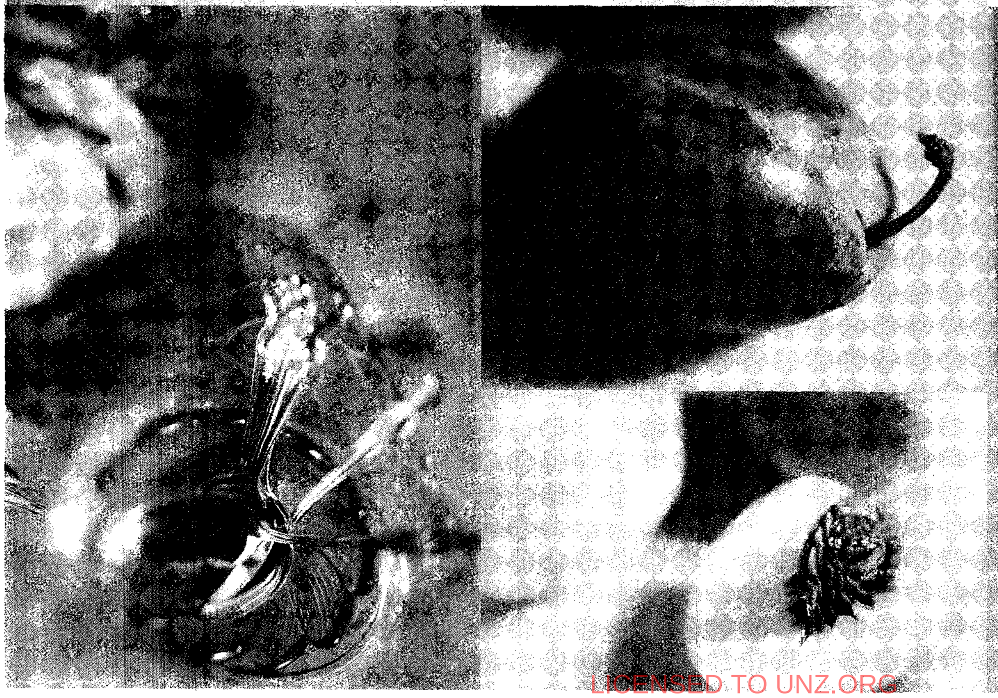


IF FRUIT WAS THE FIRST TEMPTATION,

PORK

WAS PROBABLY THE SECOND.

Approximate nutrient information per serving: Calories: 261, Protein: 24 gm., Fat: 7 gm., Cholesterol: 70 mg., Sodium: 194 mg. Nutrient analysis done by The Food Processor II Diet Analysis Software. Pork Data from the USDA Handbook 8-10 (1991). *America's Pork Producers © 1996 National Pork Producers Council in cooperation with the National Pork Board.*



TASTE WHAT'S NEXT

pork

The Other White Meat.

FESTIVAL CALENDAR

JULY

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
5:30PM Festival Launch (PLAZA) 7PM Kirov Orchestra and Choir (AFH) 7PM *Coppélia* (NYST) 7PM Institutional Radio Choir Tramaine Hawkins (SPC) 7:30PM Chamber Music Society (ATH) 8:30PM Thang Long Water Puppets (DP) 9:30PM Opening Night Celebration (PLAZA) 22	6:30 &9PM Thang Long Water Puppets (DP) 8PM Kirov Orchestra (AFH) 8PM *Coppélia* (NYST) *Brain Opera* (JUL) 23	2 &8PM *Coppélia* (NYST) 6:30 &9PM Thang Long Water Puppets (DP) *Brain Opera* (JUL) 24	6:30 &9PM Thang Long Water Puppets (DP) 6PM Reigakusha lecture/ demonstration (SEC) 8PM Kirov Orchestra (AFH) 8PM Hyperstring Trilogy Eos Ensemble (ATH) *Brain Opera* (JUL) 25	6:30 &9PM Thang Long Water Puppets (DP) 8PM Kirov Orchestra (AFH) 8PM Reigakusha (ATH) 8PM Merce Cunningham and Music (SEC) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT) 26	5PM Reigakusha Symposium (SEC) 6:30 & 9PM Thang Long Water Puppets (DP) 8PM Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique (AFH) 8PM Chamber Music Society (ATH) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT) 27	5PM Merce Cunningham and Music (SEC) 8PM Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique (AFH) 8PM Reigakusha (ATH) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT) 28
6PM Beckett Festival (preview) (CST) 8PM Beckett Festival (preview) (JJT) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT) 29	3 & 6PM Beckett Festival (CST) 4:30PM Beckett Lecture (KP) 8PM Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique (ATH) 8PM Beckett Festival (JJT) 9:30PM Cunningham/*Ocean* (DP) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT) 30	4 & 8PM Beckett Festival (JJ) 6PM Beckett Lecture (KP) 8PM NY Philharmonic (AFH) 9:30PM Cunningham/*Ocean* (DP) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT) 31				

AUGUST

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
			3 PM Beckett Festival (preview) (CST) 6PM Beckett Festival (CST) 7PM *Four Saints in Three Acts* (NYST) 8PM Orchestre Révolutionnaire et Romantique (ATH) 8PM Beckett Roundtable (NYU) 9:30PM Cunningham/*Ocean* (DP) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT)	4:30PM Beckett Lecture (KP) 6PM Beckett Festival (CST) 6:30PM *Four Saints* Lecture (KP) 8PM NY Philharmonic (AFH) 8PM *Four Saints in Three Acts* (NYST) 8PM Beckett Festival (JJT) (preview) 8PM Feldman Retrospective (SEC) 9:30PM Cunningham/*Ocean* (DP) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT)	1PM Feldman Retrospective (SEC) 2 &8PM *Four Saints in Three Acts* (NYST) 3 &6PM Beckett Festival (CST) (3PM preview) 4 &8PM Beckett Festival (JJT) 5PM Feldman Retrospective (ATH) 9:30PM Cunningham/*Ocean* (DP) *Brain Opera* (JUL) Film Society Video Festival (WRT)	3PM NY Philharmonic (AFH) 3 &6PM Beckett Festival (CST) 4 &8PM Beckett Festival (JJT) 4PM Feldman Retrospective (SEC) 9:30PM Cunningham/*Ocean* (DP)
8PM Beckett Roundtable (NYU)	6PM Beckett Festival (preview) (CST) 8PM Beckett Festival (preview) (JJT) 8PM NY Philharmonic (AFH)	3 & 6PM Beckett Festival (CST) 4PM Beckett Festival (JJT) 8PM Beckett Lecture (KP) 8PM NY Philharmonic (AFH) 8PM *Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol* (ATH) 8PM Ailey/Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra (NYST)	6PM Beckett Festival (CST) 8PM Beckett Poetry Reading (NYU) 8PM Al Green The Sons of Thunder (AFH) 8PM *Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol* (ATH) 8PM Ailey/Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra (NYST)	4 & 8PM Beckett Festival (4PM preview) (JJT) 6PM Beckett Lecture (KP) 8PM *Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol* (ATH) 8PM Ailey/Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra (NYST) 8PM NY Philharmonic (AFH)	2 &8PM Ailey/Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra (NYST) 4:30PM Beckett Lecture (KP) 6 PM Beckett Festival (preview) (CST) 8PM Beckett Festival (JJT) 8PM NY Philharmonic (AFH) 8PM *Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol* (ATH)	1PM Ailey/Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra (NYST) 3PM *Three Lives of Lucie Cabrol* (ATH) 3&6PM Beckett Festival (CST) 4 &8PM Beckett Festival (JJT) 8PM Yehudi Menuhin (AFH)

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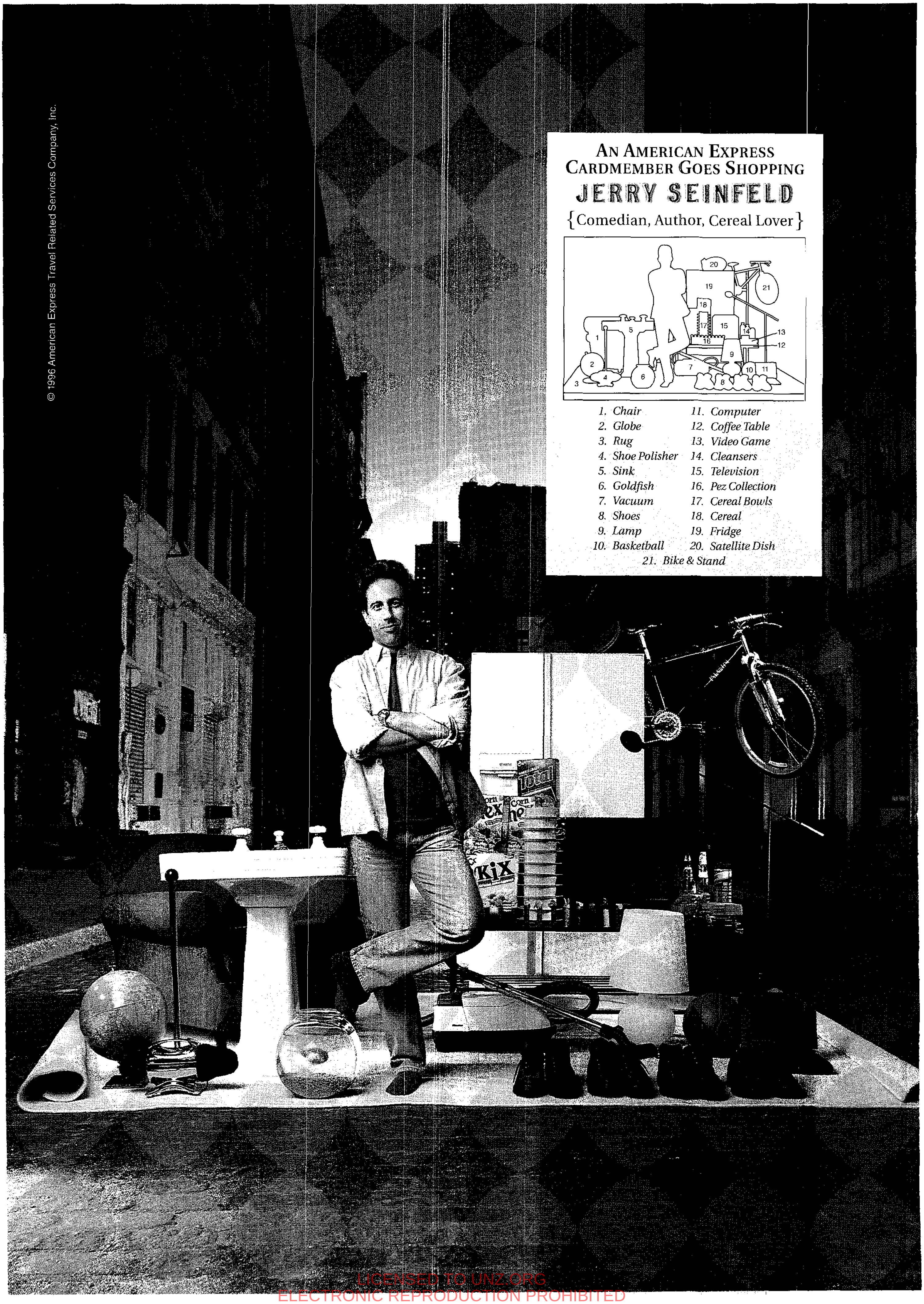
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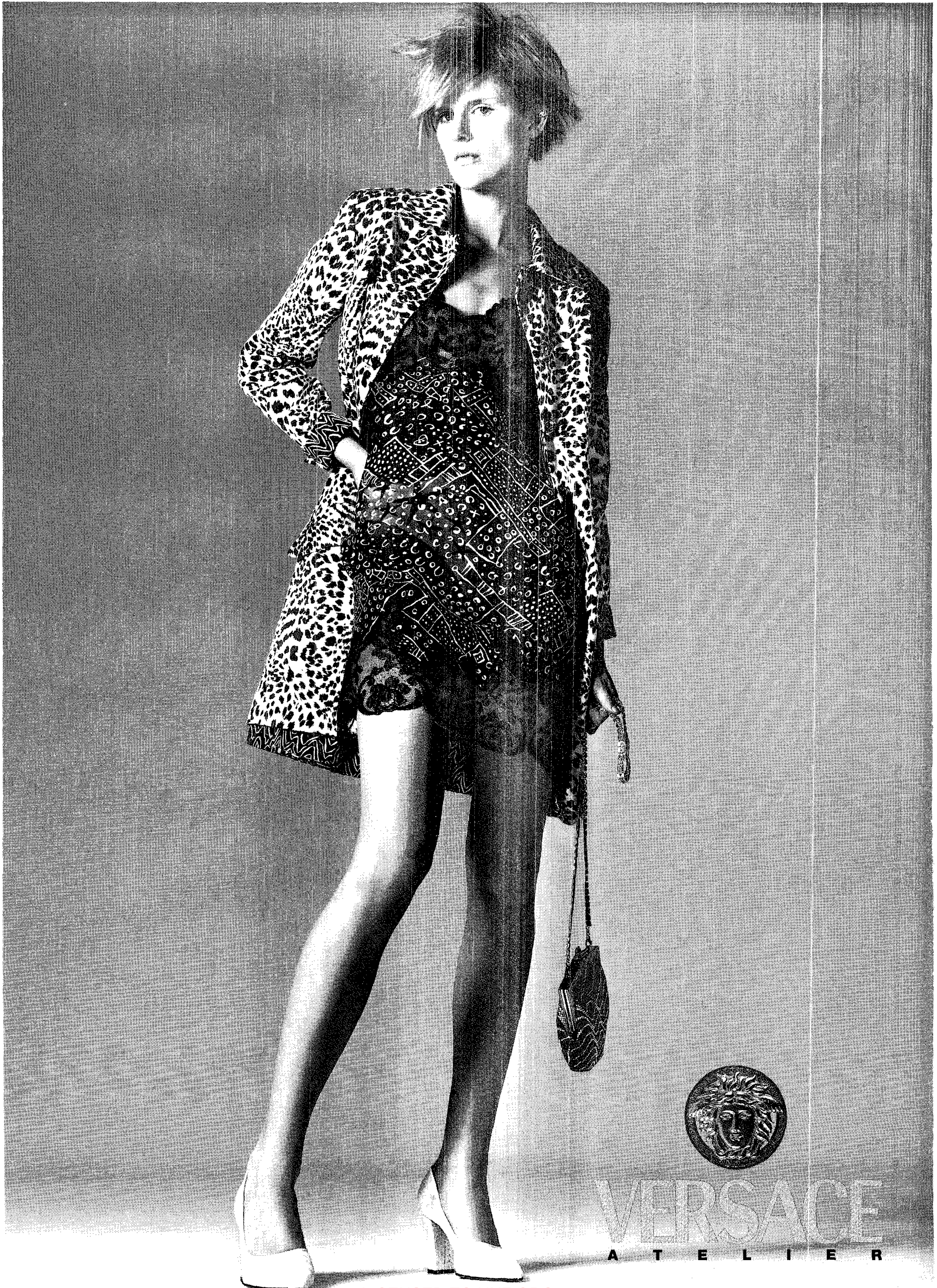
VERSACE
ATELIER

Continued from page 48

and Minke who are vilified. The Dutch prosecutor suggests that Nyai has been stealing from her master, and pries into the nature of Minke's relationship with Annelies. To forestall further criticism, Minke marries Annelies. Meanwhile, word has reached Surabaya that a court in Amsterdam has decided that the bulk of Mellema's estate must revert to his estranged family in Holland, and that Annelies, as an illegitimate child, is entitled to only a small share. Most appalling, the court orders that Annelies be transported to Holland, to be placed under the care of her father's family. Her marriage to Minke, an Islamic rite, has no standing under Dutch law. Outraged by this insult, the people of Surabaya riot, but European law is not to be denied. The novel ends in a Dickensian cliffhanger, with the frail, frightened girl being torn from the arms of her husband and led away under police guard to the ship.

There is little point in relating how it turns out, for by the time Annelies's drama has been resolved others have sprung up, hydralike, to take its place. In true epic style, the Buru Quartet has a huge cast of characters—a score of heroes and a score of villains who battle for the soul of the Dutch East Indies on its way to becoming the new state of Indonesia.

The novels provide Western readers with a unique literary vision of the horrific inhumanity of the colonial administration in the Dutch East Indies—a dark passage in the annals of imperialism which is little known outside Indonesia and Holland. The subsequent novels trace Minke's transformation into a nationalistic firebrand and the hero of his people. At the height of his power and popularity, he is exiled to a small island and thus separated from his wife (his third, for Minke has as many lovers as there are volumes). In the final pages of the final volume, "House of Glass," the wandering hero returns to Surubaya, but, unlike the homecoming of Odysseus, Minke's is no joyful reunion: this is an epic for the twentieth century. Minke ends up a broken, befuddled man; like Columbus, he dies unaware that his quest has helped change the political geography of the world.

Pramoedya's indictment of tyranny is fierce, and he does have a weakness for prolonged historical exegesis, yet the Buru Quartet is far from being a diatribe. Sympathetic Dutch liberals, treacherous Eurasian collaborationists, and vacillating nationalists provide a rich texture of ambivalence and ambiguity. Moreover, despite what might be called the author's profound Indonesianness, he takes pains to situate the archipelago in the world. No matter how convoluted the ethnic and historical complications of Minke's story become, the reader never feels like an intruder.

The earlier novels are the better ones: tightly written and swift-paced, they strike a careful balance between narrative and ideas. In the third and fourth volumes, there are some fairly rough patches that approach nonfiction, with characters setting forth Pramoedya's version of Indonesian history to one another in "he said/she said" form. Hugo and Dostoyevski are the writers Pramoedya resembles at his best. Somehow the roughness is part of the greatness: it conveys a sense of abundance—of ideas, history, plot—pressing against and sometimes overflowing the capacities of literary assimilation.

PRAMOEDYA is an old man. He walks with a stoop, and his eyes look slightly rheumy behind trifocals, but he radiates dignity. John McGlynn says, "Pram has to keep up the appearance of not being defeated. If he goes under, then a lot of other people will go under, too." As Pramoedya showed me out, he gave me a brief tour, pointing out a spidery, fantastic pen-and-ink drawing by Günter Grass, a gift from the artist, next to which hang the Magsaysay Award, framed, and a solemn, grimly frontal portrait of Pramoedya's parents.

Outside, he stopped in a sunny corner of a fringe of flowering garden that skirts the house. "This is a big house with many empty rooms, because I added a room for each of the children as they were born," he said. "Now they have all left." He sat down, with a contented sigh, on a polished tree stump, letting his giggling grandchildren scramble around his feet and over his lap. Earlier this year, Jakarta had been devastated by floods, and I asked him if he had been affected. "Oh, no, there were no floods here," he replied placidly. "I have always sought the higher ground." ♦

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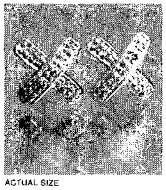

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ANNALS OF SCIENCE

THE ASSAULT ON DAVID BALTIMORE

Congress and the media hailed the case of a whistle-blower at M.I.T. who brought down the Nobel Prize-winning biologist and his colleague. But what if they were wrong? A new ruling due this month may invoke a more complex view of the way science works.

BY DANIEL J. KEVLES

DAVID BALTIMORE won the Nobel Prize in Medicine in 1975, when he was a thirty-seven-year-old professor of biology at M.I.T. Thirty-seven is young for a Nobel, but Baltimore had been known among biologists as a wunderkind for some time. The work for which he shared his prize, a study of how a special class of viruses reproduce themselves (the AIDS virus was later shown to be one of them), ran contrary to most beliefs on the subject at the time. After receiving the Nobel, he continued doing research, but he also began to take a leading role in public debates about genetic engineering, the AIDS epidemic, and other issues over which science and public policy meet. He brought to whatever he did a degree of self-confidence that some of his colleagues thought was arrogance but that was integral to his achievements. In 1990, when he was fifty-two, he became president of Rockefeller University, one of the world's distinguished centers of teaching and research.

Less than a year and a half after he went to Rockefeller, David Baltimore fell from grace. Citing pressure from his colleagues and the personal toll of fighting a long battle over what was alleged to be a fraudulent paper he had collaborated on when he was at M.I.T., he resigned on December 2, 1991. A front-page article in the *Times* noted that the "spectacle" of Baltimore's downfall made it seem "larger than life, with an effect greater than any case of scientific fraud in memory."

David Baltimore was never suspected of faking anything himself, but he had stubbornly defended the work of someone who was—a biomedical scientist at M.I.T. named Thereza Imanishi-Kari, who was one of six coauthors of the disputed paper, which was published in the journal *Cell* in 1986. Baltimore's support of her work was perceived to be unprofessional and unwise, if not irresponsible.

From the beginning, some people said that Baltimore and Imanishi-Kari were being unfairly pursued by witch-hunting zealots who didn't understand the way science works, but others—and often they seemed to be in the majority—said that it was high time that scientists were held accountable to the public that in large part pays their bills. The Baltimore case touched deep-seated doubts about the scientific enterprise. It has now dragged on for a decade, leaving wrecked careers in its wake, pitting congressmen against scientists, and producing both martyrs and tormentors.

Scientists in this country have long been part of an opulent establishment—recipients of large sums of public money who have been granted a remarkable degree of autonomy in deciding how to use them. But in recent years they have come under siege from creationists, New Agers, animal-rights activists, and critics of genetic engineering, as well as cost-conscious officials. They see their power slipping, most seriously in Washington. Fear of diminished funding was a common, if sotto voce, theme in the professional assessment of Baltimore's behavior. Among those who were in favor of his stepping down as president of Rockefeller University were many who wanted to avert reductions in government research money by demonstrating that scientists could take care of their own problems.

Today, David Baltimore is back at M.I.T., where he is again a professor of biology. He continues to do brilliant work, but he is dishonored as a public figure. "I enjoy doing science," he told me once, "and I'm going to try very hard to prevent people from taking science away from me." His standing may soon be restored. Thereza Imanishi-Kari appealed the findings against her, and hearings were held last summer which permitted her, at last, a full and fair day in court. A ruling on her appeal is expected at the end of this month. She has mounted a powerful case that she is innocent, and if that is so—and I am persuaded that the evidence supports her—then a great injustice has been done in the name of scientific integrity and the public trust.

ALL three of the principal figures in the Baltimore case live and work within a few miles of one another in the Boston-Cambridge area: Baltimore, Imanishi-Kari, and a scientist named Margot O'Toole, who blew the whistle on the other two. There would have been no Baltimore case without O'Toole, a postdoctoral fellow whom Imanishi-Kari had hired to work in her lab at M.I.T. in the summer of 1985. She was asked to do experiments that would extend the work described in the *Cell* paper, and her frustration and embarrassment at not being able to get the results she sought led to the first complaint about Imanishi-Kari's data. O'Toole's dogged insistence that she was right and her boss was wrong has been at the heart of the affair. She has become a symbol of the heroic young scientist who takes a stand against the system and prevails over powerful figures like David Baltimore.

Margot O'Toole is now on the research staff of the Genetics Institute, a biotechnology company in Cambridge, but her reputation as a scientist rests almost entirely on her adversarial role in the dispute with Baltimore and Imanishi-Kari. She is the recipient of several awards emanating from her actions, among them the Humanist of the Year Award from the Ethical Society of Boston, and the Ethics Award of the American Institute of Chemists. Now in her early forties, O'Toole has an open Irish face and a manner that prompted a congressional investigator to say, "The first time you meet her, she just reeks with integrity and credibility." I first met her one day a few years ago in Cambridge, when I picked her up for lunch. She is a compelling storyteller, and her tale of the Baltimore case held me in thrall for hours.

O'Toole had been brought up in a strong Catholic household in Dublin and spent two years in a convent school. Her father was an engineer for the Electricity Supply Board and was also a playwright. He wrote of "speaking out in the workplace, not going along," O'Toole says, and one of his plays, "Man Alive," which satirizes the bureaucratic complacency of a giant utility company, uncannily foreshadows key elements in the Baltimore case. The central character is an outspoken engineer named Tim O'Malley, who is told to keep his dissident thoughts to himself. He is declared an incompetent troublemaker, but he refuses to quit, pledging at the end of the play that "as long as I stay I'll be a thorn in their backside, and every time they sit on anyone again they'll think of me."

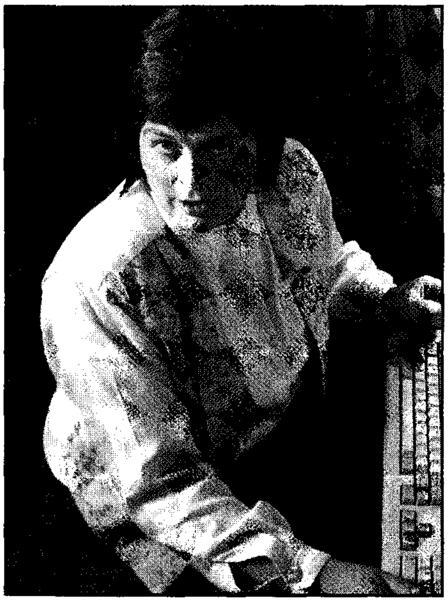
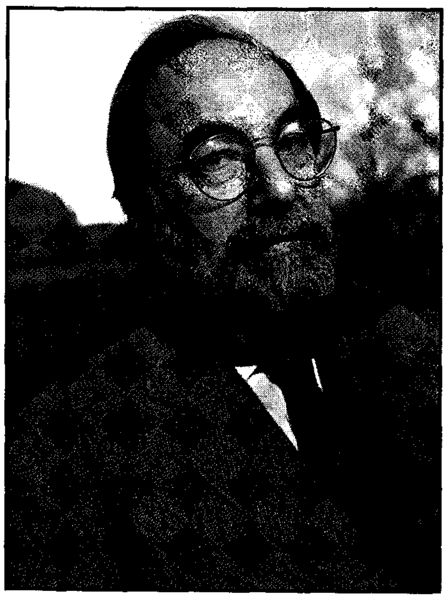
In 1966, when O'Toole was fourteen, the family moved to Boston, where her father eventually directed a program in science writing at Boston University. She received her doctorate at Tufts University School of Medicine, in Boston, in 1979, and spent almost five years as a postdoctoral fellow at the Fox Chase Cancer Center, in Philadelphia. She returned to Boston in early 1985, when her husband, Peter Brodeur, was appointed to an assistant professorship in the Tufts department where they had both done their graduate work. Her thesis adviser, Henry Wortis, helped get her a place in a lab there. She had been his first doctoral student—her husband had been his third—and Wortis found her capable and engaging. Even now, he keeps a photograph of her tacked to his bulletin board—a snapshot of a smiling, attractive young woman, her hair wet from rain and her eyes alight with mischief. That spring, Wortis invited O'Toole to a party at his home, where she met Thereza Imanishi-Kari, who was then forty-one, almost nine years older than O'Toole. On the spot, she offered O'Toole a one-year postdoctoral fellowship. O'Toole's research money was about to run out, and the offer was a godsend.

THEREZA IMANISHI-KARI now works in a laboratory in the Pathology Department of the Tufts medical school. Because of the Baltimore case, she was denied funds from government grants from the National Institutes of Health, although she has continued to receive support for her research from private agencies, such as the American Cancer Society. I met with her in a small office just off her laboratory, a bright, open room containing several working credenzas laden with glassware, chemicals, and cultures. The lab occupies the top floor of an old brick building with an elevator that stranded me between floors until I pressed the emergency button. Imanishi-Kari is a short woman in her early fifties with a flat, high-cheekboned face. She was born into an immigrant Japanese family in Brazil, and she speaks seven languages, but her English, which is even now sometimes difficult to understand, was especially poor ten years ago, when the disputed research was published.

Thereza Imanishi grew up in Indaiatuba, a town near São Paulo, where her parents were first tenant farmers and then the owners of a small trucking business. She and her sisters fought to get an education, and after her older sister left home over the battle the parents permitted Thereza to go to high school and then university in São Paulo. Her grandfather wanted her to learn about her family's culture, and in 1968 she went to Kyoto University to do graduate work in biology. She says that there were hardly any women studying science in Kyoto, so she hung out with the men, perfecting her child's Japanese into the male, rather than the female, version of the language.

Kyoto University was in a state of upheaval in 1968, like most universities at that time, with fights constantly breaking out on the campus. She repaired to cafés with other students, where they studied immunology and talked about the tendency of Japanese scientists to rely on research systems developed in other countries. She resolved that for her experiments she would invent and rely on her own research system, which is what she did while she was completing her graduate work—at the University of Helsinki, in Finland. She had gone there in 1971, because she felt that the continual disruptions in Kyoto made it impossible for her to do serious work. Using a chemical called NP, she developed a method of tracking immune responses in mice.

In 1974, she obtained her doctorate and married a Finnish architect named

Duelling scientists, from top: Thereza Imanishi-Kari, Margot O'Toole, and David Baltimore.

TOP AND BOTTOM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARY ELLEN MARK; MIDDLE PHOTOGRAPH BY SETH RESNICK

Markku Tapani Kari. She spent several years in the laboratory of Klaus Rajewsky, in Cologne, where her work brought her to the attention of David Baltimore. In 1980, when she got an offer from M.I.T., she asked Rajewsky for his advice. He replied, "Well, M.I.T. is a very competitive place. It's like a sea full of sharks, and they eat the little ones very fast." She went anyway. "That was the beginning of my nightmare," she says.

Imanishi-Kari joined the faculty as an assistant professor and moved into a laboratory at M.I.T.'s Center for Cancer Research, on Ames Street. She had brought with her from Germany a freezerful of valuable NP research materials. She was smart, competent, and vivacious. Even Margot O'Toole says that initially she found Imanishi-Kari "very unusual and quite charming." By M.I.T.'s standards, though, she published too few scientific papers, and part of what she published struck others as being a narrow extension of her earlier work with the NP system. However, she was enlarging her repertoire of expertise by learning how to use some of the techniques of molecular biology, and, after she began collaborating with David Baltimore on a study of the production of antibodies in 1984, her tracking system led to some surprising and peculiar results. The findings didn't make any difference to her future at M.I.T., since she had been told that she would not be put up for tenure, and in August of 1988 she received a tentative offer, which she said she would accept when it became final, of an assistant professorship at Tufts.

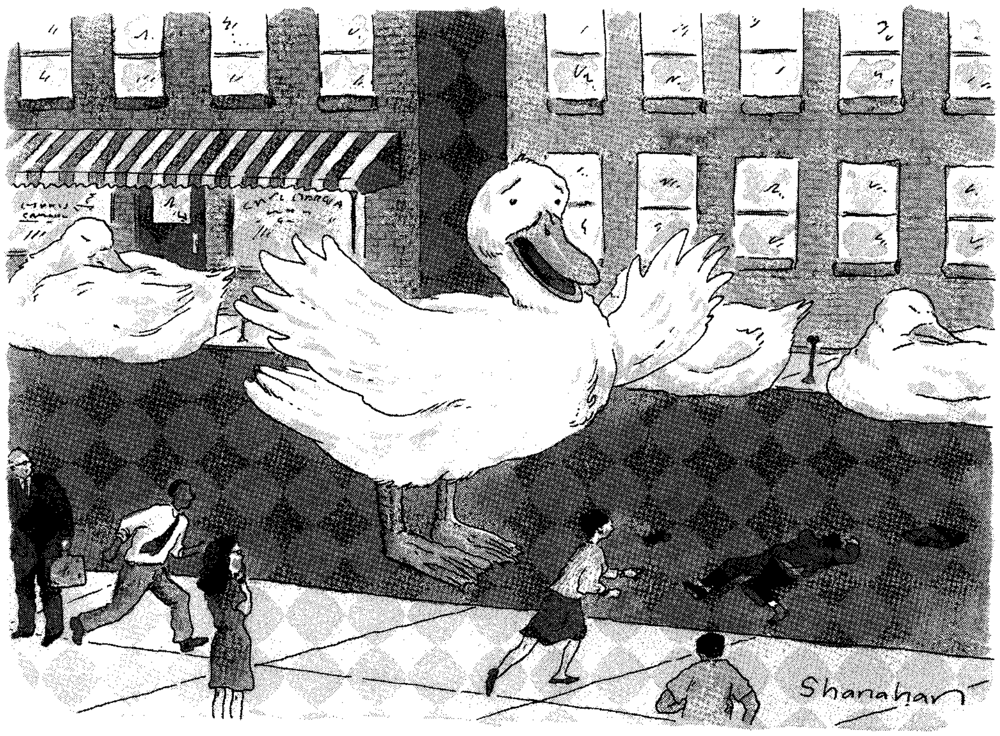
ONE way the body protects itself is by producing antibodies that latch on to and destroy an invading agent such as a virus or a bacterium. The variety of infectious agents that invade the body is enormous, and the most striking feature of the immune system is that it is capable of generating a comparably enormous range of antibodies. Antibody production is largely controlled by genes active in white blood cells. How and why these genes produce sufficient custom-tailored antibodies to ward off particular infectious agents is one of the great puzzles in science. Imanishi-Kari's NP system provided a way of getting at some of the details of the process. Mice injected with NP would produce distinctive antibodies with a distinctive chemical region, or signature—called an idiotype—on their surface.

For their experiments at M.I.T., Baltimore and Imanishi-Kari used a breed of "transgenic" mice that a biologist at Columbia University had developed by inserting the gene for an antibody to NP, with its distinctive idiotype, into the newly fertilized eggs of a normal mouse, which would have produced few, if any, antibodies of this type. The eggs were introduced into the wombs of surrogate-mother mice, and some of the eggs developed into the transgenic mice—mice that carried a foreign gene for the antibody to NP. What was startling about Baltimore and Imanishi-Kari's experiments was that in many of the cells they took from the transgenic mice antibodies with these idiotypes seemed to have been produced not by the transgene but by genes native to normal mice. Imanishi-Kari speculated that, through a process called idiotypic mimicry, the foreign gene had stimulated the abundant production of the antibodies that the mouse would have otherwise produced infrequently or not at all. The phenomenon seemed significant for both the science of immunology and, potentially, for medicine. It promised to illuminate further how genes produce antibodies, and suggested that antibody production might be varied in inventive ways.

A separate approach to the experiment was pursued by David Baltimore's postdoctoral fellow David Weaver, another of the *Cell* paper's coauthors. His molecular analysis of the genes of the mice complemented the accumulating data Imanishi-Kari was getting. Baltimore and Imanishi-Kari had different ideas about the mechanism that accounted for these results, but, whatever Baltimore's interpretative disagreements with her, he was convinced that the observations to be reported in the *Cell* paper in the spring of 1986 were genuine: two

"Never, ever do that again!"

independent lines of analysis had led to the same conclusion.



"You saw him, didn't you? Crazy guy stepped right in front of me! No way could I stop!"

On June 1, 1985, Imanishi-Kari welcomed Margot O'Toole to her laboratory and put her to work addressing the question of whether idiotypic mimicry might be provoked by interactions between cells. To that end, O'Toole's assignment was to isolate two types of white blood cells—T cells containing the transgene and normal B cells—and then to transfer a mixture of the two into a mouse whose immune system had been destroyed by radiation. O'Toole, who had experience with this procedure, was to test whether the normal B cells produced antibodies that displayed the NP idiotype. She worked with a woman named Moema Reis, a visiting scientist from Brazil, who was another of the collaborators on the research that led to the *Cell* paper. Reis, an expert in mouse genetics, was in charge of breeding mice for the various experiments under way in the laboratory.

In September, when enough mice were available, O'Toole started on the cell-transfer experiment. Her initial results were arresting. Using the same reagents—that is, chemical sensors—that Imanishi-Kari had employed, she detected antibodies with the telltale idiotype that appeared to come from the normal cells circulating in the mouse. "I was *sure* that I was onto something hot. I was on cloud nine. I thought this was the most important scientific thing that I had ever done," O'Toole says. She planned to publish three articles as a consequence of her work at M.I.T. "It was a very big deal in my life," she says now. "I was going to be able to be a scientist, which was a very iffy proposition at that point. I was really excited and delighted about the whole thing."

The delight was short-lived. O'Toole had to obtain confirmation of the cell-transfer experiment before it could be published, and, despite repeated attempts, she was unable to reproduce her original results. She believed that her problem centered on a particular reagent called Bet-1. Imanishi-Kari held that Bet-1 would discriminate between antibodies produced by the transgene and those produced by the mouse's native genes. (Bet-1 was used to recognize the antibody produced by the transgene, and AF-6-78, another reagent, was used to recognize the antibody produced by the native gene.) A graph in the *Cell* paper, identified as "Figure 1," summarized the sensory characteristics of both reagents. But in O'Toole's hands Bet-1 did not behave in conformity with the figure. She spent months struggling to make it work. "Bet-1 became absolutely an obsession with me," she says. Frustrated, she began to grow suspicious of Imanishi-Kari's data.

Imanishi-Kari, for her part, soon became irritated and dissatisfied with the younger scientist's work. "I kept telling her, 'You have to put on all these controls,' " Imanishi-Kari says. But she found it difficult to tell O'Toole what to do. "She was supposed to know more than I did in adoptive cell transfer."

Imanishi-Kari had informed O'Toole at the outset that she had only enough grant money available to employ her for a year. She says that she repeatedly urged her to apply for grants but that O'Toole did not seek any. O'Toole recalls Imanishi-Kari's urging her to apply for grants to pursue the cell-transfer research but also screaming at her to publish the preliminary results of another experiment, whose results O'Toole also doubted. O'Toole says that Imanishi-Kari berated her constantly, saying, "You'll never amount to anything. You'll never get a job. You'll be just one of those women the husband has to support."

Imanishi-Kari had been separated from her husband for four years, was in the process of getting a divorce, and was raising her daughter, who was then ten. She knew all about the conflicts that women scientists face. "You have to work very late," she says. "You have to work Saturday and Sunday without any distractions, let alone when you have distractions." She wondered whether O'Toole, who had had a son while working in Philadelphia, had the tenacity and the devotion to survive professionally. She says that during that year O'Toole often had to be away from the laboratory to take care of her child, and that she "was trying very hard to get another child and was having a lot of difficulties."

By early spring of 1986, the two scientists were barely speaking to each other. In April, around the time the *Cell* paper was published, Imanishi-Kari told O'Toole to confine herself to the care and breeding of the mice and do no more experiments. She says she didn't want

O'Toole to use expensive laboratory resources to no productive purpose. Imanishi-Kari began conducting the cell-transfer experiments herself, and O'Toole says that shortly thereafter Imanishi-Kari called her in and said, " 'Margot, look. There's really something here,' " showing her data that suggested the results O'Toole had been unable to get. Then Imanishi-Kari, sitting at her desk, went over the data with a pen. To O'Toole, who was looking over her shoulder, she appeared to be crossing out high measurements in mouse groups that she wanted to be low, and low measurements in those that she wanted to be high. " 'See, there's a real trend here,' " O'Toole recalls her saying. "She was really happy and perky. I was just astonished.

"Until that moment," O'Toole says, "I was frantic trying to make myself get the data. I was frantic trying to understand why I am not able to be a scientist. Watching her, I just had this utter feeling of tranquillity that I was not partaking because I would not partake." O'Toole adds, "She said, 'Bring me your data.' And then she went through my data and made them conform. She turned around to me and she said, 'So, what do you think?' Then she turned back. And this word came out of my mouth, spontaneous and genuine. It just escaped in a whisper out of my lips: 'Fascinating.' And she turned around to me and she looked in my eyes, and her eyes were smiling at me. And she liked me. And she pitied me. And she welcomed me back into the fold."

Imanishi-Kari says that she has no specific recollection of the encounter that O'Toole found so significant. "What I recall is that I went through her data myself, and then I made an ordered sheet of her own data, keeping order my way. I did not change her data." Nor, she said, did she ask O'Toole to manipulate her data.

O'Toole continued to brood over her failed cell-transfer experiments. "I just couldn't let go of trying to figure out what it was that I couldn't figure out. So one day—despite my absolute determination to keep the peace, and not rock the boat, and get out with my tail in one piece—without even thinking about it, I said to her, 'Well, Thereza, why do you think that Bet-1 worked for you and it didn't work for me?' And she laughed and she said, 'It works the same for us as it does for you.' " Imanishi-Kari says that the remark, if she made it, was likely an offhand declaration that Bet-1 was working for her and that it was working for O'Toole, too—if she would only handle it properly. O'Toole, however, heard it as an admission that the reagent did not work at all.

On Wednesday, May 7, 1986, O'Toole opened one of Moema Reis's notebooks to look up some mouse-breeding data and stumbled on a cluster of pages—seventeen of them—that looked like a record of some of the key experiments that had been published in the *Cell* paper. She says that by then she knew the paper by heart: "I had studied this better than I had studied anything before in my life. I would weep over this, saying, 'Why can't I get the same result?' " When she saw the columns of numbers on the seventeen pages, the thought flashed into her mind that Bet-1 did not do the job that Figure 1 said it did. The numbers did not support certain experimental results reported in Table 2 and Table 3 in the *Cell* paper, and the discrepancies suggested to her that the paper's central findings might be flawed.

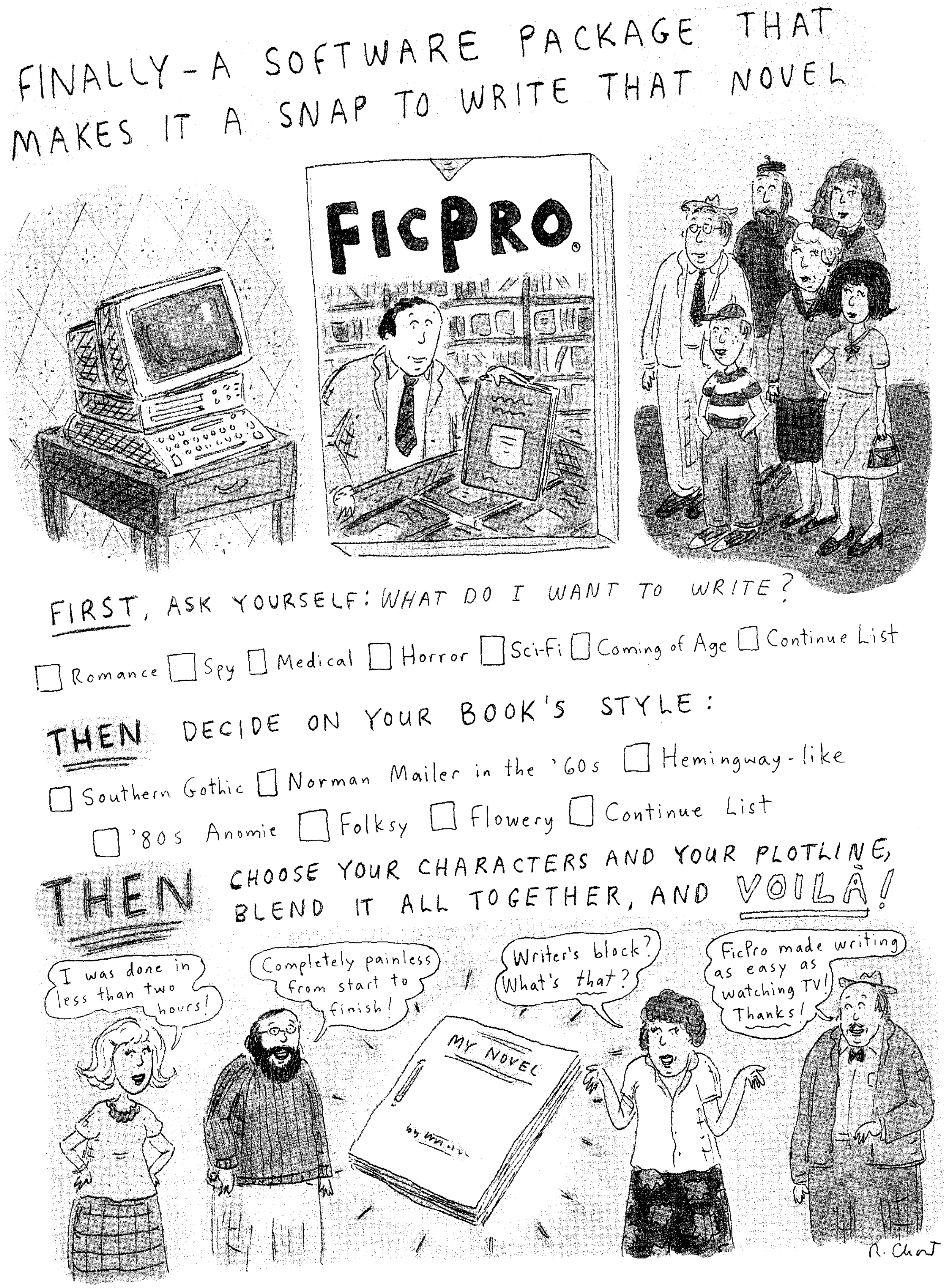
On May 9th, O'Toole told Brigitte Huber, a friend and one of her mentors at Tufts, about the seventeen pages and the problems they raised. Huber decided to pursue the matter with Henry Wortis and Robert Woodland, an immunologist at the University of Massachusetts Medical Center, in Worcester. O'Toole hadn't charged that the paper was fraudulent—only that it was marked by serious errors. She told me that she had been "bending over backwards to be accommodating, to be responsible, to be nonconfrontational," and she added, "I was definitely sure she"—Imanishi-Kari—"was guilty of self-deceit. But is that fraud? I certainly didn't think that I was supposed to be the one to make that call."

In two meetings in Imanishi-Kari's laboratory during the next two weeks—the first without O'Toole, the second with her—Wortis and his colleagues examined the *Cell* paper's claims. O'Toole said at the second meeting that she now had an alternative explanation—one different from idiotypic mimicry—of how the transgenic mice produced NP-specific antibodies. Imanishi-Kari told O'Toole that if she wanted to believe in her interpretation of what happened in the transgenic mice she was free to do so. O'Toole stood, said that she was satisfied, and offered to shake hands with Imanishi-Kari. But Imanishi-Kari refused.

As far as Wortis, Woodland, and Huber were concerned, Imanishi-Kari had responded satisfactorily. They had discovered two errors: the *Cell* paper somewhat overstated the ability of Bet-1 to discriminate between antibodies produced by the transgene and those produced by native genes in the transgenic mouse, and it mistakenly reported that a certain test had been done on the mouse cells from Table 2 that in fact had been done on other cells. O'Toole wanted the errors corrected publicly, but the investigators felt that correction was unnecessary, since they were minor and neither error determined the central claim of the paper; in fact, when Bet-1 erred, it did so by mistakenly identifying antibodies produced by the native genes as having come from a transgene, thus overestimating the production of antibodies by the transgene, which was the opposite of the result Imanishi-Kari was looking for. She would have had no reason to overstate Bet-1's discriminatory power.

O'Toole, dissatisfied that no correction would be published, obtained another hearing on her criticisms—this one at M.I.T., under the guidance of Herman Eisen, a respected senior immunologist. Baltimore, Imanishi-Kari, O'Toole, and David Weaver explored O'Toole's complaints for two hours late in the afternoon of June 16th. Weaver says that the air was tense but that Baltimore and Eisen were solicitous of O'Toole, recognizing that it was no doubt difficult for her to press her quarrels with the paper on its two most senior authors, one of whom was a Nobel laureate. Baltimore says that he came to the meeting unfamiliar with the antibody tests that Imanishi-Kari had done at the level of detail at which O'Toole analyzed them. "It was the kind of work I didn't know how to do, had never done, and I had collaborated with Imanishi-Kari for that reason." Baltimore was troubled to learn about the problems with Bet-1 but concluded that the reagent worked well enough for the experiment. The discussion revealed that the misstatement about Table 2 had occurred because Baltimore had got some general information about transgenic mouse cells from Imanishi-Kari and had mistakenly thought it referred to the specific cells in Table 2.

Baltimore thought that the data in the seventeen pages were inconclusive with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regard to O’Toole’s view of the *Cell* paper: they represented only a small part of the data from Imanishi-Kari’s lab, and, in any case, as with much experimental data, the use and interpretation of the over-all body of results demanded what science often requires—the exercise of judgment and imagination. “I was satisfied that what we knew up to that point was appropriately represented in the paper,” Baltimore says. “Maybe someday it was going to turn out that there was a wrong interpretation on the basis that Margot was suggesting, and maybe not. But you weren’t going to answer the questions by arguing about them. You could only answer them with further research.” Baltimore suggested that O’Toole pursue the normal means of airing scientific disputes by writing a letter to *Cell* that outlined her views. He also suggested further experiments that might be done to test her theory. O’Toole said later that she thought that Baltimore’s expression of opposition to her ideas would prevent a letter being published in *Cell.*

O’Toole, her one-year appointment in Imanishi-Kari’s lab now at an end, had in mind working with her husband at Tufts, but Henry Wortis recalls telling Brodeur, “Anyone who thinks that Thereza and Margot could coexist in the same department without fireworks would have to be crazy.” She was now pregnant with her second child, and she went to work for her brother, who ran a business called the Gentle Giant Moving Company. There she set up a computerized-dispatching system for him. While awaiting the birth, she remained in touch with Brigitte Huber, the friend at Tufts who had alerted Henry Wortis to O’Toole’s complaints. Huber had participated in the subsequent investigation, and it was she who had conveyed to O’Toole the news that no correction would be published. Her two children were close in age to O’Toole’s son, and she remembers that on a visit to the Museum of Science in Boston that fall, with their children in tow, O’Toole “blasted me for what I had done to her career. I felt attacked by her continuously.”

O’TOOLE had also talked to another scientist, Charles Maplethorpe, about her doubts about the *Cell* paper’s data. Maplethorpe had spent several bitter years at M.I.T. working on his Ph.D. under the supervision of Thereza Imanishi-Kari and had finally received it the preceding summer. It was said that he hated her. He had read an article in the *Times* about two scientists at the National Institutes of Health, Ned Feder and Walter W. Stewart, who had written a controversial paper, as yet unpublished, on a case of scientific misbehavior. Without telling O’Toole, who had asked him to keep her doubts about the *Cell* paper in confidence, he telephoned Feder.

In the mid-sixties, Walter Stewart was a brilliant undergraduate in physics and chemistry at Harvard, where he met Ned Feder, who, seventeen years his senior, was then a member of the biology faculty. In 1968, after trying graduate work for a year, Stewart found a niche in Feder’s laboratory at the N.I.H. Three years later, he began to referee papers submitted to *Nature*, and he scrutinized one submission closely enough to determine that its claim—which was that learned behavior could be transferred from the brain of one animal to another through a chemical called scotophobin—had not been demonstrated by the experiments its authors had done. He scored something of a coup when *Nature* published his rebuttal alongside the article. He was only twenty-seven. “The model of science is supposed to be free and open debate”—the phrase is a rallying cry for Stewart and Feder—“but there’s much too little debate,” he says.

At the N.I.H., Stewart developed useful dyes for the study of cell structure. Over a number of years, he and Feder filled hundreds of notebooks with data on the nerve cells of thousands of inbred snails, but they kept what they learned pretty much to themselves. Their output was low by N.I.H. standards, but in the mid-eighties they began to capture attention—in what was a kind of return to Stewart’s scotophobin triumph—for an early version of the paper that would earn them the *Times* story that Charles Maplethorpe read.

Stewart and Feder had investigated the work of John R. Darsee, a young researcher in cardiology who had been found guilty of scientific fraud in 1982. He had published over a hundred papers, with forty-seven coauthors. Stewart and Feder concluded that many of the coauthors had known, or should have known, that Darsee’s data were false, and they suggested that a systematic study of the scientific literature was in order. John

AN OPENING IN THE LARGEST CITY

The lovers look perfectly natural
next to these atrocious paintings
of the Sea of Okhotsk and the Sea of Marmara:
I’m the one who needs a prop,
an invitation or just a wineglass.
I’ve worked all my life on this mask
of fascinated suffering, still a guard
might arrive at any minute and whisper,
and I’d have to nod, summoned.

Occasionally a distinguished guest
pauses to peer in a gilt frame
and whisper: *Extraordinary.*

All these seas are dead.
I can see my face reflected
in the terribly thick patina,
and the arc of her cigarette:
the trick is not to focus
on the foreground, the linseed scumble,
the knowing brushstrokes that convey
order, chaos, a misty shore
and the attraction of irresistible winds.

—D. NURKSE

Maddox, the editor of *Nature*, told the *Times* that, while he thought Darsee's coauthors had been "careless" rather than "dishonest in any active sense," Stewart and Feder's analysis contained "enough horrors to make people sit up on the edge of their chairs." (In January, 1987, Maddox published the paper in *Nature*, but included a critique from one of the coauthors and noted editorially that Stewart and Feder "have not understood that the unfettered right to publish scientific data does not equate with a right to denigrate others' character.") In fact, people were sitting up enough to make the two N.I.H. scientists see a future in fraud busting. Many of their colleagues thought that this sort of thing was inappropriate for research scientists, but Stewart and Feder had got authorization to proceed nevertheless. Eventually, they threw out their snails.

In the summer of 1986, after Maplethorpe's talk with Feder, Stewart called O'Toole and asked if she was satisfied with what had been decided in her meetings with the scientists from Tufts and M.I.T. She said no, and he told her that he and Feder wanted a copy of the seventeen notebook pages, so that they could analyze the data themselves. O'Toole, worried that reopening the matter would jeopardize her husband's career at Tufts, refused to provide them. Stewart and Feder kept after her for weeks, telling her that she had a professional obligation to come forward if she possessed unique information showing that a published paper was probably wrong. In September, O'Toole finally mailed Stewart and Feder a copy of the seventeen pages.

O'Toole says that Stewart went about mastering the arcana of the *Cell*-paper experiments "like a tiger," calling her at home and at the Gentle Giant Moving Company for advice and guidance. He and Feder soon concluded, for much the same reasons as O'Toole, that the *Cell* paper's "experimental results not only failed to support [the] main conclusions, but in many cases actually contradicted these conclusions." On December 18th, they wrote to the coauthors, saying that they had conducted "a partial internal audit" of the *Cell* paper using copies of seemingly relevant laboratory records they had obtained from "a scientist," that the paper seemed problematic by this reckoning, and that they wished access to more of the records so as to "perform a more thorough analysis."

Baltimore, who had thought that the matter of the *Cell* paper was closed, assumed that O'Toole had reopened it. As the coauthors' spokesman, he replied to Stewart and Feder that he saw no point in coöperating with them, because he was satisfied that the data fell "within the norms of scientific evidence" despite the questions raised about them by "a discontented postdoctoral fellow."

For months, Stewart and Feder bombarded the coauthors with letters and calls, asking, unsuccessfully, for data and documents. During this time, Baltimore apparently lost his temper in a telephone conversation with Stewart. According to Stewart, he characterized O'Toole as pursuing a "personal vendetta," accused Stewart and Feder of having written a "vicious" manuscript, and said that he might sue both of them for "harassment and libel."

In mid-March, in a letter to J. Edward Rall, the N.I.H.'s Deputy Director for Intramural Research, Baltimore suggested a course of action which he had urged on Stewart during their tempestuous telephone conversation—that Rall appoint "a couple of immunologists" to examine Stewart and Feder's assessments, on the understanding that if the *Cell* paper passed muster again Stewart and Feder would apologize and henceforth shut up about the subject. On April 1st, senior officials at the N.I.H. asked the agency's misconduct office to handle the case. While they declined to muzzle Stewart and Feder forever, they forbade them to submit their analysis of the *Cell* paper to any scientific journal until the matter was resolved.

Stewart and Feder fought back, broadcasting the details of their investigation to scientists across the country. In mid-July, the American Civil Liberties Union successfully intervened on Stewart and Feder's behalf. Stewart and Feder took to airing their report on the *Cell* paper in talks on college campuses. They were permitted to submit a revised version of their analysis to *Cell*, but *Cell* turned it down. *Science* also rejected it. Meanwhile, the N.I.H. formed an investigative panel to assess the *Cell* paper.

At this point, the stakes in the Baltimore case went up: Congress got involved. Early in 1988, Stewart and Feder discussed the case with Peter Stockton and Bruce Chafin, who worked under Representative John D. Dingell, a Democrat from Michigan. He chaired the Energy and Commerce committee, which had jurisdiction over the budget for the National Institutes of Health. (In 1988, this was more than six billion dollars and rising.) Dingell was an aggressive pursuer of people he thought were wrongly benefitting from their access to taxpayers' money. He used the Subcommittee on Oversight and Investigations to go after extravagant defense contractors, corrupt bureaucrats, and illegal influence peddlers with ferocious and, usually, successful tenacity. Congressional insiders liked to say that he inspected the front seats after a hearing to see how much sweat the witnesses had left.

Dingell and his aides, Stockton and Chafin, had been looking for an unresolved case of a research institution covering up scientific misdeeds, and after talking to Stewart and Feder they scheduled a hearing for April 12th on fraud in N.I.H. grant programs. The witnesses were to include several officials from the institutes and also Stewart, Feder, Charles Maplethorpe, and Margot O'Toole.

David Baltimore heard about the imminent hearing from reporters who called him for comments even before Stockton and Chafin talked with him about it. On April 10th, he opened his Boston *Sunday Globe* and was mortified to find an article that prominently displayed both his picture and an opinion about the *Cell* paper from Stockton: "It's hard to tell if it's error or fraud. At certain times, it appears to be fraud and other times, misrepresentation." By now, Dingell's staff had met Margot O'Toole, and they thought that they had an exemplary case of a coverup of scientific misdeeds. "Here was someone chewed up by the system," Chafin says. "Here was a perfect object lesson."

At the subcommittee hearing on April 12th, O'Toole said that she was reluctant to testify. She said later that she had been scared, and she was doubtless worried about endangering her husband's career at Tufts. She told the subcommittee that during the inquiries in 1986 her "assertions that the data did not support the published claims were completely confirmed"—although both investigative bodies had decided that the data she disputed were more than adequate. Stewart

Victoria Roberts

"I'm sending you to summer camp."

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and Feder entered their analysis of the *Cell* paper into the record of the hearing, thus achieving a kind of publication of that analysis, and selectively summarized their findings, testifying that "in a number of crucial cases" the paper gave "an inaccurate and, in fact, misleading picture of the underlying data"; that the reports of the investigations at Tufts and M.I.T. were "seriously defective," with certain issues "ignored or treated evasively"; and that when they had tried to discuss O'Toole's allegations with Baltimore he "attacked her character and motives," and went on to assail them "personally" and threaten them with legal action.

THE Dingell subcommittee's behavior touched sensitive nerves in Baltimore which had a great deal to do with his personal history and his political sensibilities. His parents, the children of poor Jewish immigrants to New York, had prospered enough from his father's work in the garment district to move to Great Neck, Long Island. Politics and public affairs were a staple of family conversation. Both his parents had strong left-wing sympathies, Baltimore says, but "they were both proud of the fact that they had not involved themselves in the Communist Party in the thirties." While neither they nor their friends had thought of themselves as likely targets of McCarthyism in the fifties, they'd seen the McCarthy hearings as an attack on left-leaning people like themselves.

Baltimore became passionately interested in biology in high school. Upon going on to Swarthmore, he taught himself molecular biology there, for it was a new field and the college offered no courses in it. He whizzed to a doctorate at Rockefeller University in 1964, at age twenty-six, and then went to work at the Salk Institute, in La Jolla, California. He says that he liked the outdoor life there but found the political conservatism increasingly irritating. With the escalation of the war in Vietnam, he became politically active, and in 1967 when he got an offer to join the M.I.T. faculty he took it.

By 1970, Baltimore had accomplished the work for which he would win the Nobel. He remained politically engaged, supporting civil rights and women's rights. He encouraged young women scientists, and a number of those he has trained now hold academic positions in universities across the country. One of them is his wife, Alice Huang. She was his postdoctoral student at Salk, became a full professor at the Harvard Medical School, and is now Dean for Science at New York University.

The Dingell subcommittee's attack on Imanishi-Kari, a foreigner who lacked the connections and the fluency in English to defend herself effectively, offended Baltimore deeply. In mid-May of 1988, he sent a lengthy letter to some four hundred colleagues around the country defending the *Cell* paper and lambasting Stewart and Feder, not least for drawing sweeping conclusions about the paper on the basis of seventeen pages out of the thousand or so that had been produced for it. Baltimore explained that, besides wanting to clear his name and the names of his co-authors, he felt compelled to warn the scientific community that "a small group of outsiders" threatened to use "this once-small, normal scientific dispute" to "cripple American science."

Baltimore believed that the outsiders had a distorted idea of how science really works. No honest scientist fabricates or falsifies data, but it is naïve to think that some unsought truth will leap out, clearly and unambiguously, from the data. Insight and creative evaluation are needed. Studies have indicated that, in arriving at his laws of heredity, Gregor Mendel exercised selective judgment and that the American physicist Robert A. Millikan, in the research on the electron for which he won the 1923 Nobel Prize in Physics, did, too. If they had been wrong, they would have paid the price in their reputations. Some analysts have, indeed, found Mendel and Millikan candidates for fraud charges, and perhaps Representative Dingell, if he had been given the chance, would have gone further.

Margot O'Toole felt that Imanishi-Kari's belief in idiotypic mimicry led her to overlook data that raised difficulties. But in fact O'Toole's initial charge that the *Cell* paper misrepresented its experimental undergirdings called Imanishi-Kari to account partly because she simply decided that those ambiguities were not of consequence. She had solid analytical reasons for doing so, but O'Toole didn't acknowledge this. Dingell was in any case interested only in the fact that the paper contained errors. He seemed not to know that errors vary in their scientific significance, that evaluating their meaning involves critical judgment, and that discrimination in the use of data is a feature of scientific inquiry. In his letter to his colleagues, Baltimore warned that new laws and regulations could have a chilling effect on intellectual life. He saw "this affair as symptomatic, warning us to be vigilant to such threats, because our research community is fragile, easily attacked, difficult to defend, easily undermined."

IN the succeeding months, reactions from scientists spilled into the press, and tended to favor Baltimore. Representative Dingell and his staff were widely accused of scientific McCarthyism. Stewart and Feder were decried as off-the-wall vigilantes. After the congressional hearing, they had been detailed to Dingell's subcommittee, and the principal coauthors of the *Cell* paper were asked to send in documents relating to the case. Dingell subpoenaed everything they might have that was even remotely related—original data, calculations and notes, laboratory notebooks, correspondence, and copies of grant applications. Baltimore and Weaver sent in their materials promptly, but Imanishi-Kari was dilatory in sending in hers, partly because they were a disorderly hodgepodge of file folders and spiral notebooks which she had collected in a box, and partly because she needed them to respond to the N.I.H. investigation. Baltimore's lawyer advised her to organize her materials, and she arranged a lot of her data in a single notebook and sent the notebook with the rest to Washington in July.

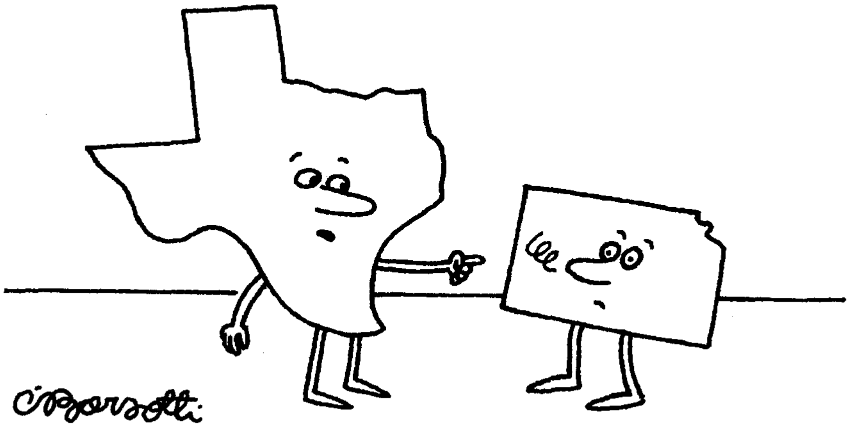
In mid-November, Baltimore, Imanishi-Kari, Weaver, and O'Toole received a draft of the N.I.H.'s report on the *Cell* paper. The judgment was unambiguous: "No evidence of fraud, conscious misrepresentation, or manipulation of data was found." The report did say that "significant errors of misstatement and omission, as well as lapses in scientific judgment and interlaboratory communication," had been discovered, by which were meant the overstatement concerning the specificity of Bet-1, an ambiguity in the description of what had been measured in Table 2, and the misstatement concerning the test on the mouse cells in Table 2. Baltimore and three of his coauthors had already published a letter in *Cell* clarifying their statements about Bet-1 and Table 2. The N.I.H. wanted them to publish further clarification, along with additional data, including a report of corroborating data that Imanishi-Kari said she had taken in June of 1985—later termed the "June subcloning data"—to replace the Table 2 results. They did so, although they got permission to include the June subcloning data as a supplement to Table 2 rather than as a replacement for it. When the final N.I.H. report was released, on January 31, 1989, Baltimore told reporters that he felt "vindicated."

To Representative Dingell and his staff, however, the N.I.H. report was far from the final word. To show that the handling of fraud and misconduct by the scientific community was unsatisfactory, they would have to demonstrate that the inquiries at Tufts and M.I.T. into O'Toole's challenges and also the N.I.H. investigation had been inadequate—to prove, in short, that O'Toole was right. At Cold Spring Harbor, New York, that January, during a meeting of scientists and congressional staffers convened to discuss scientific fraud, Stewart outraged many in the audience by writing "Holocaust" on the blackboard and saying, in so many words, that people who stood by while misconduct occurred and whistle-blowers suffered were tantamount to Good Germans. An official at the N.I.H. told me that he went to Capitol Hill to talk things over with Stockton and several other members of Dingell's staff. "I felt that if they could have dropped an atom bomb on M.I.T. . . . they would have done it," he said. "They were on a mission. They didn't have any perspective. They wanted to get somebody, and they wanted to make a big hit."

STEWART says that at about this time it dawned on him that the three principal coauthors at M.I.T., the three scientists at Tufts, and Herman Eisen must have decided to "lie about the facts"—that "seven people had conspired to conceal a really important thing, to the enormous detriment of O'Toole." He says that when he finally sorted through all the documents he knew "instantly" that something was funny about them. He says he told the staff that he "thought this stuff was forged, and they said, 'Figure out a way of proving it.' " He pursued his task assiduously, obtaining considerable help from O'Toole, with whom he spoke for hours on the telephone. He says that in four or five months he managed "to construct really tight arguments" to prove his case, but that the arguments were all scientific, too arcane to sell to the public.

Dingell's staff decided to call in the Secret Service for help. The Secret Service has considerable experience in the detection of falsified documents, since its duties include the enforcement of laws against counterfeiting cash, identification documents, and food stamps. But the agency rarely did this sort of work for Congress or dealt with the type of material that was in the notebooks in this case.

By April of 1989, the Secret Service seemed to have come up with the kind of evidence that Dingell's people were looking for. Its representatives reported to the subcommittee that some of the notes on experiments were misdated and out of sequence, and that other dates had been changed. Dingell called a hearing for early May, and invited Baltimore, Imanishi-Kari, and David Weaver to Washington so they could be briefed beforehand. During their briefings, they were given a short memo outlining the Secret Service findings, but the complex forensic analyses were only presented orally, making them difficult to follow. Under these circumstances, the coauthors decided not to respond until they had more opportunity to study the findings. Several days later, in a meeting with Baltimore, Weaver, some people from N.I.H., and several lawyers, Imanishi-Kari was asked by Baltimore if



"Ooh, you have a tornado right there."

she realized what Dingell had been getting at: that she had not only misrepresented experiments but had made them up out of whole cloth. Indeed, the term "fakery" had been used during the briefing. Imanishi-Kari answered that she knew "exactly how these experiments were done, and I know how much fucking shitwork I did for this. Right? And if I like to fake, I would do a better job than this. There are easier ways to do this."

At the Dingell-subcommittee hearing, on May 4th, the Tufts, M.I.T., and N.I.H. investigators all defended their findings that the *Cell* paper was scientifically reputable. Imanishi-Kari accounted for the out-of-sequence ordering of the data in her notebook by explaining that she was often too busy in her laboratory to record original data—often consisting of tapes printed out by radiation counters—in her notebooks until sometimes months after she had done an experiment. She simply filed the data or left them lying around for a while. She said that the Secret Service analyses made "no sense," that they seemed to be claiming merely "that I am not a neat person," which, she added, was true. She emphasized that, although her notes might seem "messy," she knew "where they are and how to read them," and "that's what's important." She also pointed out that the pages whose dating the Secret Service called into question appeared to contain no data that had been published in the *Cell* paper—a surmise that later proved largely correct.

David Baltimore said during the hearings that he understood the subcommittee's right to "demand accountability for government funding of scientific research," but he attacked its press leaks and its "prosecutorial style." He denounced Walter Stewart's "pernicious" data audits and censured him for "the loathsome comparison of scientific fraud, of which he accuses me, to the Nazi Holocaust."

Around 7 P.M., after nine hours of testimony, Dingell, beginning to sum up, chided the *Cell* paper's principal coauthors for not coöperating and, in particular, for refusing to respond to the findings of the Secret Service prior to the hearing. He chastised Baltimore for his "rather ringing attack upon this committee," pointing to Baltimore's claim that he had been charged with fraud—a claim that Dingell said was "untrue"—and to his "allegation" that "some of the persons involved in these matters were behaving in a fashion worthy of Hitler." Subcommittee watchers say that Dingell arranges to have the last word, with closing statements that are intended to be unanswerable and unanswered. However, as Dingell raised his gavel to end the proceedings, Baltimore asked for a chance to respond. "I *was* charged with fraud," he said, passing up to Dingell a copy of the Boston *Globe* story with its headline on the 1988 hearing and its quotation from Stockton. He picked up an article from *Science* that described Stewart's behavior and read it aloud, his voice low and shaking with fury. Stewart's comparison of scientific fraud to the Holocaust and his likening of scientists who looked the other way to Good Germans were, the journal noted, "not the best analogy to use before an audience of scientists, where more than a few are Jewish." Dingell soon closed the hearing and left.

MEANWHILE, owing both to Dingell's continued pressure and Margot O'Toole's tenacity, the Baltimore case was being reopened at the N.I.H. When O'Toole saw the draft of the N.I.H. report exonerating Imanishi-Kari of misconduct in November of 1988, she had protested that it was "wholly inadequate." She claimed that the June subcloning had not been done, and asked to see the original data for Figure 1 herself. The N.I.H. supplied most of what she wanted, except for certain raw data for the figure, which Moema Reis said had been entered directly on the original figure in her notebook. Around this time, just before the Dingell-subcommittee hearing on May 4, 1989, the Secret Service briefed the N.I.H. on its findings that Imanishi-Kari's notebooks might have been faked. The N.I.H. found their allegations, coupled with O'Toole's attack on their own report, unsettling. At the end of April, N.I.H. officials told Dingell's staff that it was initiating a detailed audit of all Imanishi-Kari's data, and was placing special emphasis on forensic analysis of the notebooks.

Bruce Singal, Imanishi-Kari's lawyer, had pointed out earlier that, even though she had often transcribed her data into her notebooks long after she did an experiment, the radiation-counter tapes had been generated at the time the experiment was performed. Dingell instructed the Se-

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SHOWCASE BY CHRIS CALLIS

TOUGH ACT

WHEN she wants to turn up the volume, Lindsay Duncan, one of England's most popular leading ladies, can roar with the best of them, as she did in her rowdy "Merry Wives of Windsor" during a 1986 stint with the Royal Shakespeare Company. Here, as "proud Titania" (she doubles as Hippolyta) in the R.S.C.'s vivacious "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Lunt-Fontanne until May 26th, the fair-skinned, fine-boned Duncan is captured in a moment of wide-eyed operatic anger. But in fact Duncan's defining dramatic quality is something less vulgar and more delicate; she has a distinctively elegant English reserve. "I'm a slow cooker," she says of her deliberate, mulling-it-over way of working on her characters. "I'm not a very aggressive performer. I tend to come to the boil rather slowly."

Duncan doesn't shirk the darker sides of her characters. She turned in a terrifying performance as an emotionally abusive mother in David Mamet's brilliant "The Cryptogram," in the West End last year: the character's steely detachment played well against Duncan's seraphic looks. She makes an audience come to her, and this gives her performances a sense of mystery. It also makes her very sexy onstage—a quality she has exploited to award-winning effect as the lethal, manipulative Mme. de Merteuil in "Les Liaisons Dangereuses," on Broadway and in the West End ("I'll never get over my good fortune at meeting that part"), and as the stiff-necked, nervy Maggie in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof," at the Royal National Theatre. In the fall, Duncan will appear opposite Stephen Rea in Harold Pinter's new full-length play, "Ashes to Ashes," in London.

"You feel you're part of something, not on the sidelines turning over words and effects," she says of her work in groundbreaking plays like the Mamet and the Pinter. "You're in touch with something important. It's thrilling. You can't coast." Not that she would. Duncan's gift is for going deep, not for staying on the surface.

—JOHN LAHR

Lindsay Duncan,
New York City, May 2, 1996.

cret Service to try to determine whether what Singal said was true.

The N.I.H. had recently established an Office of Scientific Integrity, to prove that the agency could handle issues of fraud without Dingell. In June, Margot O'Toole wrote to Brian Kimes, the acting director of the O.S.I., that evidence she had been sent by the N.I.H. revealed "that the experimental findings shown in Figure 1 of the *Cell* paper have been falsified." Kimes decided during the summer that the O.S.I. investigation would include O'Toole's charge that the June subcloning had never been done. He also decided that the O.S.I. should, in its investigation, obtain the assistance of O'Toole herself.

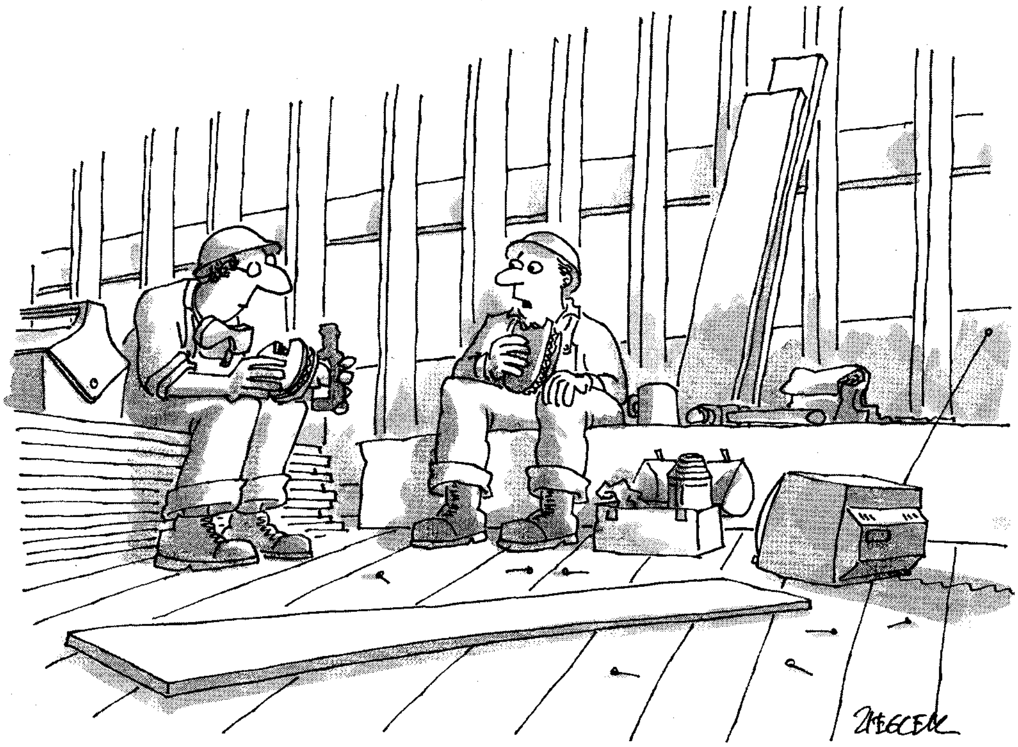
Brian Kimes is a forthright, level-headed, boyishly handsome man, a biochemist by training, who loves science and the N.I.H., where he has been a research administrator in the National Cancer Institute for some twenty years. He took the temporary job of setting up the O.S.I. reluctantly, and remembers telling James B. Wyngaarden, the director of the N.I.H., that "it was not my ambition to send scientists up the river." He recalls that at the beginning the professional staff was tiny, just two scientists and an administrator. They were overburdened with a backlog of scores of cases and didn't have much of a sense of how the office should operate. Suzanne Hadley, a research psychologist who was a veteran of scientific-misconduct investigations elsewhere at the N.I.H., quickly assumed a major role. "She would dig into the case like a detective," Kimes says. "I felt that she was obsessed a little bit with it, and she was not keeping her balance and perspective at the time."

N.I.H. officials were concerned that the agency not appear remiss in the Baltimore case. "We were taking a lot of hits from Dingell on this with the public," Kimes says. "Wyngaarden was extremely worried about the politics of it, because those are things that could impact all of the N.I.H. It was a very uncomfortable situation." He recalls that the O.S.I. staff was "always under the watch of Dingell." He "could subpoena anything. He could get anything from our office any time he wanted," and his staff leaked material to the press, including "very confidential, private information" about people who, like Imanishi-Kari, were merely under investigation. "They were totally unethical," he says.

Kimes's office had agreed to let Margot O'Toole share the materials that the O.S.I. accumulated, and he asked her to draw up a written list of allegations concerning them, even though "at the time she felt she had been messed around with so much that there was very little way that you could get a totally rational discussion out of her." He thought that she would understand the data, although "we weren't relying on her comments." He says that the case was "so political" that "to try to exclude her from everything would have made us look like bad guys." Early in November, 1989, she submitted eighteen allegations, declaring that the notebooks "do now contain records which purport to substantiate the claims I challenge, but these records are totally fabricated in some instances, and significantly falsified in others. I have therefore made a charge of fraud."

O'Toole's lengthy conversations with Stewart and her sense of having been "messed around with" formed the background for her move from accusations of error to allegations of fraud. She believed that her efforts to get the *Cell* paper corrected had earned her only alienation and injury. At the hearing held by Dingell's subcommittee in 1988, she said that she had broken with "many people I have admired . . . and some who were my friends," and that the dispute had "halted my career, disrupted my social milieu, and had a devastating effect on my life." Henry Wortis says that even now O'Toole never comes to social events in the Tufts pathology department, where her husband works. Under ordinary circumstances, the department would be a sustaining part of her professional family, and Wortis, as her doctoral adviser, would be a professional paterfamilias. But the bitter circumstances of the Baltimore case have cut her off from what would have been natural relationships, and had very likely put the dispute at the emotional center of her life.

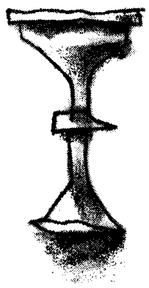
O'Toole's cluster of resentments had expanded far beyond her belief that she had been professionally betrayed by the overstated claims for Bet-1. It was now much too late to remedy that slight. If Baltimore and the others had shown in the beginning that they took her seriously by publishing a correction for Bet-1, Stockton told me, "They could have been out of the whole



"We begin the day hammering. Then there's 'Regis and Kathie Lee.' Then we do some more hammering, followed by lunch and 'Days of Our Lives,' more hammering, 'Oprah,' and, finally, home."

fucking thing. Absolutely nobody would have ever heard of this. They could have made O'Toole probably happier than shit." But now O'Toole felt personally insulted by Baltimore's angry private characterization of her to Stewart and by a report from Stewart that Eisen had called some of her objections to the *Cell* paper "pretty incoherent." What appeared to bother her even more was a conviction that she had been professionally smeared. In December of 1986, shortly after Stewart and Feder approached the coauthors for access to their data, Eisen had written a report of the M.I.T. inquiry in which he stated that O'Toole's "allegations of misrepresentation" raised issues that for the most part turned on "matters of judgment" and revealed no evidence of fraud or misconduct. O'Toole eventually obtained a copy of the report and read it to mean that she had levelled an unfounded charge of fraud against Imanishi-Kari, even though she had scrupulously confined her initial challenge to error. She told the Dingell subcommittee that she had been portrayed as "a person who had raised ridiculous and trivial and unsubstantiated allegations against my supervisor for vindictive reasons." O'Toole's correspondence with N.I.H. officials was laced with similar complaints, including the claim that the N.I.H. panel report was "damaging" to her and that senior scientists had been "campaigning" against her and saying that she "was not telling the truth." Her allegations were embedded in an account of the dispute that was thoroughly self-justifying. She says that she was fighting for her reputation, her sense of who she was.

BEGINNING in the summer of 1989, the O.S.I. invited Imanishi-Kari to coöperate in the investigation, asking her to index her notebooks and to provide certain other information. She recently told me that she had been reluctant to do so, since the supplemental material she had given to the N.I.H.—notably the June subcloning data—was being used as the basis for fraud charges. Bruce Singal, her lawyer, had told the O.S.I. several times that his client would not respond unless she was provided with a specific list of the charges against her and the evidence supporting them. He was unable to get a full list from the O.S.I., even after April 11, 1990, when the N.I.H. terminated one of Imanishi-Kari's research grants—a rare event at the agency—without explanation other than an allusion to the evidence that the O.S.I. was accumulating against her. The Secret Service reported to Dingell that Imanishi-Kari's radiation-counter tapes were not consistent with the putative dates of her experiments. All told, the information she was given about the investigation was vague and incomplete. In July and October, 1990, Singal nevertheless permitted Imanishi-Kari to respond to the O.S.I., because, he said, she wanted to defend her reputation.



Imanishi-Kari was, to all intents and purposes, prevented from mounting a genuine defense. The O.S.I. combined the duties of investigator, prosecutor, judge, and jury, and pursued them all in the manner of the Star Chamber. Both during and after the investigation, Imanishi-Kari was denied the right to see the evidence, the right to learn what witnesses said, and the right to cross-examine them. The burden of proof was on the accused rather than on the accuser.

The Office of Scientific Integrity, Orwellian in name, justified its procedures with an Orwellian logic. The reason that those under investigation could not be given access to their original data was that they might alter it. The reason they could not confront witnesses against them was that their doing so might discourage whistle-blowers. And in this case the whistle-blower had, in effect, become part of the prosecution. O'Toole was asked to provide an assessment of new evidence when it was received. She was given information from the Secret Service reports and had detailed knowledge of the notebooks, which she used during the investigation to bolster her allegations of fraud.

Suzanne Hadley had taken over the investigation after Brian Kimes returned to the National Cancer Institute. He thinks that, once the balance he had provided was gone, Hadley's obsession with misconduct began dominating the O.S.I. Hadley "identified with whistle-blowers in general," Kimes says, especially those she thought had been mistreated, and she was "very involved with O'Toole," as they all were—"more . . . than we should have been." Hadley and O'Toole seemed inherently compatible in their view of how science should be practiced. O'Toole felt that Imanishi-Kari had used her data with inappropriate selectiveness, and Hadley believed that "the phenomenon is always right," as she put it later in a lecture on biomedical ethics at the University of California at San Diego. Analysts of science call such a view "naïve inductivism."

LATE in March of 1991, a two-hundred-page draft of an O.S.I. report, stamped "Confidential," was leaked to major American news organizations. The document unceremoniously discredited Baltimore, whose persistent defense of Imanishi-Kari it called "difficult to comprehend," and vindicated O'Toole, calling her actions "heroic." It also declared Imanishi-Kari to be guilty of fraud.

The leaked report fixed the impression of the case in the public mind. In a column in *Time*, the commentator Barbara Ehrenreich captured the over-all response: "Baltimore pooh-poohed O'Toole's evidence and stood by while she lost her job. Then, as the feds closed in, he launched a bold, misguided defense of the sanctity of science." She added, "What he lost sight of, in the smugness of success, is that truth is no respecter of hierarchy or fame. It can come out of the mouths of mere underlings, like the valiant O'Toole."

Under pressure from all sides, Baltimore reluctantly retracted his coauthorship of the *Cell* paper pending final resolution of the case, and, in a statement in *Nature*, with equal reluctance declared a mea culpa. "I now recognize that I was too willing to accept Imanishi-Kari's explanations, and to excuse discrepancies as mere sloppiness," he said. O'Toole rejoined that he had much more to regret, whereupon Baltimore called into question her account of events in a way that seemed to undercut his contrition. Several members of the Rockefeller University faculty said that the best interests of the institution required that he quit its presidency. While driving with his wife to Thanksgiving dinner, he decided to resign.

Imanishi-Kari refused to retract the *Cell* paper. Since its publication, scientists in other laboratories had worked to extend the paper, obtaining support for some of its features while asking questions about some of its interpretations, and Imanishi-Kari herself was engaged in further research to pin down what happened to the transgenic-mouse cells. In a letter to *Nature* at the end of June, a hundred and thirty-five biomedical scientists protested that the Office of Scientific Integrity had produced its report in "a politically charged atmosphere under intense pressure from Congress," and that, as a leaked draft to which Imanishi-Kari had not yet had a chance to respond, the report formed a poor basis for judgment.

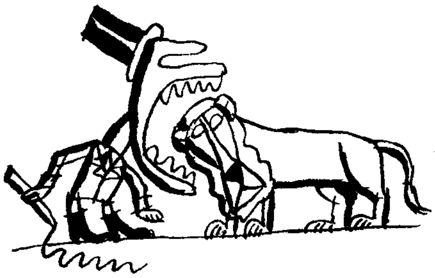
The year before, Dingell had directed his staff to share the forensic evidence with the United States Attorney for the District of Maryland, the home of the N.I.H., and it was through the attorney's office that Imanishi-Kari, who was now facing the possibility of prosecution, saw her original notebooks again and also, finally, the full Secret Service reports. A forensic expert retained by her lawyers analyzed the Secret Service findings and original material and reported that it was in fact impossible through the techniques employed by the agency to draw any conclusions about when the radiation-counter tapes had been generated. Nor could the sequence of the experiments be verified. In July of 1992, the United States Attorney's office announced that it would not seek an indictment, and Baltimore withdrew his retraction of the *Cell* paper.

In June, in response to outcries against its Star Chamber aspects and procedural lapses, the Office of Scientific Integrity had been taken away from the N.I.H. and reconstituted as the Office of Research Integrity, within the office of the Assistant Secretary for Health. Scientists who were tentatively found guilty of fraud or misconduct would henceforth have the right to take their cases to an appeals board, which would report directly to the Secretary of Health and Human Services, and which would afford them all the rights of due process, including the right to call and cross-examine witnesses and scrutinize the evidence against them. In October of 1994, more than eight years after Imanishi-Kari was first brought under suspicion by O'Toole, the O.R.I. issued a final report: it upheld the preliminary finding of guilt. It proposed to bar Imanishi-Kari from eligibility for government grants for ten years, although the normal penalty in fraud cases is three to five years. Thereza Imanishi-Kari immediately filed an appeal.

IMANISHI-KARI'S appeal, which was heard last summer, and on which a ruling is imminent, addressed nineteen charges levelled against her. The hearing was held in a small room in the Hubert H. Humphrey Building, in downtown Washington, under the auspices of a three-member panel empowered by the Department of Health and Human Services. Some of the charges struck at her tendency not to practice science in the mechanical way that Suzanne Hadley, for one, seems to think that it ought to be practiced, and part of them rested on the claim that materials on roughly a third of the pages in the main notebook that Imanishi-Kari had compiled and sent to the Dingell subcommittee in 1988 were fabricated or falsified. The key materials were the radiation-counter tapes—they resemble adding-machine tapes—and handwritten records of numbers taken from similar tapes that had, purportedly, been discarded. The O.R.I. use Secret Service reports to demonstrate that Imanishi-Kari had falsified the tapes, and it employed a statistical technique to show that she had fabricated the handwritten numbers.

In human affairs, as in science, truth is inseparable from the standards and processes employed in determining it. The O.R.I.'s rules do not require that it prove its case on any point beyond a reasonable doubt; it need only show that the charges are supported by a "preponderance of evidence." Under a reasonable-doubt standard, the O.R.I. would very likely have had no case, but even under the looser standard none of the O.R.I.'s arguments appeared preponderant against Imanishi-Kari's rebuttals. The statistical techniques, for example, revealed only how Imanishi-Kari handled numbers, not whether she made them up. Even one of the O.R.I.'s own expert witnesses conceded that the statistical analysis, by itself, was not "enough for me to say it's fabrication."

"You can't blame the Secret Service," Joseph Onek, Imanishi-Kari's principal appeal lawyer, says. "It was all Greek to them." If they had been better able to interpret the material, they would have recognized that some of the allegedly fabricated notebook pages were not used in the *Cell* paper. They would have seen, as Onek pointed out in a brief, that the notebook "contains many examples of data which undermine [her] scientific position or fail to support it adequately or which are bizarre or seemingly impossible." Precisely that point had bothered Cecelia Sparks Ford, who presided over the panel. On the last day of testimony, she asked O.R.I.'s chief scientific witness, "If you were going to set out to fabricate data of this sort, why would you fabricate data that can be described as not the best data to support what you are about? . . . Why wouldn't you fabricate the best possible set of data, all of which was related to what you purported in the paper?" The O.R.I. official responded, "That's a hard one."



The O.R.I. had a difficult time explaining any of Imanishi-Kari's motives for the multiple misdeeds she was alleged to have committed, especially with regard to Bet-1, the reagent that stymied O'Toole and led to the original complaint. The O.R.I. claimed that Imanishi-Kari was at serious fault for overstating the reagent's discriminatory powers, that she was responsible for misrepresenting the characteristics of Bet-1, and that she had an obligation to report her discrepant results. Onek replied that the O.R.I. ignored much of the data showing that Bet-1 worked, that Imanishi-Kari had simply taken Figure 1 from Moema Reis's notebook, and that it was standard practice in Imanishi-Kari's field not to report isolated discrepant results that are not serious. "With this charge," Onek said, "O.R.I. has gone beyond manufacturing evidence of a crime. O.R.I. has manufactured the crime itself." Onek added that everyone who uses Bet-1 knows that it is temperamental. O.R.I. found no evidence that Imanishi-Kari intended to deceive with Bet-1. She had no reason to. As the original investigating panel at Tufts had recognized, to have exaggerated the discriminatory powers of Bet-1 would have worked against the central claim of the paper.

As to the charges about Table 2 and the June subcloning data that Imanishi-Kari had offered in support of it, the O.R.I. surmised that she fabricated the data after the fact, once there was an investigation of the *Cell* paper. According to their scenario, she quickly made up results to bolster the published data. But, again, the June subcloning data was not the sort of thing that anyone in that position would create to save herself. She noted at the time that some of it was "bizarre," and even the O.R.I. could not explain why she would have invented it. Early in his brief, Onek pointed out that Imanishi-Kari's notebooks expressed "all the inconsistencies and surprises that one would expect in the laboratory notebook of a real bench scientist engaged in cutting-edge research"—sometimes supporting her theories and sometimes not. Making sense of such data demanded judgment, insight, and imagination.

It is now ten years since O'Toole first raised her questions against Imanishi-Kari. At the close of his brief, Onek took note of the anniversary, declaring that the "ensuing decade of staged hearings, leaked documents, ever-changing charges, and inaccurate reports shattered her scientific career." To date, the O.R.I. has lost almost all of its high-profile cases on appeal. It should be no surprise if it loses this one, too.

"Hank, when you're finished firing this gentleman I have some rather unfortunate news for you as well."

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THE Office of Research Integrity, which now has about forty employees, continues to investigate scientific-fraud-and-misconduct cases and to oversee investigations of charges at institutions receiving grants from the N.I.H. But a question arises as to how much, if any, special machinery to enforce scientific integrity should be operating. Brian Kimes says that most of the cases that came to the O.S.I. on his watch were "trivial." No reliable data exist on the incidence of scientific misconduct, but it is likely that the serious form of it—fabrication and falsification of data—is rare.

David Baltimore committed several errors of judgment in the course of his case, and some scientists say that turning the dispute over the *Cell* paper into a battle about the vitality of American science was both arrogant and foolish. But he was right about the most important issues. Joint research published by Alan Stall at Columbia University and Leonore A. Herzenberg at Stanford in 1993 confirmed the *Cell* paper's observation that the transgenic-mouse cells produced a high level of native antibodies, a point that corroborated Imanishi-Kari's own further work, which had been published a few months earlier. The Stanford-Columbia team did not attribute the phenomenon to the kind of idiotypic mimicry postulated in the *Cell* paper—new evidence had made that interpretation questionable—and they differed with Imanishi-Kari over the mechanisms that were at work in the cells. But Herzenberg, the geneticist at Stanford, told a reporter that the *Cell* paper "showed that the antibodies these mice made were abnormal, and our current paper confirms that absolutely."

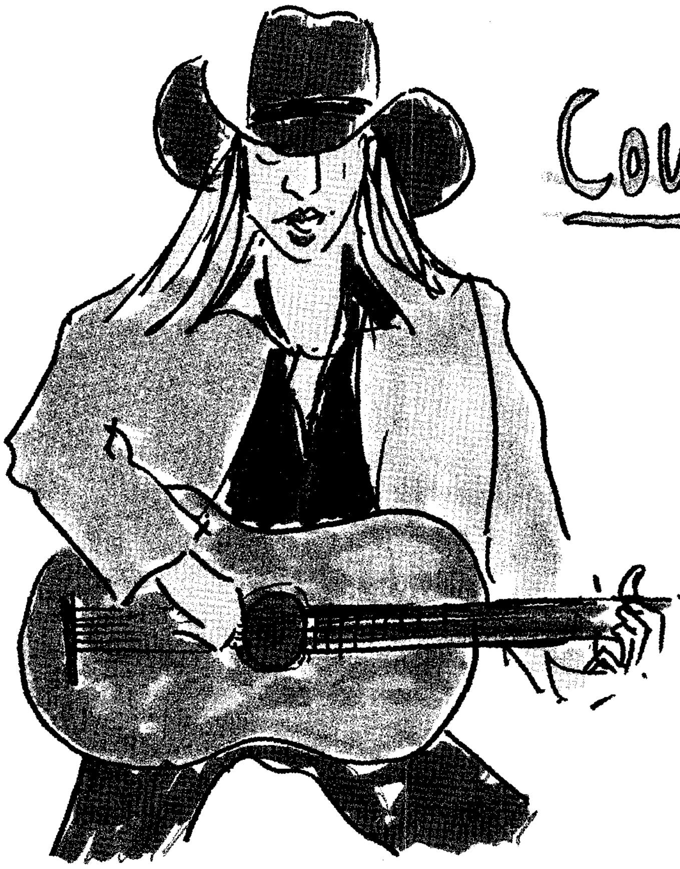
Baltimore was neither foolish nor arrogant in contesting John Dingell and being dismissive of Stewart and Feder. Dingell's idea of science threatened to quash the kind of creative reading of experiments that had made recognition of the abnormal behavior of the mouse cells possible. The congressman and his staff pursued Imanishi-Kari relentlessly, in effect prosecuting her. She has had to resort to legal services valued at roughly a million dollars. Friends paid some of the costs; her lawyers and expert witnesses provided the majority of the rest pro bono.

John Dingell lost his committee chairmanship in 1994, when the Republicans took control of the House. Stockton and Chafin soon left, and both are now in private business.

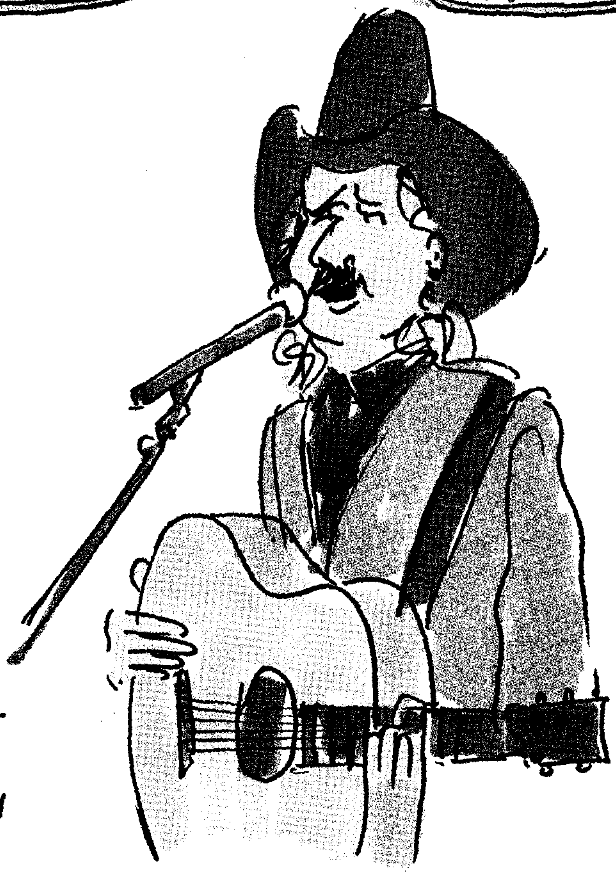
In February of 1993, Stewart and Feder sent a fourteen-hundred-page document to the American Historical Assocation alleging that the historian Stephen Oates, the author of biographies of Abraham Lincoln, Martin Luther King, Jr., and William Faulkner, had lifted many passages in these works from other sources without attribution. The A.H.A. had already cleared Oates of charges of plagiarism in the Lincoln book; he was a private citizen; biographies of Lincoln, King, and Faulkner had nothing to do with science; and examination of the passages that Stewart and Feder fingered suggested to many observers that the pair knew little, if anything, about what constituted plagiarism. Soon after, the N.I.H. abolished their laboratory and assigned them to separate jobs. Stewart immediately went on a hunger strike. ♦

NOTEBOOK · BY MICHAEL CRAWFORD

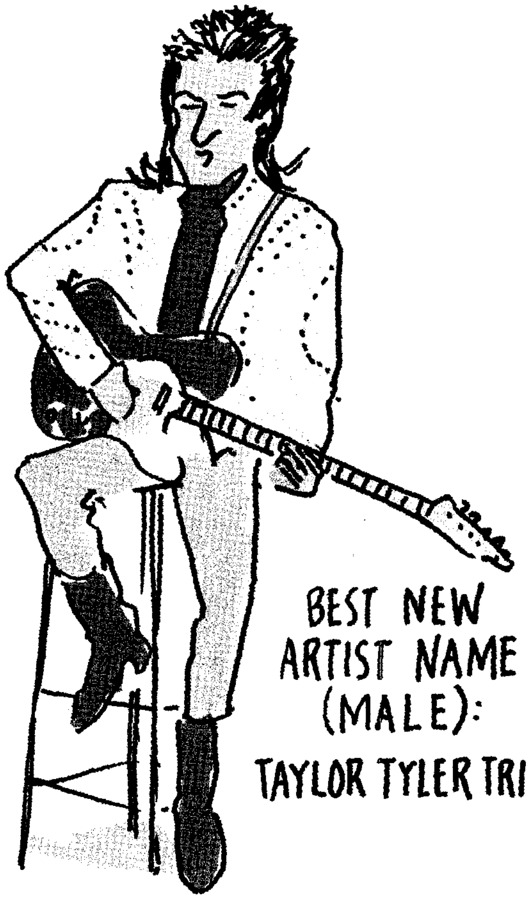
Country Music Awards



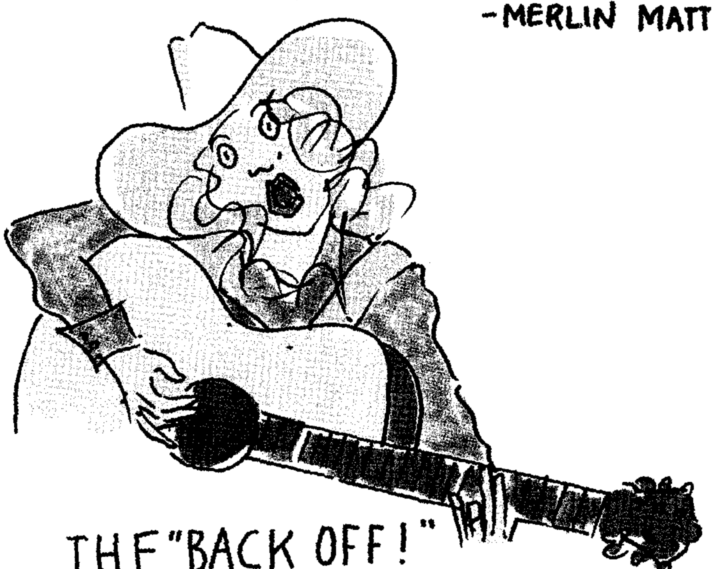
BEST SINGLE EXPRESSING THE SOUL OF THE '90S REBEL:
"I'LL BE BLOWIN' OUT OF MEMPHIS AT MIDNIGHT
IF I CAN FINISH MY TAXES AND FIND A SITTER."
—CASSY COTTON



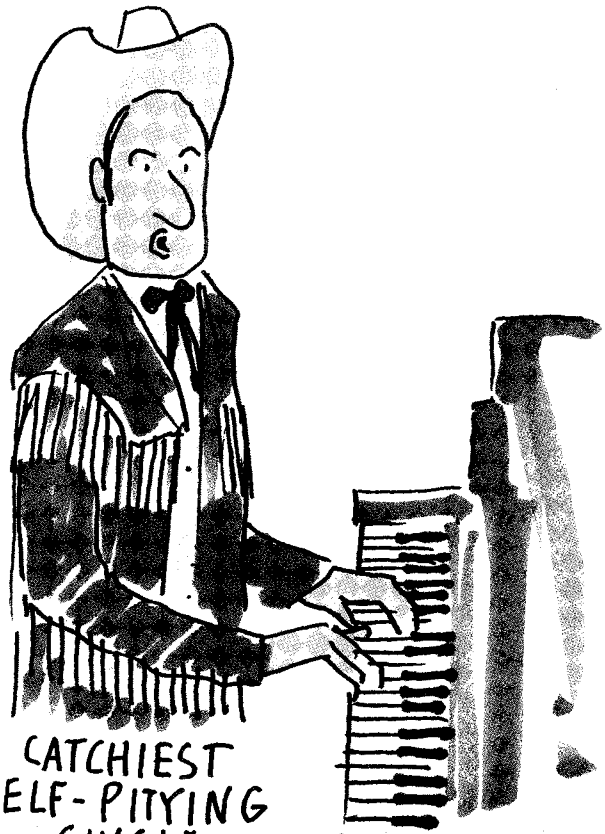
BEST SINGLE DEFINING A MAN'S NEED
FOR A STRONG FATHER-SON RELATIONSHIP:
"SON, I'M HERE TO BE THE DADDY
MY DADDY WASN'T HERE TO BE."
—MERLIN MATTIS



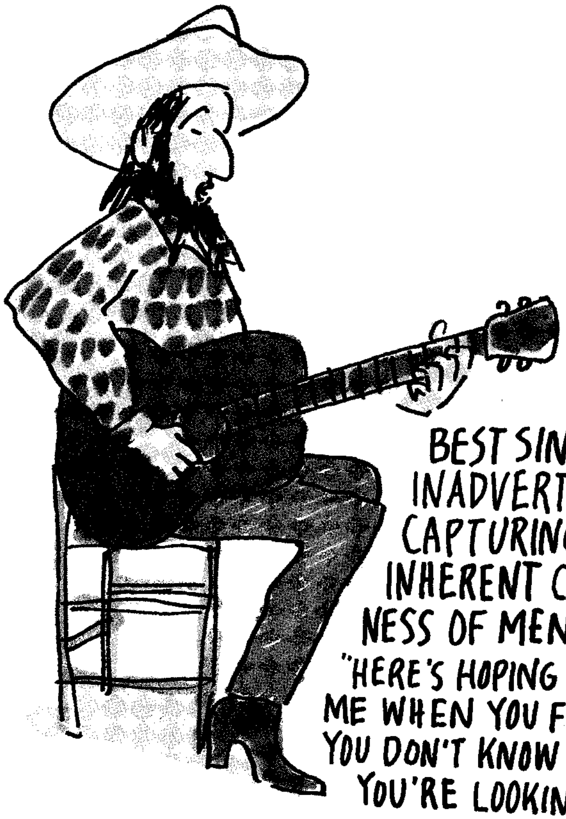
BEST NEW
ARTIST NAME
(MALE):
TAYLOR TYLER TRIPP.



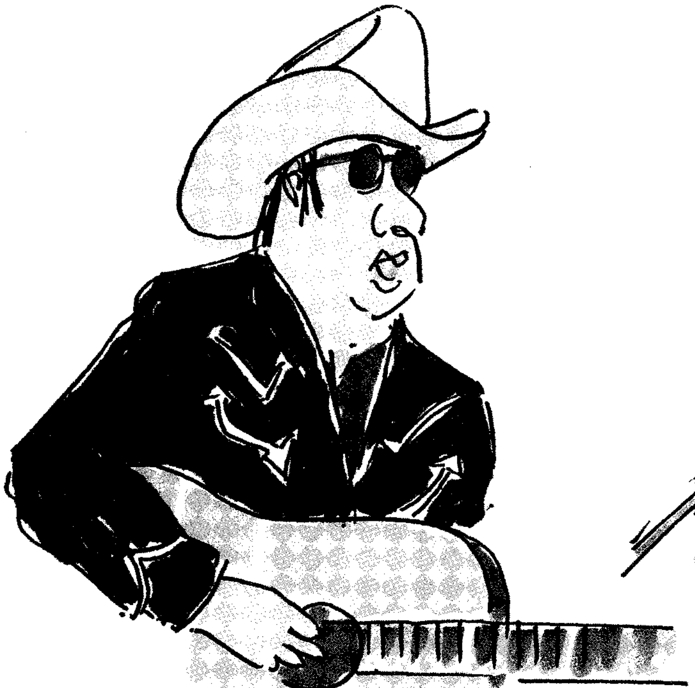
THE "BACK OFF!"
SINGLE OF THE YEAR:
"MY HEART, IT AIN'T BROKEN, SO DON'T BE TRYIN' TO FIX IT."
—HAZY HAZLITT



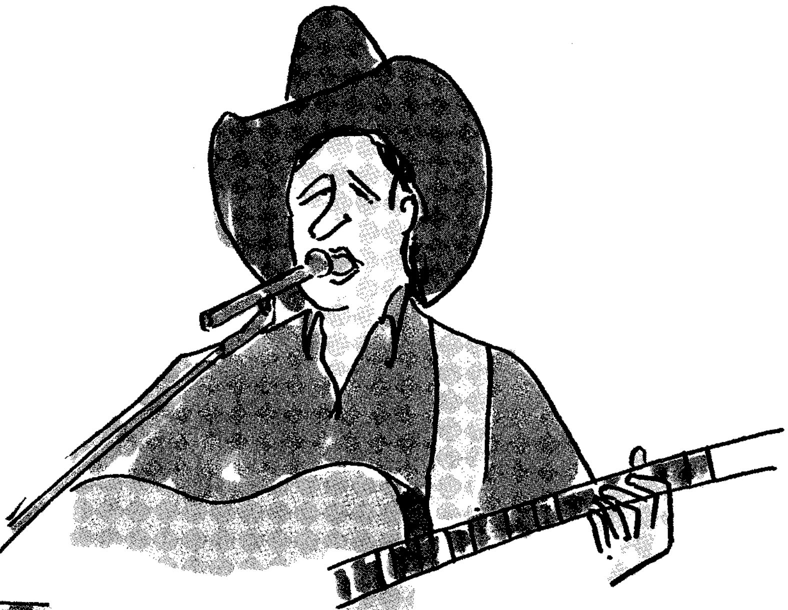
CATCHIEST SELF-PITYING SINGLE:
"I'D BE DANCING WITH YOU IN TULSA BUT GOD WANTS ME IN THIS WHEELCHAIR."
-PAPA DALE DUGGANS



BEST SINGLE INADVERTENTLY CAPTURING THE INHERENT CLUELESSNESS OF MEN:
"HERE'S HOPING YOU FIND ME WHEN YOU FIND WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR."
-SONNY STUBBS



BEST SINGLE CAPTURING A MAN'S NEED TO CHEAT AND THEN LIE ABOUT IT:
"TEN YEARS I WAS FAITHFUL, ONE NIGHT I WAS ME."
—PURVIS SHEPHERD



MOPIEST ALBUM OF 1996:
"GETTIN' TIRED OF GETTIN' FIRED."
—RANDY BLAND

CRAWFORD

PERSONAL HISTORY

MY OLD AND NEW LIVES

What happens when, in the course of a night, your life is changed forever?

BY ROBERT McCRUM

No one will ever know exactly what happened in my head on the night of last July 28th, but probably it went something like this: First, a surreptitious clot began to form deep inside one of my cerebral arteries, cutting off the blood supply to the one organ in the body that, next to the heart, is greediest for blood. Eventually, perhaps some hours later, the clot burst in the right side of my brain—an uncontrolled "bleed" that would result in irreversible destruction of the brain tissue.

I was unaware of this cerebral drama; all I knew was that when I went to bed I had a raging headache, and then, the next morning, I could hardly move. Overnight, I had suffered what a specialist later called a "right-hemisphere hemorrhagic infarct," or what the world knows as "a stroke"—a word whose Old English origin connotes "a blow" and "a calamity."

Actually, it's a calamity that befalls some four hundred and fifty thousand Americans each year, killing about a third of them. But when it happened to me I was completely ignorant of the affliction, which Sherwin B. Nuland, the author of "How We Die," calls "the third most common cause of death in the developed countries of the world."

It was just another Saturday morning, and I was in bed, unable to get up—alone at home, a four-story town house in Islington, North London. My wife, Sarah Lyall, a journalist, was away in San Francisco. We had been married less than two months, and it was odd to be solo again. It was odder still to be so helpless, but I was in no pain, and, in retrospect, I realize that I was barely half conscious. Downstairs, the grandfather clock was chiming the hour: eight o'clock. I could see that beyond the heavy maroon curtains it was a lovely day. Through the open window, the sounds of the street filtered in, sharp and echoey in the stillness of the weekend.

I was supposed to drive to Cambridge that morning to visit my parents. So, time to get up. But there it was—I could not move. More accurately, I could not move my left side. Overnight, my body had become a deadweight of nearly fifteen stone. I thrashed about in bed trying, and failing, to sit upright, and wishing that Sarah were with me. For some unknown reason, I experienced no anxiety about my condition—just irritation and puzzlement. Why should I, who had recently sailed through a full medical examination, be unable to do as I pleased?

It was my dentist, Mr. Glyn, who, a year earlier, had first questioned my immortality. "Teeth," he observed, studying the X-rays of root-canal work to my upper-right quadrant, "were not designed to last more than forty years." He snapped the light off. "And, frankly, nor were we." I was forty-one then, and when I was occasionally reminded of Mr. Glyn's wisdom by some ache or twinge I would wonder when some other body part might follow the example set by my teeth and protest, "Enough!"

As my forty-second birthday approached, Sarah, a New York doctor's daughter, was anxious for independent verification that she was not marrying a crock. She'd witnessed enough of my candle-at-both-ends life style to believe that this was a desirable prenuptial precaution; my assurances that McCrums lived forever (all my grandparents died in their eighties) cut no ice. So, at her insistence, I made an appointment with Dr. Guy O'Keeffe, who has a pretty little surgery near Eaton Place. From Dr. O'Keeffe's examination room, the world seems secure, a place for healthy young women to bring up big, bouncy babies: the air is flavored with Johnson's baby powder, and highbrow Muzak tinkles in the background.

Dr. O'Keeffe himself—sandy-haired, trim, and boyish—seemed a promising recipient for intimate disclosures. Good health, his manner says, is our birthright; everything can be diagnosed, treated, and cured. So he poked and prodded and pricked. He took blood and urine. He weighed and measured. He eavesdropped on the secret colloquy of my vital organs. In half an hour or so, he was asking me to put my clothes on again. The tests would be sent for analysis, but, according to all the visible signs, I was fit. "For a tall guy, you're O.K., but keep an eye on your cholesterol," he said. It was good that I didn't smoke, but I'd be wise to watch the drink.

Of course. We chatted about "units." (I am a lifelong subscriber to the British media maxim that "white wine is not a drink.") Dr. O'Keeffe nodded competently and made another little note. A daily half bottle of wine was O.K. with him.

I returned to the street, ready for anything. Jungle warfare? Cross-country skiing? I could hack it. I blessed my hardy, long-lived ancestors. No question, mine were a better class of genes.

That was in June. In the meantime, Sarah and I had come back to London from our wedding, in Philadelphia, and our honeymoon seemed to segue into a month of dinner parties, at which my American wife was introduced to some part of my circle for the first time. Clearly, we were going to live forever and then happily ever after.

In July, Sarah flew to San Francisco to interview the novelist Amy Tan. We were to be apart for eight days. I remember taking her to the airport and, as I watched her in the rearview mirror—a small, blond figure with an oversized red suitcase waving goodbye from the curb—praying that no harm would befall her.

Now here I was, a week later, unable to get out of bed. I have relived this moment a thousand times in a fruitless quest for some explanation—the moment my life divided into "old" and "new."

Strangely, I had felt ready for a change, though I could not say what kind. For seventeen years, I'd earned my living as the editorial director of the publishers Faber & Faber, working with writers from Kazuo Ishiguro and Peter Carey to Paul Auster and Milan Kundera; I also write fiction and have sometimes combined this with freelance journalism in troubled parts of the world—Peru during Mario Vargas Llosa's Presidential campaign, Cambodia during the UNTAC election, and, most recently, East Timor. Like many of my generation, I'd envied those, like my parents, who had lived through wars and revolutions. Consciously or not, I'd always hoped my trips would yield a *frisson*—a moment of danger from which I'd nonetheless emerge unscathed. Mentally, I wore a flak jacket and jeans under my yuppie suit, and I liked to think I was more at home on the road than in the chic, heartless salons of Thatcher's London, though in truth I had begun confiding to Sarah a vague dissatisfaction with my working life. Indeed, on the evening of my collapse I'd done something I now think of as typical of my "old" life: I'd gone out for dinner at the Ivy, a restaurant in Covent Garden, with the literary agent Kathy Robbins, specifically to discuss Life (mine and hers). Before taking the taxi to the West End, I'd swallowed a couple of Nurofen tablets for the headache that had been troubling me all day, and at the Ivy I ordered a glass of champagne while I waited for Kathy to arrive. (In that life, a glass of champagne would dispel most troubles. How often, as editor-in-chief, had I downed champagne with Faber authors in the Ivy's upstairs dining room.)

By the time Kathy and I were sitting with our coffees, kvetching about the world, I was conscious that I still had a headache. I remember yawning with unaccountable weariness, wondering why, after only two glasses of champagne, my speech was so muddy and indistinct. My American Express receipt shows that I paid for our meal at 22:38 hours; my signature is steady. Then we rose from the table and made our way to the street. But something was not quite right. My legs felt spongy, as though I were walking through treacle. But I said nothing to Kathy. Whatever it was would pass.

Opposite the Ivy, in the St. Martin's Theatre, "The Mousetrap" was playing—"the world's longest-ever run," now in its forty-third year. I had occasionally observed that Agatha Christie's thriller and I had aged well together, but tonight I was ready to call in the understudies. We reached St. Martin's Lane—a walk of perhaps a hundred yards, during which every step had become more difficult for me. I said good night to Kathy and, desperate to be home, hailed a taxi, articulating the address with some effort. The driver repeated it contemptuously, as if he were picking up a drunk. I climbed heavily on board and sank into the back seat.

When we reached Islington, my legs felt like lead, and I was walking like a deep-sea diver, but I made the front door without falling over, and let myself in. I was plainly unwell, but my symptoms were unfamiliar. So I turned to that sovereign English remedy: a cup of tea.

Downstairs in the kitchen, I listened to a cheery message from Sarah on our answering machine. It included a hotel number to call, but, feeling quite extraordinarily tired, I decided to wait until morning. Then, clutching my comforting mug of herb tea, I climbed upstairs to bed. I remember resolving, as I drifted off to sleep, to rise early to beat the weekend traffic on the Cambridge road.

Robert McCrum and Sarah Lyall. When she was summoned home, she didn't know what she might find. Photograph by Jillian Edelstein.

WHEN a stroke occurs and the brain suffers "a hemorrhagic infarct," the body experiences a colossal disturbance of its innate sensory equilibrium. Literally overnight, I went from being someone who could order an expensive meal in a fashionable restaurant to being an incontinent carcass, unable to make any sense of my body. I was conscious and alert (I thought), but my limbs were not responding. My recollection of the first phase of the morning is disconnected and hallucinatory. Perhaps I passed out or fell asleep, because the next thing I remember is the clock in the hall chiming ten. Ten o'clock! I would never get to Cambridge! I rolled, with difficulty, to the edge of our big brass bed.

Then I was falling heavily to the floor, dragged over the edge of the bed by the deadweight of my left side. I was shocked and dismayed, and my first thought was to telephone for help. There was a phone

JERKS
CREEPS
LOSERS
SCUM
PERSONNEL
M. Twohy

• •

on the bedside table, but, of course, that was now out of reach, and anyway I'd left Sarah's hotel number downstairs in the kitchen. So there I was: cut off. My feelings at first were ones of mild frustration: "Oh, no!" rather than "Jesus Christ!" At worst, I felt like Alice under the glass table, trying to reach the key that would open the door to the magic garden. I tried in vain to remember the name of Sarah's hotel. Wentworth? Grand Western? Nothing came. Even if I could reach the phone, what good would it be?

A new anxiety was distracting me. I was desperate to pee. Suddenly, there was a hot cascade of urine on my chest. (I was lying on my back, naked.) Afterward, I suppose I passed out, because when I came to again it was much later. The street was noisier and busier, and I sensed from the light on the ceiling that the sun was high. When the telephone rang briefly, maddeningly, and stopped, I knew that downstairs in the kitchen the answering machine would be clicking into action. Up here in the bedroom, it was out of earshot.

Time blurred. When I heard the clock chime again, it was three. As the afternoon wore on, the phone rang several more times. We had set the machine to respond after two rings, and in that other life, which now seems so distant, I had often, to Sarah's amusement, hurled myself across our bed to pick up and answer before the machine clicked on. Today, the score was British Telecom 7, McCrum 0.

What did I think about, lying on the floor? My missed rendezvous with my parents became an obsession, and I entertained all sorts of explanations for the cause of my immobility. Perhaps, like Stephen Hawking, I was suffering from motor-neuron disease. Perhaps I had a brain tumor. My cousin Jane had died of a brain tumor. At times, bizarrely persuaded by the remaining strength in my right side, I imagined hobbling across the street to my car, somehow driving with one arm. I was like a rat on a wheel, revolving desperate escape plans.

Then the phone rang again, and stopped, as before. I felt I had to do something decisive. I knew there was a phone on the floor downstairs in the living room. Somehow, I had to get there. With what I now see must have been an extraordinary effort, I dragged myself under the frame of our big brass bedstead with my right arm, noticing with interest the little flergs of dust and the debris that collect in such places—forgotten books, discarded Kleenex, Sarah's tights—and then I squirmed, commando style, over the carpet to the head of the stairs.

Here, reaching out to the bannister, which, fortunately, was on my right side, I pulled myself forward over the top step. Again, my deadweight took control, and I found I was sliding helplessly and painfully head first down the carpeted stairs to the mezzanine landing, where I had a borrower's-eye view of my library of modern first editions: "A Pale View of the Hills," by Kazuo Ishiguro; "The Rachel Papers," by Martin Amis; "A Good Man in Africa," by William Boyd; and Raymond Carver's "Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?"

I vividly remember this part of the day, on the stair landing. For some hours, I lay on my back staring up at a framed brown-and-green school map of French Indochina—a souvenir of a trip I had made to Phnom Penh in 1993. I had then been looking for an adventure. Now I seemed to be caught up in one. I had crossed by night from what Susan Sontag (in "Illness as Metaphor") calls "the kingdom of the well" to "the kingdom of the sick," and, though I still had no name for this new country I was in, it was dawning on me that I was no longer the person I'd been twenty-four hours ago.

I was puzzled and curious. It was almost as though I weren't in my body—the body that seemed to have let me down so badly. (I still wonder if the "I" who is typing this with my "good" right hand is the same "I" who used to peck away, two-handed, at fifty words per minute.) From time to time, my thoughts, such as they were, would be interrupted by the phone: two brief rings, then silence. In the stillness of the afternoon, and from my position on the stairs, I thought I could detect, far away in the kitchen, the faint whir and click of the machine and then Sarah's voice. But I was too far off to distinguish her message, and anyway how could I answer? I was terribly frustrated. I wanted to call out, "Darling, I'm here, please come and help me."

But *could* I do this? To test my speech and memory, I began, weirdly, to recite "Jabberwocky" out loud, forming the words with difficulty: " 'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves Did gyre and gimble in the wabe; All mimsy were the borogoves, And the mome raths outgrabe."

As evening drew on, I maneuvered myself on the mezzanine landing for the descent down the final flight of stairs, to the living room. I did not want a repetition of that painful and undignified slide. I did not want carpet burns. Controlling my weight with my right hand on the bannister, I inched head first down to the hallway. It was gloomy here, and pleasantly cool. The clock whose chimes had punctuated my day was ticking steadily nearby. More squirming, and I was in the sitting room—and there, across the carpet on the floor, was the downstairs phone. I felt like a pioneer who, crossing the Rockies, finally arrives in California.

British Telecom records show that I called my parents—it never occurred to me to call Emergency—at 19:53 and that the call lasted two minutes. My mother, who was by now thoroughly alarmed at my failure to appear in Cambridge, picked up. Apparently, I told her I could not move. She tried to keep me on the line, but I had already rung off.

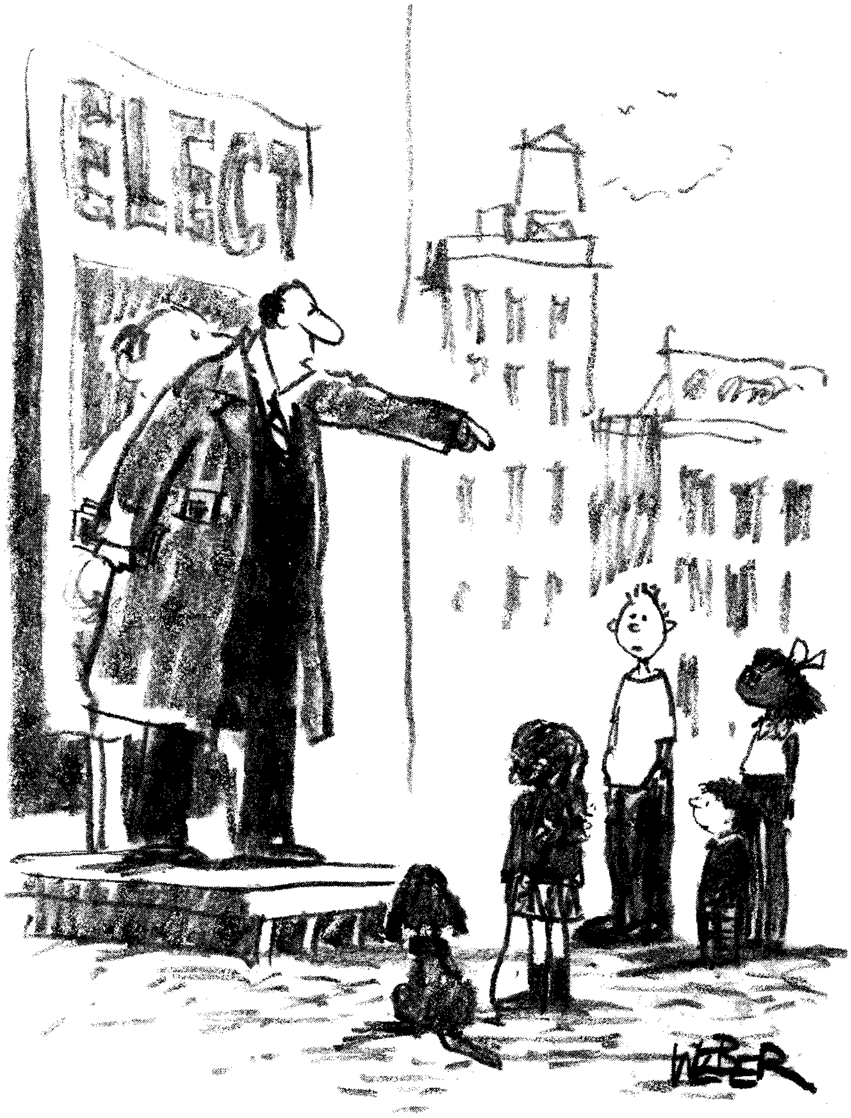
I felt incredibly happy.

Now things began to happen fast. When the phone rang again, it was my brother Stephen. He and his fiancée, Emily, were on their way from Camden Town; they had already phoned the police. I heard a siren outside in the street, the heavy boots of authority clomping up to my front door, and then a voice through the letter box. I replied, with difficulty, "No, I can't open the door."

Another siren; the sound of splitting wood. The police had climbed into the garden and were coming through the back door. I remember worrying that I was naked, but exhaustion was stronger than modesty. After my long day, it felt good to have people—there seemed to be rather a lot of them—taking an interest in my situation. Paramedics in green overalls were towering over me with the cheery bonhomie of furniture movers, rattling out questions to establish the state of my consciousness: "What's your date of birth, Robert? What's your address?"

Quite a crowd had gathered outside the house—curious neighbors alerted by the arrival of the police. Perhaps they hoped for a murder. (Noel Road, where the playwright Joe Orton was bludgeoned to death, is just around the corner.) Soon I was propped up in the ambulance. I took Emily's hand and felt her answering squeeze. The doors closed, the siren began to wail, and we were on our way. I was so happy. I was with my family. I was going to the hospital. I had survived. Through the window I could see the weekend world, which now seemed extraordinarily remote and unimportant, carrying on: shoppers crowding; cars maneuvering through traffic; people with pints standing outside pubs.

ONE moment, I was in the ambulance on the way to Casualty; the next, I was lying on a gurney listening to two young doctors discuss my case in an undertone. From time to time, a young medic with garlic on his breath would shine a light into my eyes, a standard test for brain function. (Stroke victims are very likely to suffer swelling of the brain, which is often what kills them.) When I heard that a specialist had been reached on the telephone, I became afraid that before my parents arrived from Cambridge this surgeon would trundle me into his operating theatre and slice the top off my head like a watermelon. A phone conference ensued. I lay there expecting the worst. But the specialist never appeared, and I was eventually wheeled into Intensive Care for the night. By then, all I wanted to do was sleep. Huge, yawning waves of tiredness carried me down into a dreamless darkness. Sarah tells me that my life was in the balance at this time, but all I felt was a blissful detachment and serenity. If



"I'll tell you what this election is about. It's about homework, and pitiful allowances, and having to clean your room. It's also about candy, and ice cream, and staying up late."

I was going to die, this was not such a bad way to go.

I did not die, of course, and when, soon after this first night of my "new" life, someone used the phrase "an insult to the brain"—a commonplace of stroke care—I couldn't help imagining a gang of rogue neurons viciously hissing "Your *mother is a water buffalo" to my sensitive* cortex. Physically, I'd been poleaxed. My left leg was immobilized, and my left arm hung from its socket like a dead rabbit; the left side of my face, which drooped badly for about a week, felt frozen, as if Mr. Glyn had just given it a massive Novocain injection. I could not stand; my speech was slurred; my penis was attached to a Convene, a condomlike device that drained my urine into a plastic bag; and every few hours a team of three nurses would turn me over in bed, as if I were a slow-cooking roast. I was not in pain, but I was oppressed with an overwhelming fatigue. The smallest thing left me wanting to lie down and go to sleep, and the muscles on my left side were so weak that even sitting in a chair—which I was able to do after a few days—was exhausting.

After the first, immediate crisis, with which the National Health Service had coped superbly, I was moved to a private room in the National Hospital, Queen Square. The irony of this was that the headquarters of Faber & Faber overlook the imposing red brick façade of this world-famous center for neurology and neurosurgery. For seventeen years, I'd stared out of my window at the patients—shaved, shuffling figures in pajamas—and wondered about their fate. It was intriguing, finally, to be wheeled into the National's shabby, cavernous Victorian interior.

Sarah arrived from San Francisco, white and hollow-faced with worry and loss of sleep. For the next week, she stayed on a camp bed in a corner of my room, jumping up in alarm whenever I stirred in my sleep, though I do not remember this. She had endured her own drama en route. "Robert isn't feeling very well," my mother had said, and her ominous telephone manner, Sarah told me later, had led her to believe that I was likely to die at any moment. In a daze she had got on a flight to London, and had spent the eleven-hour trip huddled under a blanket, drinking shots of whiskey. She says she had never felt so alone as she did that night, surrounded by people in the darkened plane. At one point, she had turned in desperation to her neighbor. "Do you mind if I talk to you a moment? My husband's just had a stroke," she said. The woman looked at her. "I don't know anything about strokes," she replied, and went back to her *Cosmopolitan.*

Later, when I was on my own again, I found that of all my conscious moments at the National the nights were the worst. No one talks about the nights in a hospital. If you sleep, fine. Lie awake, and you think about dying. If I had a headache at night (like the harbinger of the stroke itself), I would think, I shall be dead in the morning; I'll never see Sarah again.

Headaches, often quite severe, were part of the first phase of recovery. My doctor, Andrew Lees, advised me to think of the bleed in my head as a kind of bruise; over time, the scavenging macrophage cells would literally eat up the damage to the cerebral tissue, leaving that part of my brain permanently scarred. I could see for myself what Lees was talking about: an early M.R.I. scan located the bleed, a menacing black blot, deep in the brain, at what the medical report said was "the proximal right middle cerebral artery at its trifurcation." The sinister stain would gradually shrink and fade, but, despite this brilliant pictorial representation, I am, even now, no nearer a reliable explanation of why the stroke occurred in the first place.

Indeed, about forty per cent of all strokes are unexplained. This is unnerving for patients and doctors alike. Usually, the contract between doctor and patient is based on a supposition of expertise, of knowledge. When my rehabilitation specialist, Dr. Richard Greenwood, confessed

THE ORGANIC GARDENER

You lift up your crates
onto plywood chipped like old veneer
and sawhorses handed down
from the reign of George I.
Your leeks spill over like ninepins,
and there are mysterious outbursts of parsley,
like the tufts of hair in your ears.
The carrots tilt like fat cigars
into your splintered change box,
where the fallen columns of silver
look like an archeological dig.
Nervously you make hieroglyphic jottings
on a scrap of cardboard,
but the figures never quite add up.
You always seem to be cheating yourself!
Then you wrap every vegetable
in *two* plastic bags, for "hygienics."

You have theories
about the secret lives of insects,
and sometimes suspiciously knock
an apple against a turnip
or a carrot on a leek,
as if something wonderful might emerge.
(You don't have a green thumb—
you have a dirty thumb.
One of your customers said, not unkindly,
that you must have been born with it.)

In tidy heaps you arrange your new potatoes,
lumpy and pitted as asteroids,

and the apples! Bramleys with Falstaffian bellies,
queer green Coxes you divide into "qualities."
Your peppers are stunted and spotty,
but you blame the E.E.C.
for sending you "mutant" seed.
You've sold me apples with oozing crevices
you said were just "bird pecks,"
and potatoes with distracting blue moles,
like some gorgeous skin disease.
You probably know more than Marvell
about vegetable love.

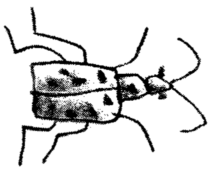
Is there a heaven where grateful vegetables
push the gardeners around on silver barrows,
where angels sing hosannas
to the kale, the spring onion, the cabbage gone to seed?
You're no older
than when I first came to this city years ago—
your head even then an ancient turnip
on which you had set
a peasant's ski cap and horn-rimmed glasses,
as much a mystery as a character in Bosch.
Perhaps you're determined to outlast Death,
forever rooting the ruins of your orchard
with a hoe that wouldn't have looked out of place
at the Battle of Hastings.
There you'll be every spring
in this city of purgatorial rain,
bearing away your muddy sacks
as if vegetables could save anyone, anyone.

—William Logan

to me that doctors are actually quite ignorant about the brain, it was oddly comforting to know that one of the best minds in the field was also baffled.

None of this, however, discouraged the Queen Square doctors from returning obsessively to the scene of the crime. Had a clot originated in the arteries of the heart? I was sent off for a transesophageal echocardiogram. Was the thyroid to blame? I gave another sample of blood for analysis. These investigations occupied much of my attention during that first month in the hospital, but no one was able to identify an obvious cause, or to tell me how long I would be incapacitated. In the absence of reliable data, the experts took refuge in a studied vagueness: "probably" I'd be fit in "about a year"; after six months, it would be "fairly clear" how much movement would return to my left side; then "perhaps" my arm would become "useful." Meanwhile, I was still profoundly restricted, anxiously watching for evidence of brain repair; the day the big toe on my left foot began to move, it was as though I had discovered a sixth dimension.

Such moments of joy were rare; I cried a lot in the hospital. Sometimes the tears were slow and weepy; at others, uncontrolled and desperate. I could cry for any reason and none; I have since read that this is characteristic of stroke victims. Dr. Lees had assured me that the parts of my brain which control memory, thought, and personality were unaffected, but Sarah was naturally concerned that I might have suffered a change of identity. I noticed, with some amusement, that she was surreptitiously leafing through the pages of my journal. I feigned sleep and watched her checking the latest entries, presumably looking for telltale gibberish. I resisted the temptation to fill a folio or two with "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy."



I did not pray. Several visitors later asked if, having "looked into the abyss," I had experienced any religious emotions—to which I can honestly reply that I did not. What I did find was that the world seemed almost unbearably precious. Shut away in my room, with the finest English summer of the century scorching outside, I had a craving for sky, earth, and sea—a craving I satisfied, in part, by watching sports and nature programs on television.

In the hours of reflection that followed the end of "Channel Four Racing," I would brood on the paper-thin gap between health and sickness, and take phone calls. One morning in August the bedside phone rang at nine-thirty. "The Holloway Police here. We have to identify a dead body. Where is Queen Square?" Me: "I'm not dead; I'm just a patient." Cop: "I'm sorry, sir, but we have orders to identify this body and I was given this extension. Can you tell me how to find Queen Square?" Me: "I'm not a corpse, thank you very much. Don't you have a map?" Cop: "I was hoping for a bit of coöperation and politeness." Me (*suddenly furious*): "The kind of politeness, I suppose, for which the Metropolitan Police are renowned!" I slammed the phone down.

Sometimes I wondered when I was going to open the newspaper and read my own obituary. I discovered that in the outside world my stroke had caused something of a stir—it was a memento mori to the media dwellers, writers, journalists, and editors who lived as I once had. The chairman of Faber & Faber, Matthew Evans, joked to me that he was becoming so fed up with answering questions about my state of health that he wanted to wear a lapel button reading, "Robert McCrum is dead."

To while away the long hours of August, Sarah began to read aloud to me. Together, we went back to "Alice in Wonderland," "The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe," and "Charlotte's Web." There was something profoundly consoling about these old friends. I found my thoughts returning to childhood (the rooks caw-cawing in the beech trees of Ashton House, in Cambridge, where I grew up) and then moving forward through the years. It was a self-examination reinforced by the visitors to my bedside. A novice to hospital life, I discovered that the patient must submit to a parade of parents, siblings, friends, ex-girlfriends, and co-workers, each presenting a tiny fragment of lost time for renewal. The patient is the star of the show, but the audience varies: lame-duck specialists; true friends; compassion junkies; hypochondriacs. (It amused me to see the relief on my friends' faces when they discovered that, as one put it, I was "not a drooling vegetable.") And each post brought new letters of sympathy and encouragement, some of them from people I hadn't spoken to or heard from in years.

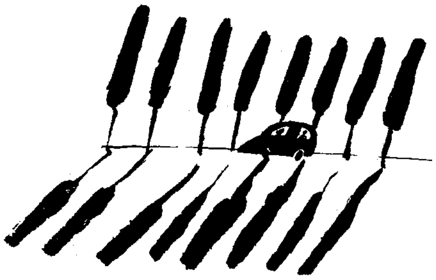
When I wasn't bombarded by the past, I found I was alone with a rather interesting person, someone I had not spent much time alone with: myself. So while summer turned to fall I eagerly monitored the tiny external changes that constitute convalescence. My physical restrictions lessened, but with excruciating slowness. For the first twelve weeks, I had to move around, if at all, in a wheelchair, pushed by Sarah or by one of the nurses. My sense of helplessness in this situation was very difficult to come to terms with: I had no control over my feelings, particularly when we were outside, and I would rage horribly against whoever was pushing me. Sarah and I had some of our worst moments when, for instance, the wheelchair got stuck in a rut in the road. Nobody would say when, exactly, I'd be well enough to walk again, and at moments like those I saw a vista of infuriating confinement stretching out before me. Sometimes I wondered how I could possibly cope, and more than once I thought that if this was to be my life I would be better dead.

Fortunately, in the universe I could control—the restricted orbit of my hospital bed—I was not completely out of action. I could scribble in my diary, and write letters or postcards with my right hand; I could see friends and take an interest in the outside world, even though the world itself seemed terrifyingly noisy and overpowering whenever I was in it. Once I was into the routine of daily physiotherapy, I had to face up to the slow process of recovery, which, in the case of a stroke, offers a moving target: one is constantly and imperceptibly getting better. I had to learn to adjust, and also to wait.

SIX months ago, I could slip across the street to post a letter in the time it takes to type this sentence. Now I would have to raise myself up from my chair, find my cane, limp to the front door (say, three minutes), negotiate the steps to the street, and make my way to the corner (roughly five minutes), and then hobble back and collapse, exhausted, on the sofa, as though I had just run a marathon. Every day, I am acutely reminded that there is a world out there, a world I cannot be part of in quite the same way. One tangible effect of my illness, however, has been a more Zen-like response to the pressures and anxieties of the world, and in my new mood of self-examination I am inclined to say, "So what?"

The truth is that in my "old" life as a fit person I had become a monster of irresponsibility. For years, I had lived for my freedom. I would look up and see the jets circling over London and say to myself, "There is no reason I shouldn't be on a plane to anywhere in the world, given an hour's notice." I revelled in the idea of escape. Psychologically speaking, I carried a passport and a wallet full of international credit cards. Before my stroke, I'd been dissatisfied with my lot; in the hospital, I came to recognize that I'd been ambushed by the "adventure" I was looking for, and was travelling into a new and strange interior: my heart. Today, my passport is in a drawer and I have not made even a domestic credit-card transaction in six months.

In my new and vulnerable condition, I became dependent on my wife, and we have since discovered an intimacy that might, if things had been different, have taken years to establish. Sarah, who had married me, she says, in part because I seemed "strong and vigorous," was now seeing me at my weakest. At first, this was hard for both of us, and it has demanded constant readjustment. Once I came home, I needed Sarah for so many humble, everyday tasks: to help me in and out of the bath in the morning, to make our bed, to get me ready for the day. Strictly speaking, I can dress myself, but in practice I cannot do it without her: I cannot tie a tie or button a shirt cuff. When, finally, I put on my shoes, it is Sarah who eases my feet into my socks and then, with the "splint" that supports my left ankle and foot, into my shoes, and ties the laces. If the morning post brings medical bills to pay, it is Sarah who tears the checks off at the stub, and seals and stamps the envelope. What else? It is Sarah who has to put the breakfast on the table and bring home the food for our evening meal.



I have become friends with slowness, both as a concept and as a way of life. In the past, I was noted for the impressionistic speed with which I could accomplish things. At first, the contrast was a source of great frustration. I had to learn to be patient. In English, the adjectival and nominal meanings of "patient" come from the Latin for "suffering" or "endurance"—*patientia*. A patient is by definition "long-suffering." Dr. Greenwood, on one of his evening visits to my bedside, coined a phrase for this post-crisis stage of recovery. "You are about to go through the rapids," he said.

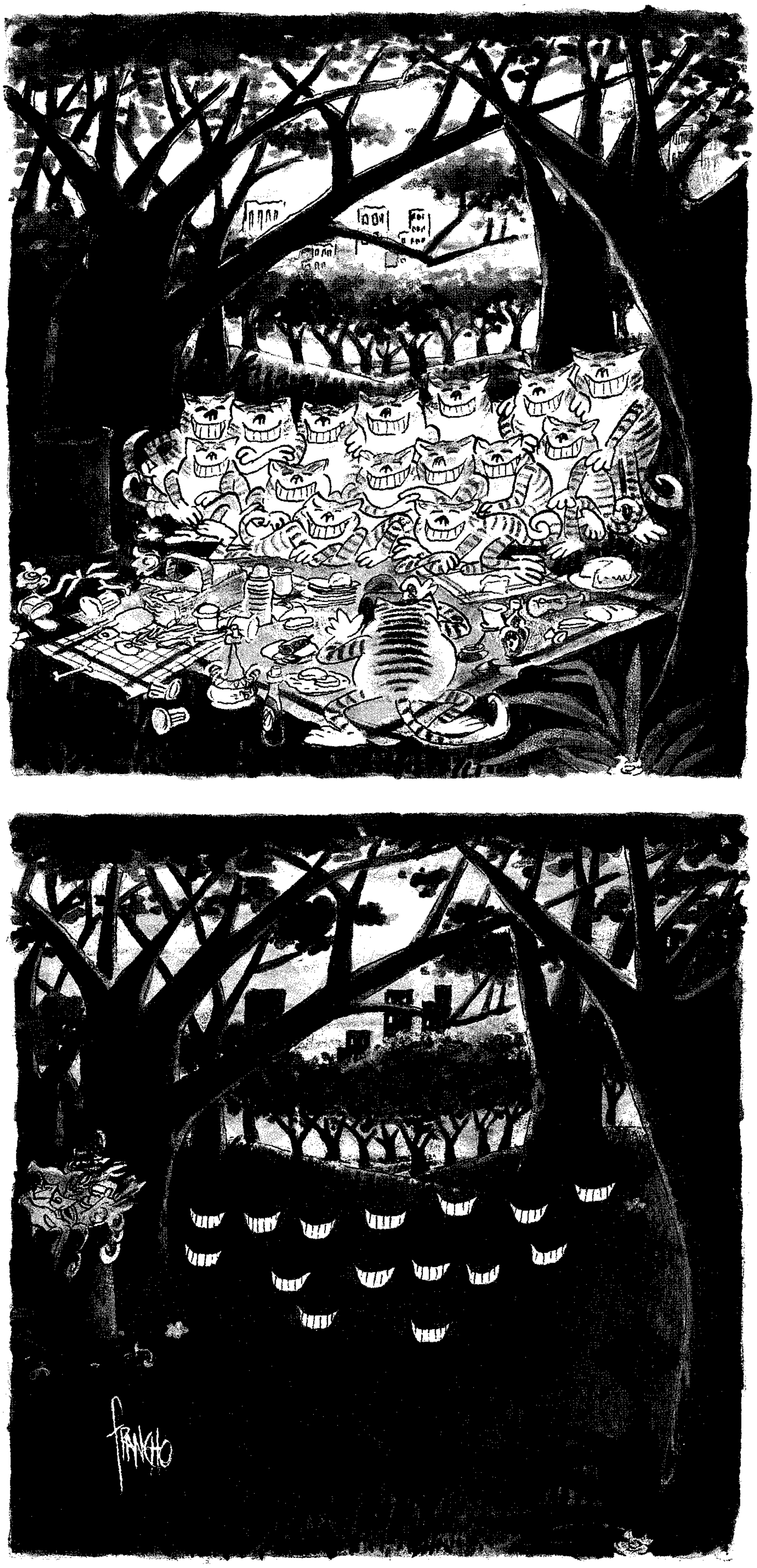
Dr. Greenwood was right. The fragile vessel of my personality was swamped and buffeted from all sides, and the months after I realized I would survive and began to understand that I'd never be quite the same again were among the worst of my life—beset with depression, frustration, irritation, and fear of failure. At the age of forty-two, I appeared to be reduced to the condition of an old man with a cane, watching the world go by, musing sadly on the past. I had been dumped unceremoniously into the land of the unwell (to me, it is no "kingdom"), and it was not until I got here that I realized what a charmed life I'd led. For forty years, I had hardly seen a doctor or been inside a hospital. Suddenly, my physical condition was at the top of the agenda every day. What's more, I am not going to wake up one morning and find myself magically restored to health. The changes in my condition are infinitesimal—visible only to those who, like Sarah, observe me from day to day.

The frustration of this, I've decided, is a bit like losing your wallet—it's like losing your wallet *every day*. Your wallet *and* your Filofax. The same sense of "Goddammit!" and "Oh, no!"—all those numbers to ring, all those connections to remake, all those little shortcuts that make everyday life bearable. Occasionally, when I lie in bed—the bed in which I awoke on that summer morning so long ago—I think, Perhaps I am dreaming. Sometimes I say it out loud: "Am I dreaming? Did that really happen? Is this really the case?" But no, I am not dreaming. I am changed forever.

Sometimes it is difficult for me to acknowledge the importance of what has happened—to admit that the stroke was an irrevocable event in my personal history. I come from a tight-lipped culture in which the standard response to misfortune is to assert that one is "fine," that one is "perfectly O.K." It is, of course, a form of massive denial to claim that one is coping when, plainly, one is not. For me to admit that I have been scared and lonely these last several months is as difficult as it is to admit that I can sometimes feel a profound anger toward the world that has done this to me.

But then I recognize that I have this consolation: I suffered my stroke less than two months after getting married. I was absolutely sure of Sarah in a way I had never been absolutely sure of anyone before, and yet who knows what this crisis might have done to our relationship as newlyweds? We knew and loved each other well, but no better than two people who had crisscrossed the Atlantic for a year in a highly charged romantic daze and had spent barely a calendar month in each other's company. When Sarah was summoned back from San Francisco, she did not know what she might find at the other end of the plane ride. Her new husband might be a vegetable. He might be dead. As it happened, I was conscious and alive, and she, for her part, rose to the occasion with grace, humor, and determination. Now when I wake and find her next to me, every day seems like a blessing. In recent weeks, I have discarded my wheelchair, have begun to drive my car, and have gone back to work. With a cane, I can sustain a very short, leisurely stroll. I am getting out and about in the world, the world that I thought I had lost, and which, with Sarah, seems to me more precious than ever. ◆

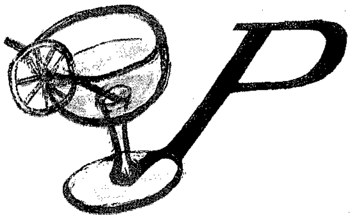
CHESHIRE CLASS REUNION



FICTION

PROCTOR BEMIS

BY EVAN S. CONNELL


FILIP PAGOWSKI

PROCTOR CYRIL BEMIS, lately retired C.E.O. of Bemis, Frisch & Halstead Securities, hobbled into the Wyandotte Country Club with a shiny and swollen big toe that felt like a radish, reminding him of those eighteenth-century gentlemen afflicted with gout who had been uncharitably depicted by the likes of Rowlandson and Hogarth.

I hope Bullock's tending bar, Mr. Bemis grumbled, and continued talking to himself. That new fellow hasn't the faintest idea how to mix a Daiquiri. Lord, what if Bullock retires? He must be almost my age.

The young woman behind the desk said good afternoon as he limped by. He tried to think of her name. Aurelia, Astrid, Ingrid, something of the sort. Her voice reminded him of Robin.

Ha! he said aloud when he caught sight of Bullock. And his favorite chair, a maroon leather throne overlooking the golf course, was unoccupied. After lowering himself into the chair he gently placed his bad leg on a stool and scowled at the toe, which had acquired a life of its own. He could not understand why it ached and throbbed, because he was not one of those decadent Englishmen who sat around the club all day sipping port and munching buttered scones. I ought to give Chambers a call, he thought, but he'd put me on some jackass diet of shredded wheat or cauliflower. Maybe the damn thing will get better.

For several minutes Mr. Bemis sat with his hands folded on his belly while he contemplated the golf course—a pleasantly undulating landscape, green as a billiard table. He wondered how many thousands of hours he had spent whacking a golf ball and following it around. What a senseless, gratifying way to squander time. He turned to look at the fireplace where a pyramid of logs awaited Jack Frost; the fireplace was enormous, big enough for the great hall of a Viking manor. He looked at the mahogany sideboard where an elegant silver tray offered a tempting assortment of mints, nuts, fruit, and cheese. He looked at a crystal vase bursting with roses atop the piano. He looked up at the fancy chandelier, down at the Turkish rug glowing in late October sunshine. He peered across the rims of his spectacles at a series of framed Currier & Ives prints on the wall, and it occurred to him that no matter which way he turned he could see something agreeable. He grunted with satisfaction.

Bullock had noticed him, of course. Nothing in the lounge escaped Bullock. Another minute or so and Bullock would come around, preceded by a discreet cough to announce himself. What a gem he was, good old Bullock. He must have been here thirty years, Mr. Bemis thought, and one of these days he'll throw in the towel. Strange, I know nothing about the man. He has a wedding ring, but he never mentions his wife. I wonder if they have children. Where do they live? What does he think about? Is he a Democrat? Does he go bowling on his day off? Nice fellow. Seems intelligent. I expect he's bored, serving drinks to chattering biddies and retired old cranks. Well, I'm ready for a libation.

And at that instant, like a genie from a bottle, Bullock appeared with a newspaper. Perhaps you would care to glance through the *Tribune*, he murmured, bowing just slightly.

I'll get around to it, Mr. Bemis said. Did you have a mob for lunch?

Quite a crowd, yes. We catered an engagement party. The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Poteet.

Engaged? I assumed that girl was about fourteen. The years run away from us, Bullock.

Indeed they do, sir.

Who is the boy?

I don't know, sir. I'll ask Mrs. Tuckerly.

Skip it, Mr. Bemis said. However, I'll celebrate the joyous occasion. My usual. And one of those pears from the tray—get me a juicy one. And a wedge of Gouda. Umm, and a few nuts. I love cashews. Don't be stingy with the cashews.

Bullock, after a slight dip of the head, vanished into his bottle.

Mr. Bemis watched a foursome of golfers approach the clubhouse. Clearly they had enjoyed themselves. He thought about the game eighteen or twenty years ago when he scored a hole in one. The drive had made him famous for several months. Now, of course, nobody cared. Indeed, most of the people who knew about it were gone.

Bullock soon returned with a Daiquiri, crackers, solid Dutch cheese, an absolutely magnificent pear, and a silver goblet brimming with cashews.

I took the liberty of inquiring, he said. The young man is Raymond Epp.

Epp? Epp? said Mr. Bemis. Doesn't sound familiar. Are they members?

Not to my knowledge, sir.

Bullock, tell me, what's our world coming to? Young savages whooping out of the forest to abduct our daughters. Have you a daughter?

Bullock grinned, displaying ragged yellow teeth. Three daughters and one grandchild.

Congratulations. I had no idea.

Thank you, sir. If you would excuse me, Dr. and Mrs. Altschuler are waiting.

Of course. Of course, Mr. Bemis said. He waved to the Altschulers, who had settled near the fireplace. Obviously they did not intend to join him, which was a bit of luck. Late afternoon was a delphic hour—between the dark and the daylight, as Longfellow had written—and Gladys would spoil it by talking too much. Silently he measured the shadows, reflecting that late afternoon might be considered analogous to retirement. There were troubling implications to such a parallel; nevertheless, life thus far had been good, very good. Except for the damned toe, all was well. So, feeling rather satisfied, Mr. Bemis tasted his Daiquiri, nibbled a wedge of cheese, and gazed out the window. Bullock, poor devil, couldn't afford such luxury. Year after year fetching drinks, lighting cigarettes, listening courteously to opinionated old bores, forced to watch his behavior every moment or risk losing the job. And at his age what else would he do? I wonder if he hates us, Mr. Bemis thought. Most of the members are decent, but I'd be hard put taking guff from one or two.

Just then, hearing faraway violins, he glanced at his watch: five o'clock. Every afternoon precisely at five somebody in the depths of the club turned on the music. He closed his eyes, peeled off his glasses, and held them in one hand while he listened. Was it Haydn or Mozart? A life devoted to marketing stocks and bonds had not left much time for the study of classical music; but now, God willing, there should be time for many things, all sorts of neglected activities. Retirement was not bad, not bad. Now he could do as he liked—paint flaming orange sunsets, go fishing, raise petunias, learn to rumba, have Phillips drive him to the club. And if he had not grown fatter than Samuel Johnson he might loiter by the swimming pool and flirt with pretty girls. The devil take conferences, brainless subordinates, sales pitches, telephones, and a ticker tape spewing information that was obsolete before it hit the basket. Indeed, if he wished, he might sit like Buddha on this red leather throne and do nothing but look wise. That sounded just fine. At a quarter to six Phillips would arrive—very nearly as prompt as the music. He would be chauffeured home, agree with Marguerite's complaints about a disorderly world, and settle down to supper. Retirement came pretty close to being the cat's pajamas.

Not so bad, said Mr. Bemis.

He quartered the pear, took a bite, and unfolded the *Tribune*. Little enough on the front page. Auto workers threatening a strike. Politicians posturing. Surge in oil prices. Bank robber escaped. It could be yesterday or tomorrow.

He scanned the second page. Corporate merger. Albino gorilla. He paused briefly on the third page to read about a basketball player caught in flagrante delicto with the coach's wife. But on the next page, he stopped:

> U.S. PLANNED MASS GASSING OF JAPAN
>
> A long-withheld military document shows the U.S. was willing to kill 5 million Japanese in a toxic-gas attack to end World War II.
>
> The highly specific plan—which authorities tried to cover up after the war—was drafted before the atomic bomb attacks on Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945 killed an estimated 120,000 people and ended the war without an invasion.
>
> The plan designated "gas attack zones" on detailed maps of Tokyo and other major Japanese cities. Only five copies of the original, top-secret study were produced, making it one of the most closely held documents of the war.
>
> The proposal for the attack is revealed in a 30-page document that was deliberately altered . . .

Mr. Bemis lowered the paper, conscious that the sun was going down behind a cluster of trees; and as he watched it disappear he remembered an afternoon in Germany, east of Stolberg, when he had been nineteen years old and watched the sun go down behind some trees on a ridge. German soldiers were in the neighborhood. If they saw his uniform they would kill him.

After a while he adjusted his glasses and continued reading:

> . . . deliberately altered after the war so that historians would never see that U.S. Army chemical warfare planners had recommended a pre-emptive poison-gas strike.
>
> We obtained the original document. It bears inked-in changes, made in 1947. The word *retaliatory* was frequently inserted to make it agree with announced U.S. wartime policy which, by U.S. presidential directive, prohibited first-strike use of poison gas.

Mr. Bemis looked for the names of the reporters. Thomas B. Allen and Norman Polmar. New York *Times* special feature. So this must be a reprint or excerpt.

> It was known that top military leaders had discussed massive gas attacks on Japan during planning sessions in summer 1945, but most of the details were locked away in archives.
>
> The poison-gas study was finally located, but its release by the Pentagon was held up by the U.S. Department of State because of "possible political implications."
>
> U.S. Army planners, shocked at the high casualty figures during the Pacific island campaigns, saw a pre-emptive gas attack as the best way to launch the American invasion of Japan, which was to begin Nov. 1, 1945.
>
> It recommended that the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff issue "a policy at once directing the use of toxic gas on both strategic and tactical targets . . . "

Amazing, he said aloud, and wagged his head. This is extraordinary. Why, this is unbelievable. Before the invasion this gas attack would "disrupt national life in Japan." Disrupt national life—a military euphemism for genocide. Twenty-five important cities "especially suitable for gas attacks" had been chosen, including Tokyo, Yokohama, Osaka, Kobe, Nagoya, and Kyoto.

Kyoto? he said. Kyoto was the cultural heart of Japan, it wasn't an industrial center. He had thought about visiting Japan and had discussed the idea with Marguerite, who seemed amenable. She, too, thought Kyoto should be interesting. It was full of ancient Buddhist temples, museums, the old imperial palace, famous gardens and beautiful parks. Kyoto had been founded in the eighth century when the United States was wilderness.

Gas attacks of the recommended size and intensity might kill five million people and disable that many more. Ten million casualties. Ten million? Mr. Bemis whispered. Five million dead in a few hours? We said we'd never use gas unless the Japanese did, yet these birds claim Stilwell wrote to Marshall, "We are not bound in any way not to . . . " He glanced up and there stood Bullock with an expectant look.

Another, sir?

Yes, by all means, Mr. Bemis said. This *Tribune* article, this piece about using gas during World War II, have you seen it?

Bullock tipped his head and squinted at the paper. No, I'm afraid not, he said after a pause.

We were on the verge of gassing ten million Japanese.

I was unaware of that, Bullock said carefully. When Japan surrendered I was eight years old.

So you don't recall much.

Very little.

Ah. Well, this business was hushed up for half a century. It seems General Stilwell wrote to Marshall that we should consider the use of poison gas. Vinegar Joe Stilwell.

He served in the Pacific, did he not?

He commanded our forces in China, Burma, and India until he quarrelled with Chiang.

Chiang Kai-shek?

Yes. Chiang Kai-shek.

Bullock gazed at the paper with a determined expression, as though he meant to read it. Will there be anything else? he asked.

Nein, Mr. Bemis said with a German accent. Bullock had been a schoolboy during the war; even so, it was odd that he could scarcely identify Chiang and Vinegar Joe.

When he returned with another Daiquiri Mr. Bemis looked up from the paper and said, That poison gas story reminded me of the Lusitania. Did you know the Lusitania was packed with munitions for the British?

Bullock hesitated before answering in the same careful voice, In fact, sir, I was not. I was under the impression it was a passenger vessel.

Tons of black powder, thousands of rounds of ammunition. That ship was a floating bomb.

There was considerable loss of life, was there not?

More than considerable. British, for the most part, although a hundred or so Americans were aboard, poor devils. I doubt if any of them knew the hold was crammed with explosives. Umm, I've lost my train of thought. Ah, here's the parallel, Bullock. Members of Congress smelled something fishy—suspected the Lusitania was more than a passenger ship—and asked the Treasury Department for a bill of lading. Well, Treasury replied that it had been delivered to the State Department. And what do you suppose happened when State was asked for the bill of lading? State wouldn't disclose the Lusitania's cargo on grounds it was diplomatic correspondence. What rot! Now here we have the same hanky-panky. Let's see. Yes, here we go. Poison-gas study located, release held up by U.S. Department of State because of—listen to this—"possible political implications."

Bullock nodded and cleared his throat. If you would excuse me, sir, Mr. and Mrs. Joplin are waiting.

What? Ah, of course. I didn't see them come in.

Almost at once Mr. Bemis felt a hand on his shoulder and heard Joplin's voice: How's that appendage?

Hurts, Mr. Bemis said. I'm going to chop it off first thing tomorrow. Will you and Elise join me for a drink?

We're meeting Bradley and Sue, but we'll take a rain check.

Mr. Bemis pointed at the newspaper. Have you seen that poison-gas article?

Joplin straightened up. The smile left his face. I read it at the office, he said. We should have gassed those slant-eyed bastards—all of them.

Mr. Bemis remembered that Joplin had been a marine in the South Pacific and was badly wounded on one of the islands.

We let those Japs off the hook. We should have fried those people—the whole stinking bunch. Hey, there's Brad. Take care of that toe, soldier.

Bullock came back a few minutes later to say Phillips had arrived.

Quarter to six, is it? All right. If you'd give me a hand—I'm stuck in this chair like a walrus.

May I assist you to the car? Bullock asked when Mr. Bemis was at last on his feet.

No, no, I'll manage. The trick is getting started. Not sure if the toe bone is attached to the foot bone and the foot bone to the ankle bone and right now I don't give a hoot. I'll skip right along. Bullock, those Daiquiris are marvellous.

Phillips opened the back door of the Chrysler while Mr. Bemis, grimacing because the toe had begun to throb, crawled in. Tell me, he said as they rolled away from the club, can you identify Vinegar Joe Stilwell?

Excuse me, Phillips said. Vinegar who?

I'll give you a hint, Mr. Bemis said. He was removed from command after a squabble with Chiang. Chiang Kai-shek.

Phillips shrugged.

Were you in military service?

Vietnam.

Ah, that explains it.

Explains what, sir?

I didn't realize you were so young.

Phillips laughed. My kids call me the relic.

Now that's astonishing, Mr. Bemis said. What did you do in Vietnam?

Air Cav.

Mr. Bemis thought about this. Air Cav. Air Cavalry. I've just about forgotten our lingo, he remarked. Nip. Kraut. Limey. WAC. Dogface. Repo Depo. And when we were discharged we got the Ruptured Duck.

World War Two?

Mr. Bemis sighed. Yes. I was too young for the First World War. In fact, I didn't exist.

Phillips answered slowly, as though trying to remember a high-school history lesson. The siege of Stalingrad. Russia was on our side.

Thank God, yes, Mr. Bemis said.

But they were Commies. Isn't that true?

Very true.

We fought the Commies in Nam. Don't ask me to explain it.

Nam, Phillips said in a hostile voice. Gooks in the fog. They blew away my best buddy. I remember the look on his face.

I lost a pal, Mr. Bemis said. Not much changes. The weapons, the landscape, the enemy's name. Otherwise it's mud, fog, rats, flies, explosions, and blood. Where do you suppose the birds go?

What do you mean, sir?

They vanish.

I never gave it much thought, Phillips said.

Perhaps they dislike our company. You know, Phillips, I came upon the most extraordinary news. We were planning to saturate Japan with poison gas. Kyoto. Osaka. Nagoya. Tokyo. Casualties would have been five million, maybe ten million.

The Japs attacked Pearl Harbor.

Mr. Bemis did not reply. What Phillips had said was true, of course. But was it quite so simple? British economic interests in the Far East were threatened by Japan, and the British hoped for American intervention. Roosevelt clamped down on American trade with Japan six months before Pearl Harbor. Three-fourths of Japan's imports had been cut off by the Allied blockade. Well, God knows, he thought. The tentacles reached everywhere.

Why didn't we drop the A-bomb in Nam? Phillips asked. My buddy would be alive.

It's very real to you, isn't it? After all these years.

Like yesterday. We could've nuked Hanoi. Took out those slopes.

Turn Hanoi into a parking lot?

That wouldn't have broke my heart.

Back to the Stone Age, Mr. Bemis thought. LeMay chomping a cigar. Napalm. Calley. What's happened to us? What have we become? Jefferson, Washington, Adams, Franklin—would they recognize their country?

He did not say anything else during the ride home. He felt old and tired and dissatisfied.

At supper he said to his wife, Marguerite, I had a remarkable conversation with Phillips. He knows next to nothing about the Second World War.

Mrs. Bemis tasted her soup, onion soup, before answering. For Heaven's sake, why should he?

Well, Mr. Bemis replied while buttering a slab of pecan bread, I thought the

What gives a woman style?

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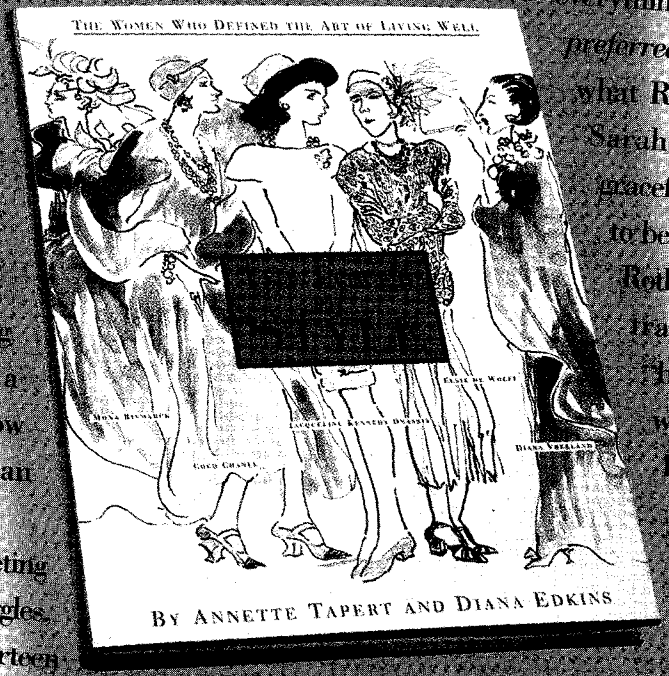

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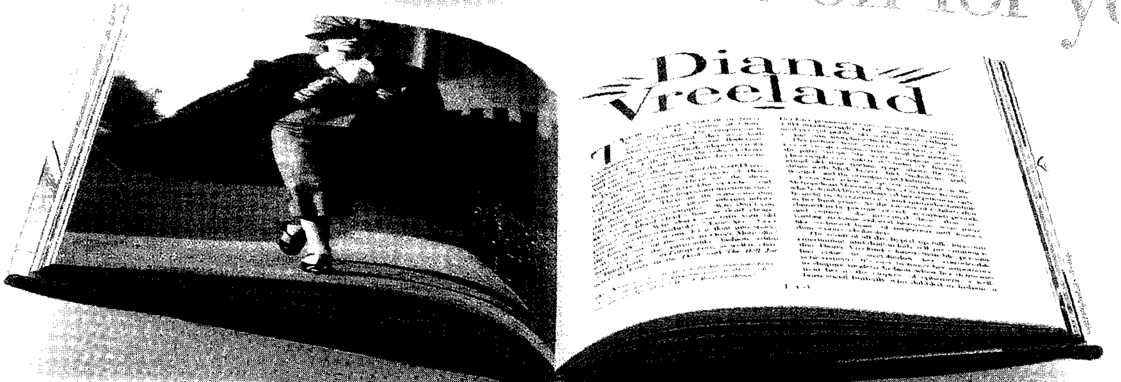

Diana Vreeland

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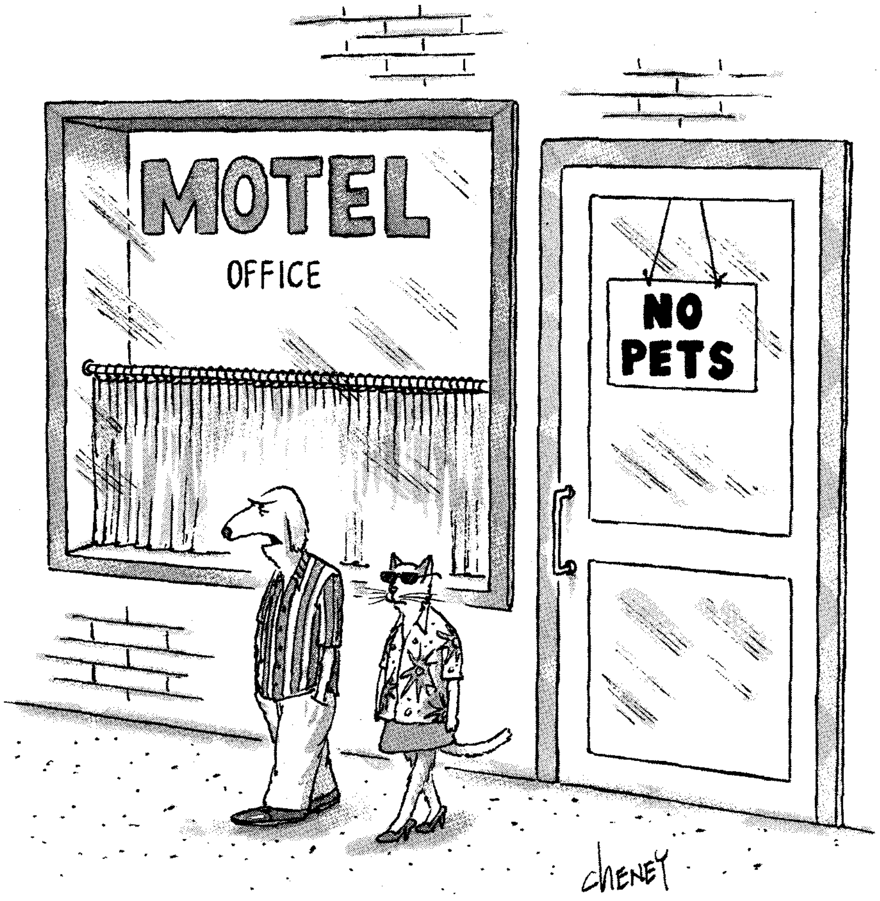

"I can't believe it! I had the key right in my paw, and you had to cough up a hairball!"

• •

war was an unforgettable experience. And this comment struck him as being rather witty; he glanced across the table to see if she appreciated it, but she did not look up from her soup. Phillips is young, he added, nevertheless I was surprised.

Proctor, she said, you are growing absent-minded. Phillips is not young. Phillips is middle-aged.

All right, Mr. Bemis said. He lifted his glass of wine, observed the color, and took a sip.

How is your toe?

Pinot Blanc has nothing to do with it, he said.

You really should call Dr. Chambers.

My toe feels better, he said. Besides, after ninety-five years at the office I'm entitled to enjoy myself.

Was anybody at the club?

The Altschulers and Joplins. It was a bit early for the evening crowd. I had the place pretty much to myself, just me and Bullock. Good old Bullock. Nice fellow. He has three daughters. He brought me the *Tribune* and I found out we were getting ready to soak Japan with poison gas.

Mrs. Bemis looked at her watch.

During the war, he said. The Pentagon intended to gas a few million Japanese before our troops landed.

Robin and the children are going to stop by. They ought to be here in a few minutes.

Ah, good, said Mr. Bemis.

Mark's teeth are killing him, poor child. He's so anxious to have those appliances removed.

Mr. Bemis chuckled. They used to be called braces. I wore them. I hated them.

Mrs. Bemis put down her spoon. What do you think of this?

Of what?

Does the soup taste salty?

It's delicious, he said. I love onion soup.

Bouillabaisse is your favorite.

I could eat a bucket. Lots of shrimp and lobster.

You were talking about Japan. I interrupted.

Never mind, he said. Nobody cares. Please continue.

He took a deep breath and everything seemed unreal. He stared at the elderly woman across the table but had no idea who she was. He looked down at his hands and saw the puffy, discolored hand of an old man reach for the carving knife.

Proctor, she said, is anything wrong?

I don't know how to begin, he said. It's as if those journalists got hold of a Nazi document.

What on earth are you talking about? Don't you feel well?

I'm all right, he said. The prime rib looked succulent and juicy; he touched it with the point of the knife. Fifty years, he said to himself as he began carving. Our State Department hid that plan for fifty years. Then, when they were forced to reveal it, the wording had been changed so it would coincide with official United States policy. That is criminal. That is treachery. That is treachery at the highest echelon of government. I've always believed in this nation. We elect a lot of liars and nincompoops—everybody takes that for granted. But this? This is ethical decay. This is beyond belief.

How are the Altschulers? she asked.

I didn't talk to them, he said. I waved. They waved.

Gladys has been quite ill. I understand she may have diabetes. That certainly would be a blow. They were planning a cruise to Bermuda. It would be a shame if they had to cancel.

Mr. Bemis nodded. He poured a glass of claret for her and one for himself. Did you know Phillips served in Vietnam?

Is that so? she asked politely. Do you like the asparagus?

Indeed I do, he said. We should have asparagus more often.

I'll make a note of it.

Phillips wanted to turn Hanoi into a parking lot. Nuke the gooks.

Well, Mrs. Bemis said, I have absolutely no use for Communism. Just look what happened to Hillis Fowler. I feel so sorry for Ted and Kate. But why in the world do they insist on keeping him at home? It would be so much easier if they put him in a veterans' hospital. I simply can't endure his presence. He's disgusting. He can scarcely move and he can't speak—those horrid moans are unnerving. I do feel sorry for him, of course, but why must we be forced to look at him? It's as if they wanted to remind us.

He volunteered.

Don't you think he would have been drafted?

Possibly. Probably. How should I know?

You are drinking too much, Mrs. Bemis said. It isn't good for you.

You're right, said Mr. Bemis.

We did everything imaginable to prevent the spread of international Communism.

Almost. We forgot to nuke the gooks.

I think we should have dropped an atomic bomb. The war would have ended in a minute.

That's right, he said. How about a little more prime rib?

Not another bite.

Where did you get this? It's very rich.

Stroud's. I enjoy shopping there. The butcher is so nice.

All at once Mr. Bemis felt dizzy; he wondered if he was about to faint. His heart gave a powerful thump and it seemed to him that he was in Germany lying on some damp leaves, holding his breath as a German patrol went by. He could hear them talking and he could hear their boots on the road. One of them coughed, not far away. Suddenly they were gone and he realized that he was able to breathe. From a distance he heard his wife; she was talking about poison gas, explaining how it would have saved American lives.

Somebody knocked at the door.

That must be the children, she said, putting aside her napkin. You sit still.

The door opened and he heard the clamorous young voices of his grandchildren. He sat at the table with his hands laced across his belly, waiting, and presently they rushed upon him. He chatted with Melanie about school, asked Mark about his teeth, listened to Robin, and thought about what he had read. The government lied. Not only did the American government plan to kill millions of people with gas, it lied. I used to believe, he thought. I never once questioned our government. How foolish. Maybe I stopped believing when Ike lied to us about that U-2 plane. I trusted Ike. But then he told us an unarmed weather plane accidentally strayed across the Turkish border into Russia with the pilot unconscious at the controls because his oxygen equipment malfunctioned—some cock-and-bull story like that. What was the pilot's name? Purvis or Powers, I think. And the C.I.A. gave him a suicide kit. He was supposed to kill himself if he was shot down. Ike knew the truth, of course. Nobody, not even those spooks at the C.I.A., would try such a stunt without the President's approval. I've never forgiven Ike. He stood up in front of the cameras and he looked at us without winking and he lied. Since then I've never believed. There's the heart of it. Still, somehow, I thought we were fairly decent. Not bad, as nations go. In spite of napalm and McNamara and Johnson and those Bundy brothers and the obscene body counts—I thought somehow, even while the evidence piled up—I told myself this isn't what we are.

Mr. Bemis discovered that his plate had been removed and dessert was being served. He looked unhappily at the slice of *Sacher Torte* his wife placed in front of him. Marguerite, he said, this isn't enough for a mouse. If I held this up to the light I could see through it.

It's more than you ought to have, she said.

You are hideously fat, said Robin.

I am not, said Mr. Bemis.

You are, too! Melanie cried. You're fatter than anybody!

Well, maybe I am, said Mr. Bemis, but this is a special occasion. I don't see why I can't have a little more.

Mother's right, said Robin. You should go on a diet.

Mr. Bemis grumbled and decided to begin eating his torte before one of them took it away from him. And while he nibbled at it he realized that there might be *Sacher Torte* at the club. That seemed quite possible. He thought he would ask Bullock. Marguerite would never know.

He listened to the children squabble over something and for a while he listened to the women talk about a sale at some department store and he felt altogether at ease. Life was a thing to savor like a bit of chocolate. He reflected that his life so far had not unrolled dramatically, he had not made much impact on the world, but he had done well and had played his part conscientiously. One could take pride in that. He began to wonder what he might have done. If, for example, instead of marketing securities he had entered politics—what might have happened? Would he have risen high enough to affect the course of events? If so, faced with terrible choices, what then? Two hundred years ago the nation's leaders had been men of unusual character and vision. They articulated a promise—a brilliant promise, an eloquent promise—that their descendants had failed to honor. Why wasn't the promise kept? Who, or what, was responsible for the treachery, the lies, the incomplete truths, the reduction of morality to mathematics? And therefore, what did the future hold?

Something's bothering you, Robin said. What's wrong?

I'm hungry, Mr. Bemis said. He could see his wife and daughter look at him, assessing the words, measuring his face. After a moment they decided he was not going to collapse over his dessert. They continued talking.

He glared at the shred of chocolate torte and thought about his conversation with Bullock. How could an intelligent, perceptive man only a little younger than himself fail to identify Vinegar Joe? And Phillips, who could discuss Ho Chi Minh or Westmoreland or Hamburger Hill—Phillips knew nothing of McAuliffe or Rundstedt or Malmédy. In a few more years those names would be forgotten. Mr. Bemis frowned into space.

Are you ill? his wife asked. You've scarcely touched your dessert.

Nothing's wrong, he said. Then all at once he heard himself talking about the horrifying plan that two journalists had forced the Pentagon to divulge; but when he looked at his wife and daughter he could see from their identical expressions that he had not explained it very well.

Fifty years ago? his daughter asked. The plan is fifty years old?

Yes, he said.

That's like the War of the Roses, she said.

Mr. Bemis considered this. She was right. And yet, he thought, it shouldn't be forgotten. Because if we forget what we might have done—if we were capable of that, who are we? Fifty years ago we destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki in order to stop what Churchill called the vast indefinite butchery, and the scheme worked. Still, something in this calculation offends me. St. Paul condemned those who argued that one may practice evil if good shall come of it.

Would you like more coffee? Mrs. Bemis asked.

Yes, he said.

You're brooding, Robin said. Poking through that ancient stuff.

Mr. Bemis nodded. All the same, he told himself, this is a moral issue so we've not come to the end of it. And while his wife poured coffee he finished the torte and wondered if he might ask for another slice. ♦

AH, WILDERNESS!

[*From Martha Stewart Living*]

What was peculiar was the silence and solitude. Except for the crashing of the ocean a hundred yards away, there wasn't a person or animal in sight.

BOOKS

PIPER PIPE THAT SONG AGAIN

Peter Ackroyd finds a William Blake for our time.

BY KENNEDY FRASER

WILLIAM BLAKE, the visionary poet and artist, was one of the greatest of England's geniuses, and surely among its most neglected. His work just glows, somehow. His designs, at their best, have an undying light in them; his verse, at its best, seems to speak itself out loud, like a voice from a cloud or a dream. Communing familiarly with the spirits of the dead; seeing into the past and the present with the eyes of eternity (with what he called "The Imagination which Liveth for Ever"), Blake had one of those lives which are larger than the individual who lives it. In spite of this, or because of it, his path was never cozy. He labored at his profession of engraver for fifty years or more—he was born in 1757 and died, still hard at work, in 1827—but often he barely scraped a living. Much of his original art work went unsold and his most ambitious literary work unpublished.

He was born above his father's hosiery shop, near Golden Square, in Soho, and lived virtually his whole life without leaving London. He was always a part of the capital's art and publishing worlds; he had many talented and influential friends. But he managed to alienate even the most loyal, and got pushed further and further out to the professional margins and into penury. From early on, he was outstripped in the race for glory by now forgotten men with nothing remotely resembling his creative stature. For all his tradesmanlike background and his work ethic, Blake had no head for business. He kept getting promising commissions only to see them fall through, end in rancor, or leave some hated competitor with all the profit. He was married to the same woman, the former maidservant Catherine Boucher, from Battersea, for forty-five years. Each morning, he got out of bed in their series of modest lodgings, lit the fire, and put on the kettle for breakfast. In his "Songs of Innocence," and elsewhere, Blake celebrated the visionary power of children, but the Blakes had no children themselves. She cooked, cleaned, made their clothes, got up in the night to keep him company when he felt like working, and helped hand-color his prints. At times, a single small room served as the couple's bedroom and kitchen, and also as a sort of alchemist's workshop where he created the miraculous syntheses of art and text that he called Illuminated Books. It was messy work. His trousers grew threadbare as the years went by, and grubby from inks and wax. When he was in late middle age, and had almost reconciled himself to having utterly failed to "make a Figure in the Great Dance of Life," he kept busy writing and illustrating his ambitious epics, "Jerusalem" and "Milton." He was creating a completely original mythology, with radiant images of sexual and spiritual energy, archetypal dramas of good and evil, freedom and oppression. In his small room, he was conjuring up a timeless, uncorrupted version of the surrounding city, with its bustle, its riots, its armies of thieves and prostitutes, its luxurious shopwindows, its printshops and art galleries, and its slums: a shining "spiritual Four-fold London eternal." In a way, he was always writing his very own version of the Bible. Visitors would call on Mr. and Mrs. Blake and find them drinking tea. "Poor Blake," one of them said afterward. "Still poor still Dirty."

FOR a neglected man, Blake has had more than his share of impassioned and discerning champions. Nothing about him was simple or one-sided, and although part of him yearned to be a prophet for the masses, another part knew that only a happy few would ever understand him. "What is Grand is necessarily obscure to Weak men," Blake once wrote in a testy letter to the Reverend John Trusler—a clergyman and author of the eighteenth-century best-seller "The Way to Be Rich and Respectable"—who had ordered some watercolors from him and had then got cold feet. In his day, there was always a little band of friends and patrons who treasured his work and kept him just this side of starving. They commissioned original art or threw commercial engraving jobs his way (he was once reduced to engraving eggcups and tureens for the Wedgwood catalogue) until his rage and frustration at having strayed for too long from his true art exhausted his protectors and they stepped aside, making way for reinforcements. The names of his would-be helpers and subsequent "betrayers"—Flaxman, Stothard, Cromek—assume mythic proportions in his life story, as if, like Urizen, Los, Enitharmon, and Luvah, they were characters from the poetry known as his Prophetic Books. After Blake had worn out much of the good will of his contemporaries, he was still given help to subsist; he and his work were discovered in his last decade by a group of worshipful young artists (including the then teen-age Samuel Palmer) who called themselves "the Antients."

In every age, people who are susceptible to Blake have relations with him that (like his relations with his patrons) have a way of getting extraordinarily intense. He once remarked that for him death was no more significant than "removing from one room to another," and you get the sense that for his real admirers he still seems alive. In our own day, a club of Blake devotees meets on occasion at St. James's, the Wren church near Golden Square, in Piccadilly; he was christened there, although his parents were Dissenters from the Established Church, like many of London's lower-middle-class shopkeepers and artisans. His biographers, however devoted, have had to contend with gaps in what is known about his life. In spite of the adoring Antients, who lived on as Victorians, Blake's reputation remained rather restricted for a century after his death. What's more, he was an eighteenth-century radical in spiritual and sexual as well as political views; the generations that came right after were vaguely embarrassed by him. He hated monarchs and all formal religions, calling the State and the Church "the Beast & the Whore";

A plate from Blake's epic "Milton," completed in 1808.

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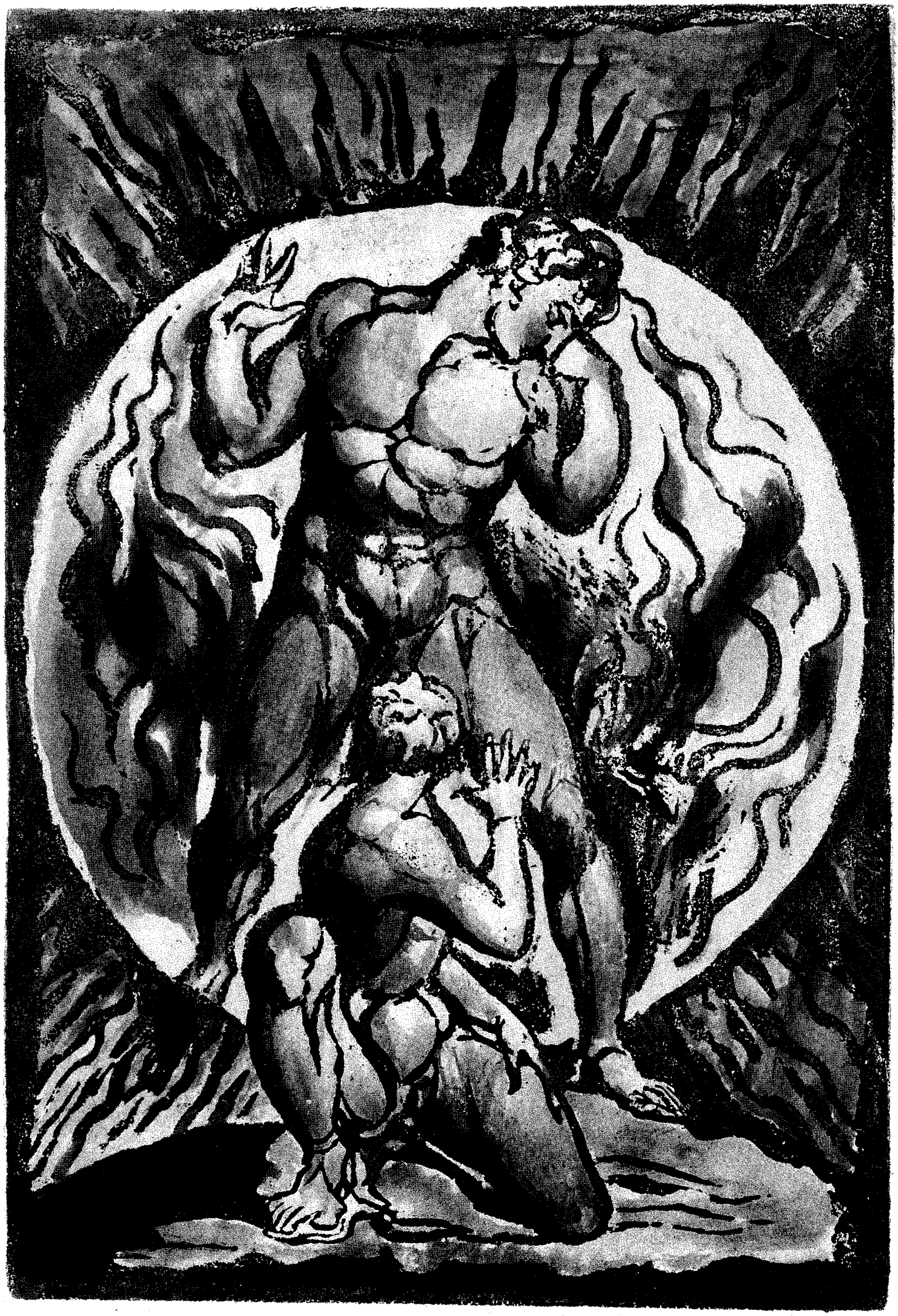

espoused what sounded dangerously like free love; and arrived, via Swedenborg, Boehme, and Paracelsus, at a distinctly personal definition of Christ. ("Christ . . . is the only God . . . and so am I and so are you," he once said.) But in the twentieth century biographers have come forward in greater numbers, and often they have been highly creative souls themselves.

I SUPPOSE that every one of these biographers has felt his or her own decade to be particularly apposite for introducing Blake to the general reader or for bringing fresh insights and anecdotes to the attention of the previously converted. But the waning days of the twentieth century—the perplexing run-up to the year 2000—really seem the perfect time for a new study of the strange, transcendent, utterly amazing William Blake. And for this curious moment, when the cultural ground is so palpably shifting underfoot, I can imagine no more dynamic intermediary than the gifted English novelist and biographer Peter Ackroyd. Ackroyd, who made his name here with an imaginative novel based on the brief life of Blake's contemporary the "mediaeval" poet Thomas Chatterton, has published more than a dozen books, mostly novels and biographies revolving around London and its history, especially of the literary sort. Ackroyd's much admired biography of Dickens came out not long ago; his new book, "Blake" (Knopf; $35), is the work of a writer thoroughly at home in his historical terrain and at the peak of his substantial literary powers.

When Blake was a teen-ager, the engraver to whom his father had apprenticed him sent him to make drawings of the effigies of old-time monarchs stretched atop their tombs in Westminster Abbey. Hanging out in the huge, empty church, with its trefoils and ogees, canopies, hollowed steps and ancient doorways, the boy fell for the outlines of the Gothic, which ever afterward would represent for him the only "true" art, the closest he could imagine to an expression of the sacred. What's more, Ackroyd says, Blake "experienced an intense collaboration with mortality, and with the remnants of the past . . . he saw the legendary history of Britain revealed." As a boy, Chatterton had had a similar spiritual revelation involving some dusty old manuscripts. "It is as if they recognised part of their own selves when they encountered the evidence of past ages," Ackroyd writes in "Blake," and we feel the energy of the biographer's own self pushing up behind the observation.

"Brad, talk to me—animal to animal."

"Energy is Eternal Delight," Blake wrote, famously. Energy running clear in human life is for him the sign of divinity. The thwarting of the life force, whether by repression of sexuality or the "mind-fettering" of censorship or the new factory work—men wasting "the days of wisdom / In sorrowful drudgery to obtain a scanty pittance of bread"—is as close as he came to a definition of evil. New forms of energy, put to ingenious uses, were in the air in those days; Blake lived through, and was extraordinarily prescient about, the birth of the Industrial Revolution. Faster and faster, steam power was driving the spinning mills, the pumps and lathes and machine tools that would build the trade, the ships, and the railways of Empire, and the lethal weapons of more and more modern-looking war. Around the time of the French Revolution, in company with Mary Wollstonecraft and Tom Paine, Blake was published by the Unitarian radical Joseph Johnson. (Blake seems to have been an outsider even in this crowd, seeing eye to eye with them for a time about politics but not about Jesus.) At Johnson's, he may have met Joseph Priestley, the radical Presbyterian minister who discovered oxygen and (with input from Benjamin Franklin) made a study of electricity. As a mystic, firmly opposed to Rationalism, Blake was no fan of scientific advances. The turning of wheels and pounding of pistons caused his soul to shudder. But the idea of electricity seems to fit with him: it sparks and flashes across time from his imaginative mind, courses through Peter Ackroyd, and galvanizes the receptive reader.

"Blake" has a certain Gothic quality as well: something of gloom-piercing shafts of light; of smoke and shadow; of Beckfordian grottoes lined with magpie gleanings of the semiprecious; of spectral beings who appear and then vanish, like a procession of ancient monks who appeared one day to young Blake in the

Abbey. A fine biography of Blake by the Canadian scholar James King came out at the start of the nineties; its tone was measured, classical, and gentlemanly. That book felt like a nicely proportioned Georgian room, where a steady daylight falls on Hepplewhite chairs and on dove-gray walls hung with paintings by Stubbs and Romney. Around Ackroyd's book we feel the atmosphere of something newer: a once certain culture spun off in many directions and then self-consciously reassembled, reinvented, appropriated. King could still say, in a drawing-room tone, "Meet Mr. William Blake, you may just enjoy him," but Ackroyd, several years closer to the millennium's rim, introduces us to his subject more urgently, as to a man who knows something that can help. This is a book with bounce and push; something about it is faintly messianic. Like Blake, Ackroyd is a kinetic, restless spirit, leaping backward in order to find a tenable base from which his imagination can negotiate the present and get the measure of what may come. Blake was an autodidact and lifelong student, especially of esoteric systems: the Gnostics and the Cabala, the Arthurian legends and the texts of Freemasonry. Even as he was sporting his red cap of Liberty to publicly declare his hopes for the uprising across the Channel, he was reading all he could lay his ink-stained hands on about a Druidic, paradisal Albion, where Englishmen lived bravely and freely, in close spiritual contact with the secret wisdom source.

"LATE-eighteenth-century London was awash with mysticism and millenarian yearnings, complementing its appetite for commerce and power," Ackroyd tells us. From early childhood, Blake had seen visions. When he was living in Hercules Buildings, Lambeth, the Archangel Gabriel appeared for a chat; William talked to his brother, Robert, almost as much after his death as before it. It was the posthumous Robert who was particularly forthcoming with technical suggestions about the innovative "relief etching" of the Illuminated Books. At certain times the spirit visitors appeared more often than at others. "I have very little of Mr Blake's company; he is always in Paradise," his wife said, when they were living in two rooms on South Molton Street. Some of his visitors were startled by his casual way of talking about meeting the Prophet Isaiah or the ghost of a flea; others were not shocked at all, since they saw visions themselves. Ackroyd does a fine job of sketching in the radical spiritual ideas that were common in the circles Blake frequented at various times: the Swedenborgians and Neoplatonists; the homes where faith in Christian redemption was dovetailed with dabblings in mesmerism or magnetic healing, sexual magic, alchemy, and other aspects of the occult. The foundation of Blake's imagery was always the Bible, which he had known since his infancy, in a family of pious and enthusiastic Christians. But the allusions in his poetry became denser and more arcane as his isolation progressed.

When it came to sexual mores, he was exposed to many radical ideas. The followers of Swedenborg were tolerant of polygamy, although we have no evidence that Blake was less than faithful to Mrs. Blake. The back garden of Hercules Buildings contained a vine, a fig tree, and a summer house, where—according to one famous anecdote—a visitor found the Blakes stark naked and reciting "Paradise Lost." The scandalized Victorians refused to believe it, as they would have refused to believe that Blake made erotic drawings involving hermaphroditism, homosexuality, and children engaged in voyeurism. Ackroyd tends to ignore or pass over a pair of other well-known stories—that he invited Mary Wollstonecraft to form a ménage à trois and that, single-handed, he helped Tom Paine escape the hangman and get to France. But, in view of some of the sects whose ideas on sex and the body Blake probably shared, Ackroyd is inclined to believe the sighting of the Blakes as Adam and Eve. The Quakers were known to practice nudity; the Ranters and the Anabaptists sometimes preached the Gospel without their clothes on.

Blake's feelings about women were complex, to say the least; he is sometimes accused of being a misogynist, leery of women as lovers of power and pleasure. He hated landscapes, perhaps because they reminded him uncomfortably of the maternal bosom. "In a wife I would desire / What in whores is always found— / The lineaments of Gratified desire," he wrote in a sketchbook he had inherited—complete with some draw-

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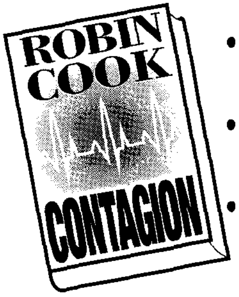

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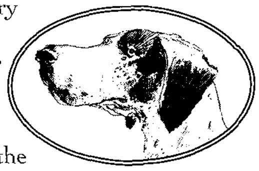

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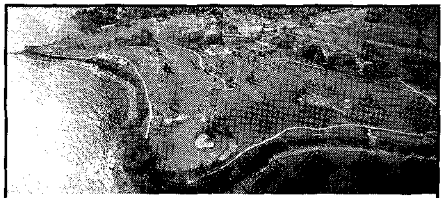

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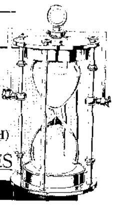

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Cartouche spells 'Joan'
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ings of Druids—from his beloved Robert. But (long before Carl Jung) he was interested in spiritual androgyny, and his God was one who spoke through people, female or male. He did not reject the physical world or consider bodies sinful. "God only Acts & Is, in existing beings," he wrote, and "Every thing that lives is Holy." In person, he was a rather sturdy, broad-shouldered fellow, on the shortish side. In his youth, he had a striking shock of curly light-brown hair. It thinned as he grew older, but his eyes were large and bright all his life. He was a prodigious walker, covering twenty miles a day, sometimes, in London and its environs. If he could, he avoided walking north of Oxford Street. His fellow-citizens believed the air in the suburbs of Highgate and Hampstead to be healthy, but he said it gave him diarrhea to go there; he was always very contrary.

Blake and Dickens, Ackroyd's most recent subjects, were both tireless walkers and prolific workers, and, to judge by the zest with which the biographer evokes a street scene—and his literary output—so is he. Blake and Dickens, he says, are, along with Turner, the great visionary artists of London. More than any previous biographer, Ackroyd unites a quasi-mystical reverence for a spiritual genius—England's "last great religious poet," he calls him—with a sense of solid, feet-on-the-ground physicality. The biographer admires the plucky, stubborn dignity of Blake, the lower-middle-class Cockney, and seems to identify with that background himself. It is as if the two men were brothers, stepping briskly side by side down the Strand on their way to a theatre or an alehouse, deep in discussion of some topic of interest to both of them, Paracelsus, perhaps, or the Holy Grail. Early in Blake's career, someone tried in vain to raise a subscription to send him to study art in Italy; his hopes for the trip abroad faded. (As his hopes would fade for the Revolution; for financial success from commercial illustrations; for visitors to his one-man show of paintings—in short, his hopes for practically everything except Eternal Life.) It would be in England—out of its myth and history—that he would have to find the outline of his Holy Land. "I will not cease from Mental Fight / Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand / Till we have built Jerusalem / In Englands green & pleasant Land," he wrote, in verses that—with their amalgam of the pseudo-archaic, the combative, and the pastoral—may be the closest the nation comes to a statement of common spiritual purpose.

SOME said Blake was mad, of course: it was the visions that did it, and the hermetic, shifting imagery of his later verse. People quite commonly became insane in those days—the artists Gillray and Barry; the poets Clare and Cowper; Charles Lamb and his sister; and, most disturbingly for the nation as a whole, King George III. But although Ackroyd is well aware that Blake was subject to "Nervous Fear" and dreadful rages, he defends him against any charges that he was either incomprehensible—Blake "is a 'difficult' poet only if we decide to make him so"—or mad. Blake, he says, was no more crazy than Saint Teresa, whom he had read; the problem was that he was living by spiritual standards in the midst of a commercial marketplace and an increasingly secular world. (Among other premonitions of the modern age, Blake foresaw the threat to artistic originality of the then newborn consumerism: "Commerce Cannot endure Individual Merit its insatiable Maw must be fed by What all can do Equally well.")

It is one of the great strengths of Ackroyd's writing that he reminds us that every individual life and cast of mind has a tradition behind it, a context of other lives and minds which is half forgotten or not remembered at all. As a writer, he is always letting his bucket deeper and deeper down the historical well. What makes him a postmodern writer is that we can hear the cranking of the handle; that he makes sure that we see him leaning over and peering down into the darkened shaft. In America, and in England, too, a knowledge of the past, or simply an interest in it, can no longer be taken for granted, even among the educated élite; writing itself feels largely unmoored, these days, from a literary past. Nor, as Ackroyd writes about the man who proudly called himself "English Blake," can he assume that England has an identity in any way fixed. Decades beyond the end of Empire, long after the "dark Satanic Mills" of industry have come and gone, the nation seems to grope around, in search of the outline of itself.

Ackroyd takes note of how often Blake's works begin with a visitation from a muse, a bard, some sort of prophetic wisdom figure who beckons the poet to go on. The life of Blake, his biographer points out, could be written in the style of medieval hagiographies—less in terms of outward events than as a string of angelic visitations and epiphanies. Blake's "Songs of Innocence" begins with an invocation, the request that the piper "Pipe a song about a Lamb . . . Piper pipe that song again." Ackroyd goes on to link this with the spiritual dream messenger who visited Caedmon—the first poet to write in the English language—as he lay in the stables of Whitby Abbey, back in the seventh century. "Sing me a song," commanded the dream messenger who lit the literary torch of Anglo-Saxon verse. "So are the lives of the poets connected," Ackroyd says. "And our English music is sustained by visions."

There's something defiantly insular, as well as touching, about this wistful observation. Who are "we," and what is this "English" music—this literary lineage that Ackroyd lays claim to as his birthright? Would the descendants of the Welsh and Scottish bards so admired by Blake really be admitted to the club of English literature—or, rather, would they want to be? How about the West Indians and the North Americans? You may admire Ackroyd for laying claim to the ancestral mantle of English literary vision or find the attempt faintly alarming, but, either way, it is a gesture to be reckoned with. Blake, for his part, thought it hypocritical to be humble. He suffered many humiliations. The story of Job—the theme, late in Blake's life, of a particularly beautiful and luminous set of engravings—always touched him very deeply. But he was aware that his gifts were exceptional. As an artist, he compared himself with Raphael and Michelangelo. (Because he revered revelation and line above character and shadow, he came to hate most oil painting, dismissing as "Smears & Dawbs" or, worse, "the Colour of Excrement" the work of Rembrandt and Rubens.) He believed absolutely that his work was inspired. If he had doubted it, he could never have kept going. He said of his poem "Vala" that it was "the Grandest Poem that this

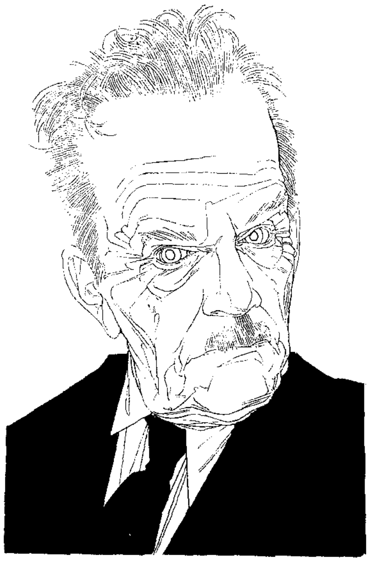
World Contains.” And he explained, “I may praise it, since I dare not pretend to be any other than the Secretary; the Authors are in Eternity.”

IN the last days of his mortal life, Blake hand-colored a new version of “The Ancient of Days,” perhaps his most famous image, which he had created some thirty years earlier for his great Illuminated Book “Europe.” In this etching, a powerful patriarch with flowing locks kneels at the edge of the universe, measuring the void with his dividers. Blake sent Catherine out with their last pennies to buy him a pencil. He made a sketch of her and died happily, singing hallelujahs. It was one of the young men around Blake who closed the dead man’s eyes, “to keep the vision in.” There was only a handful of mourners at the grave in the Dissenters’ cemetery of Bunhill Fields. Space was short. He was buried on top of the remains of three other people, and later four more were stacked companionably on top of him. For many years, the grave was sadly neglected, but now members of the Blake Society at St. James’s try to keep it free of weeds. They make a pilgrimage to Bunhill Fields each summer before repairing for refreshments to a local public house. ♦

THE WILDER SIDE

The solo act of an American songwriter.

BY WHITNEY BALLIETT



Alec Wilder

DAVID JOHNSON

THE extraordinary songwriter-composer Alec Wilder, who died in 1980, at the age of seventy-three, would have reacted to Desmond Stone’s judicious and unblinking biography, “Alec Wilder in Spite of Himself” (Oxford; $30), in the same way he reacted to the Profile of him that I wrote for this magazine in the early seventies—with private pleasure and loud public outcries to the effect that his privacy had been destroyed and his life ruined. He would have been secretly disconcerted, though, to discover that Stone’s book has arrived at a time when he is nearly unknown, except among young classical musicians and those rare cabaret singers who have the taste and skill to perform his marvellous songs.

Wilder, of course, created his own biography as he went along. He did this by writing thousands of letters to his friends and acquaintances, in which he discussed every aspect of his life—including such passions as nature, jazz improvisation, trains, Harold Arlen, and writers like John Cheever, Peter De Vries, and Sylvia Townsend Warner and such aversions as the hoi polloi, garish dress, rock music, and fools; by writing, with James T. Maher, a consummate book, “American Popular Song,” in which he evaluated, in a pointedly personal way, eight hundred or so of the three hundred thousand popular songs submitted for copyright in this country between 1900 and 1950; by publishing a revealing collection of faux letters, called “Letters I Never Mailed”; and by creating a persona of such vividness and complexity that it became his finest work.

This persona was strikingly housed. Wilder was tall and handsome, his face was attractively lined and worn, and his eyes were beacons. He had a deep, trombone voice, and he loved to laugh and swear and shout things like “No, I don’t believe it!” when he was surprised or pleased. He invariably wore a sports jacket, a tie, gray flannels, and loafers. He kept his small mustache and his coursing gray hair just so, and his distinguished profile at the ready; he never shied away from photographers. But, as Stone points

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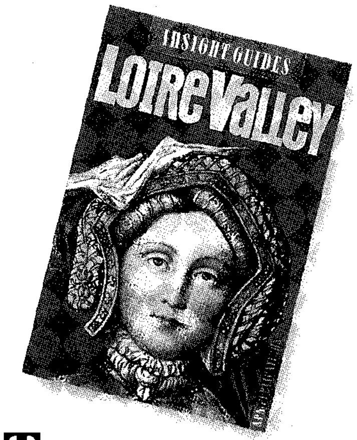

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out almost immediately, there were two distinct and totally dissimilar Wilders—the witty, funny, lightsome, sober Wilder and the fearsome alcoholic, who when he was in his cups insulted foes and friends alike so viciously that the apologies and roses the next day did not always work.

Wilder was a true nomad, flitting endlessly over the surface of his turbulent and emotional life. He never owned anything beyond the contents of two or three suitcases, and he gave away all the countless books he bought and read. He never rented or owned an apartment or a house but spent roughly half the year in a small room at the Algonquin Hotel and the rest of his time in Key West, Nantucket, Cambridge, Maine, and Rochester, where he was born. He never married, which causes Stone to wonder, as many others did, whether he was gay. I suspect that, timid and fragile as he was (he once broke a leg jumping off a Fifth Avenue bus), he was a true neuter. Anyway, he kept falling in love with notable women, among them Judy Holliday, Peggy Lee, and the writer Jean Stafford.

ALEC WILDER was born of a delicate Southern belle and a successful, rough-and-ready banker. The family was genteel and dysfunctional. Alec's father died when Alec was two, and his mother—cold and unresponsive by temperament—became an alcoholic, all but permanently closeted in her bedroom, with the shades drawn, suffering from "rheumatism." She moved the family to New York around the time of the First World War, and Alec—a classic sensitive, who hated sports and attracted bullies—went to St. Paul's school in Garden City, to Lawrenceville in New Jersey, and to the Collegiate School in New York. He detested the first two schools and graduated successfully from the third. Sometime in the late twenties, he went back to Rochester and studied privately at the Eastman School of Music, and became friends with the likes of Mitch Miller and Goddard Lieberson. He returned to New York in the mid-thirties and before long became a fixture of the city's musical life.

Stone gives us an excellent rundown on the enormous amount and variety of American music that Wilder wrote during the next fifty years—opera, orchestral works, film scores, ballet music, band music, musical-comedy scores, chamber music, solo and contrapuntal pieces for every instrument in the orchestra, Third Stream music, art songs, and popular songs. He was primarily an old-fashioned, unsentimental melodist, who called himself the "president of the derrière-garde," and whose formal pieces were often complex developments of his songs. The best of these songs (among them "I'll Be Around," "It's So Peaceful in the Country," "The Sounds Around the House," "Who Can I Turn To," "Blackberry Winter"), with their strange intervals and difficult, odd melodic turns, form a parallel œuvre—brainier, more original—to the songs of Gershwin and Berlin and Rodgers and Arlen.

But until concerned hands took hold, in recent years, a good deal of Wilder's music floated around unpublished, unrecorded, unplayed, even unknown. He was seldom paid for his music, because he wrote much of it for friends and for instrumentalists he admired, and it remains a mystery how he managed to live as comfortably as he did. (Stone tells us that Wilder was broke at the end of his life, and that his old friend and admirer Frank Sinatra stood ready to bail him out.) Wilder passionately loved living, but he was also an obsessed, lifelong smoker and died of lung cancer. He once wrote in a letter that the dead "were not skeletons lying in boxes" but, rather, "were very faint shadows hovering above their graves." He is buried in a country graveyard outside Rochester, but surely, restless and insatiably curious as he was, he must occasionally get down to the Algonquin. The one unfailing stabilizer in his life was his sense of humor. He mailed me this letter late in 1972:

> A smiling black man . . . has just introduced himself to me in the Algonquin lobby with such reverence and awe that my impulse was to turn my head to see who was standing behind me. No, he meant *me!* . . .
>
> Here I was, momentarily leaving for Key West in a state of depression the depths of which bottomed all previous ones, convinced of the dementia of the Western World, unable to write any more music, disillusioned by the unresponsive behavior of my closest friends, as close to a nervous collapse as I had ever been—and what happens? A black man, with honest love in his eyes, tells me he reveres me!
>
> So I assume that this is the ultimate irony, not unlike a novelist who has just swallowed a bottle of sleeping pills being told that he has won the Nobel Prize.
>
> But no, it's worse. For as I leave the hotel with the irreverent, mindless bellman, I am aware of his mouth-splitting amusement. . . . Yet he explains nothing. So, as I get in the cab, I ask him what possibly could be so funny and he gaspingly tells me, "He thought you were Thornton." ♦

BRIEFLY NOTED

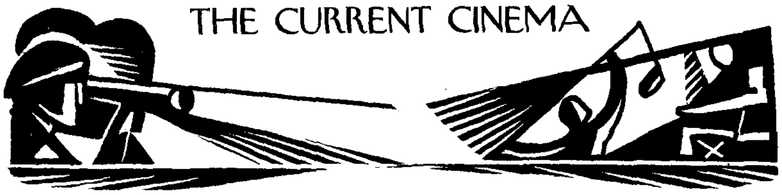
THE FLAMING CORSAGE, by William Kennedy (Viking; $23.95). Set in turn-of-the-century Albany, this novel chronicles the ill-fated marriage of an Irish Catholic playwright and a defiant daughter of the Protestant aristocracy. Its plot resembles that of a murder mystery: the facts of a society scandal known as the "Love Nest killings" are gradually brought to light, and the couple's complicity is revealed. Here Kennedy forgoes the subtler emotions of his finest Albany novels in favor of an array of richly imagined spectacles and assignations, which include a visit to a makeshift brothel at the State Fair, a ruinous fire at the Delavan hotel, and Grover Cleveland's 1884 victory parade.

LAST ORDERS, by Graham Swift (Knopf; $23). When Jack Dodds, a London butcher, learns that he can't retire to Margate as planned because he's dying of stomach cancer, he asks that his ashes be scattered into the sea off Margate Pier. His wife, however, has other promises to keep, and so it is his estranged son and his three oldest friends who convene at the local pub to carry out—with considerable awkwardness—his last orders. As the day unfolds, we piece together their private hopes and betrayals, but what moves us most is their tragicomic sense of ceremony as they make their way—drinking, remembering, fighting, praying—to the sea.

GOD HAS NINETY-NINE NAMES: REPORTING FROM A MILITANT MIDDLE EAST, by Judith Miller (Simon & Schuster; $30). A superb work—informative, fluent, and shapely—dealing with a dismal subject. Miller, a *Times* correspondent, has travelled all over the Middle East for the past quarter century, and her account of assorted Muslim-fundamentalist movements reflects her awareness of the diversity of peoples and problems in the region. This book offers a balanced rather than a panicky view of the challenge these movements pose to the West, but it does not palliate their violence or their misogyny.

PIANO LESSONS, by Noah Adams (Delacorte; $20.95). Adams doesn't know exactly why, in his fifties, with little time to spare from his job in public radio, he was overcome by a desire to play the piano. This charming book relates what happened after he impulsively bought a Steinway upright and started taking lessons from a computer program. His pianistic achievements remain slight, but his delight in music-making is palpable.

WILD KINGDOM, by Vijay Seshadri (Graywolf; $12.95). Seshadri is a son of Frost by way of Ashbery: both the high-frequency channels of consciousness and the jazz of spoken language are audible in these poems, whether the poet is walking the streets of Brooklyn or reading the signals in the charged air between a couple. The tactile humor in single phrases—"Some people like each other and are therefore like each other"; "The job of redemption, with its angels and lawyers, / runs late into the morning"—might stop you in your tracks, but the author's narrative impulse picks you up and carries you, in each poem, miles from where you set out.



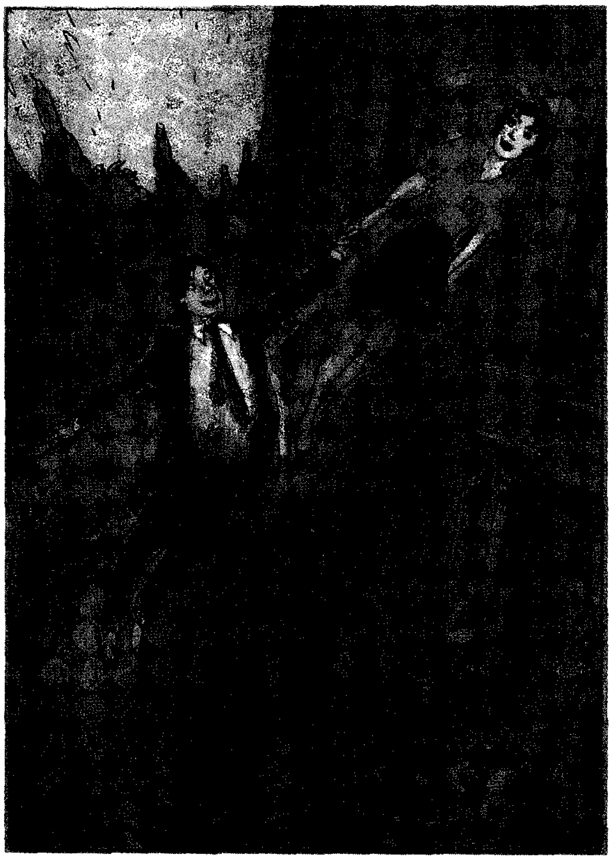
THE CURRENT CINEMA

BORN TO LOSE

Misunderstood "Boys," and "Welcome to the Dollhouse."

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

STACY COCHRAN'S strange, fragile romantic comedy "Boys" opened a couple of weekends ago—on the same day as "Twister," the first blockbuster of Hollywood's summer season. When a studio (in this case, Disney's Touchstone division) throws a small picture in the path of another studio's big one, you don't have to be an expert to figure out why: the more modest film is *expected* to tank at the box office. And, if there's one thing studio marketers are good at, it's insuring that a movie they dislike doesn't succeed in spite of them. They can, for example, give the picture the aura of a loser by refusing to screen it for critics until just before it opens. "Boys," subjected to this sort of self-fulfilling negative buzz, has received lukewarm-to-terrible reviews and has done no business. It deserves better. The movie's tone—like that of Cochran's terrific first feature, "My New Gun" (1992)—is mercurial, unstable, and stubbornly idiosyncratic; inevitably, some viewers will find it puzzling. Cochran is too eccentric to make a conventional comedy, yet, unfortunately (in marketing terms), her style is too subtle and uninsistent to place her among the aggressively hip, genre-bending filmmakers of the Tarantino generation. The funny thing is, this young filmmaker may have a more deeply subversive sensibility than any of her celebrated peers. "Boys" is essentially a screwball comedy, but one that dares to do without the familiar contrivances of farce; its brisk momentum depends not on a precise sequence of comic catastrophes but on an elusive, intuitive sense of how accidents change people's lives.



Haas and Ryder: His geeky ardor and her muddled spirit make them a charming pair of lovers.

NICOLAS DE CRECY

The heroine, twenty-five-year-old Patty Vare (Winona Ryder), is, in the best screwball tradition, affluent and discontented. She lives alone in a large, beautiful house whose grounds have fallen into neglect: the gardens are overgrown; the porch is unswept; the pool is empty except for a layer of dead leaves. And, as in thirties comedies, the bored rich girl needs something to shake her out of her cushy lethargy—to set her on the run from herself. In the opening scene of "Boys," it's clear that something has already happened to Patty: a cop (played by John C. Reilly) appears at her door to question her about a stolen car, and her shifty, nervous responses indicate that she knows more about it than she's willing to admit. Her impulse is to flee, but she's not really decisive enough to do anything wholeheartedly. She gets on her horse and rides through the countryside, without, apparently, a clear purpose or destination: she simply needs the feeling of being in motion. The mood of this initial sequence is hushed and austere, almost ominous, so it's no surprise that the story's first significant event isn't amusing at all: Patty is thrown from her horse and knocked unconscious. The surprise comes a little later, when we realize that, in the skewed universe of "Boys," the heroine's scary mishap has the function of the "meeting cute" convention of the screwball genre: it serves to introduce her to the man who will take her away from all this. Here, however, the man is a boy—a prep-school senior named John Baker (Lukas Haas). And, instead of the hate-at-first-sight bickering that typically impedes the course of true love in romantic comedies, "Boys" creates suspense by the stunningly perverse technique of delaying the heroine's return to full consciousness. He gazes at her with awe; she's out like a light.

The whole picture is constructed of such delicate, ironic reversals of expectation. John, of course, carries his sleeping beauty back to his dorm room, and we have every reason to anticipate that "Boys" will try to get as much comic mileage as it can out of his desperate attempts to hide her. But Cochran allows the deception to unravel pretty quickly. The kids at this school are sharp observers of one another, if only because they don't have much else to do; for teen-age boys living together in the middle of nowhere, the constant, cynical scrutinizing of dorm-mates' habits is the best cheap entertainment. So the movie mostly spares us the farce machinery of slamming doors, elaborate ruses, and narrow escapes, and instead cuts to the chase—that is, to the filmmaker's pursuit of a riskier, freer kind of comedy. The humor of "Boys" grows out of its youthful lovers' restlessness and dissatisfaction; as if in sympathy, the movie itself seems to wander in and out of familiar styles, inhabiting them briefly and then moving on.

Cochran's screenplay is based—extremely loosely—on the short story "Twenty Minutes," by James Salter. "Boys" amounts to an extended improvisation on Salter's central motif, of a woman thrown from a horse; aside from that, the story and the film share only a tone of wry, melancholy lyricism. Romantic comedies about young people aren't ordinarily set, as "Boys" is, in lonely, autumnal landscapes, but the relatively sombre visual style has a curiously liberating effect, like playing a pop standard in an unusual key. Cochran manages to spin something sweet and hopeful out of Salter's mournful theme, and does so not by ignoring the darker implications of the story but by acknowledging them. The beauty of the movie's conception is that its heroine and its hero suffer from entirely different kinds of unhappiness, which prove, in the end, to be perfectly complementary. Patty, who has the reputation of a flighty, "wild" girl, is in fact not so much a dilettante as a fatalist: things just happen to her, without her quite knowing why, and she doesn't see the point of resisting them. John also suffers from emotional inertia; but his seems the result of an existence that's too rigidly structured, not random *enough*, and he maintains his sanity by writing lurid stories—that is, by exercising the imaginative will that Patty conspicuously lacks. Discovering a gorgeous young woman thrown from a horse is exactly the sort of thing that doesn't happen to him, and he's more than happy to resign himself to the mysterious workings of destiny: "An angel fell in my lap," he says, in a moment of drunken euphoria. And while John is enjoying the new experience of going with the flow, Patty—who is tired of accidents, and is pleasantly surprised that someone would actually take the trouble to rescue her from their consequences—is beginning to appreciate the value of a less passive approach to life. She gradually sheds her groggy, distracted air, and acts on her desires.

"Boys," like Cochran's first movie, asks the audience to believe in a mighty unlikely pair of lovers. That it succeeds is due largely to the charm of its leading actors: Haas's geeky ardor is touching and funny, and Ryder gives a strikingly lucid portrayal of a muddled spirit. What holds the movie's volatile mixture of tones and characters together, though, is the filmmaker's willingness to ride her own complex romantic sensibility as far as it will take her. Cochran's off-kilter wit can seem merely flaky, but perhaps that's because we're unused to romantic comedies in which the lovers' fate depends, perilously, on both accident and will. The crowning joke of "Boys" is its final shot, of Patty and John (accompanied, bizarrely, by a younger schoolmate) speeding away from their unsatisfying lives and disappearing into the changing fall landscape: a happily-ever-after ending that somehow manages to perpetuate the story's unpredictability. No wonder "Boys" has baffled almost everyone. Cochran keeps throwing screwballs to viewers who can't seem to handle anything but the hard stuff anymore.

IF nothing else, "Boys" provides a welcome alternative to the facile, self-serving view of youthful alienation in Todd Solondz's "Welcome to the Dollhouse," an independent film that won the Grand Jury Prize at the most recent Sundance Film Festival. Solondz's movie tries to make scabrous comedy out of the miseries of an unpopular seventh grader named Dawn Wiener (Heather Matarazzo). The film pitilessly chronicles the indignities visited on Dawn by her vicious classmates and her grotesque family (shrewish mother, weak-willed father, nerdy big brother, princessy little sister), and Solondz wallows in the details of her daily persecution without ever quite settling on a coherent attitude toward it. Initially, he appears to be soliciting sympathy for his luckless heroine, who's picked on because she's homely and awkward; later, the picture becomes a kind of suburban "Lord of the Flies," in which the omnipresent emotional brutality of Dawn's environment—New Jersey—turns the girl into someone who's as cruel and insensitive as her tormentors are. Ultimately, the movie asks us to let her off the hook for being a squealer and a sneak; it leaves us with the glib poignance of lonely-kid imagery and an equally glib justification for her bad behavior—New Jersey made her do it. Solondz himself grew up in the Garden State, and his urge to avenge the humiliations of his childhood seems to get the better of him. As "Welcome to the Dollhouse" grinds on, it grows steadily nastier and more hysterical: in one scene near the end, the filmmaker actually ridicules Mrs. Wiener's grief at the kidnapping of her youngest child. It's a hateful movie. But it's bound to be a hit: there's a buzz about it. ♦

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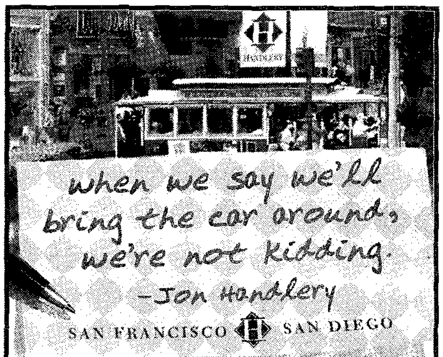

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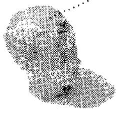
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New works by Carter, Berio, Birtwistle, and Boulez.

BY PAUL GRIFFITHS

To celebrate the ninetieth birthday of the Swiss conductor and musical benefactor Paul Sacher, which fell at the end of last month, Pierre Boulez conducted the Ensemble InterContemporain in a concert of homages at the Cité de la Musique, in Paris, and, in doing so, brought together, in intriguing apposition, two very different styles of patronage. Mr. Sacher, whose marriage gave him access to the enormous wealth of the Hoffmann-La Roche drug company, has devoted himself for more than sixty years to helping composers. The register of his commissions includes works by Bartók, Stravinsky, Britten, Henze, Carter, Birtwistle, among many others. He's financed master classes and concert series. And at the Sacher Foundation, in his native Basel, he's built up the world's most important collection of twentieth-century musical autographs. Such an archive has to be housed, of course, but otherwise Mr. Sacher's concern has been with the software of music: compositions, manuscripts, ensembles, performances, study.

Ascending with 3 4 3 4 5

The conductor Paul Sacher turns ninety at the Cité de la Musique.

STEVEN DANA

By contrast, the Cité de la Musique, which opened last year, is an example of the French habit of dealing first with the hardware. Like the Centre Pompidou and the Opéra de la Bastille, it's a great cultural machine that's been plonked down in Paris, with a staff who must now work out what it's for. At the Pompidou Center, certain solutions have been found during the last two decades, though the place is underused and has become a tourist landmark precisely because it's an enigma, like the pyramids. The particular benefits of the Bastille Opera are as yet far from clear, and seem unlikely to become so in the near future, given the problems the place has had in finding and keeping a chief conductor, and given, too, the return of opera to the Palais Garnier. Nor is it obvious what the Cité de la Musique can offer, apart from a highly expensive auditorium for the Conservatoire, which has been relocated to the same vast plain of concrete on the northeast edge of the city. The concert hall is rather small for a symphony orchestra, and acoustically indifferent. The surrounding facilities are scheduled to include a museum and a bookshop, neither yet in operation. The high foyers are chilling, and the building's finish

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The Cité de la Musique and the Opéra de la Bastille were the dubious gifts to France (i.e., to Paris) of François Mitterrand, in imitation of his Presidential predecessors, especially Georges Pompidou. After a few more Presidencies, the French capital will no doubt be littered with these white elephants, whose only hope will be to become, like the Centre Pompidou, a little particolored. Meanwhile, Mr. Sacher's invisible monument will be kept shining in every performance of Bartók's Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta (to name one of his commissions), every student rehearsal of the same composer's Sonata for Two Pianos and Percussion (another), every scholarly investigation of the autograph scores of Stravinsky and Ligeti.

Four of the composers who have benefitted from Mr. Sacher's largesse were represented by new works in the birthday program: Elliott Carter, Luciano Berio, Harrison Birtwistle, and Mr. Boulez. He, characteristically, had made a new piece out of an old one: his 1994 piano composition "Incises" had become "sur Incises" with the addition of a chiming formation of two other pianos, three harps, two vibraphones, and a marimba. Such a set of sound sources, all resonating strings and plates, has antecedents in this composer's output going back to the late fifties, but the slowness of change in "sur Incises" is more a feature of Mr. Boulez's most recent music, especially the enthralling "... explosante-fixe ..." for computerized flutes and small orchestra. However, "sur Incises," twelve minutes long, is not on that level, and it fails to make any new sense of the perplexing regularity and single-mindedness (perplexing in a composer normally so irregular and multiple-minded) of the original "Incises," a toccata in quick, even notes which keeps stuttering in immediate repetitions. This solo is now introduced by sunken bell sounds, rather "Cathédrale Engloutie," and bursts out of them, as if one of the three pianists on the platform—not hitherto distinguished as soloist—were making a worried and shackled bid for freedom. (Dimitri Vassilakis boldly played the role of escapee in this performance.) Then everyone joins in the hurried, tremulous dash, and the piece is over.

Mr. Berio's contribution was similarly—and this was characteristic of him as well—a revisiting of an earlier creative site. For both composers, music is an art of dialogue—of listening to, and of making music that will speak back into, the great echo chamber of the musical past—and both have enjoyed expanding the conversations that their own works might have. In particular, Mr. Berio's "Sequenza" series of solo showpieces has been a productive fount of elaborations, and for this occasion he'd taken the trumpet "Sequenza," tenth in the family, a step further, to create "Kol Od" (named for the first words of the Israeli national anthem), for solo trumpet with an orchestra including full winds and accordion, but only celesta from among the percussion, and a relatively small group of strings. In the original "Sequenza X," the trumpeter turns between phrases played out to the audience and phrases directed into an open grand piano—a physical echo chamber, which answers with halos of resonance. "Kol Od" makes the answering more substantial, and more sumptuous, because the ethereal sounds of vibrating strings are replaced by richly colored chords, which are sustained and slowly changed by the orchestra (an orchestra aptly constituted for such purposes), as if the trumpeter were sounding forth with an iridescent cloak billowing behind. Gabriele Cassone, who played the solo piece in the wonderful concert at the 92nd Street Y last fall, when the whole "Sequenza" cycle was done, was again the ideal trumpeter. The part seems unchanged, except for a few brief windows in which members of the orchestra begin to assume melodic responsibility, but the effect is different, because the player is now facing forward all the time. There's a greater sense of impending fanfare—of something momentous that remains, for more than a quarter of an hour, just on the point of being delivered.

The new offering from Mr. Birtwistle was a group of six settings of Paul Celan, curiously marked by an evenness of temper and tempo—a reflectiveness—which is rather aloof from what made the poems happen. In part, this has to do with the simple difference between words lyrically sung by a soprano and the same words laid out in fractured lines on the page: the large areas of white space are elided. But Mr. Birtwistle responds to the words as if they'd arrived from half-remembered folk verses: his music is in the folk-verse modes of lament and love song, and the half-remembered effect comes from a vocal line that's often squeezed into a high register, generally well above the alternative, mindful voices of the accompanying pair of clarinets and trio of low strings (viola, cello, bass). One might more easily imagine Celan as set by Webern, with huge leaps and speed; Mr. Birtwistle's is another sort of extremity.

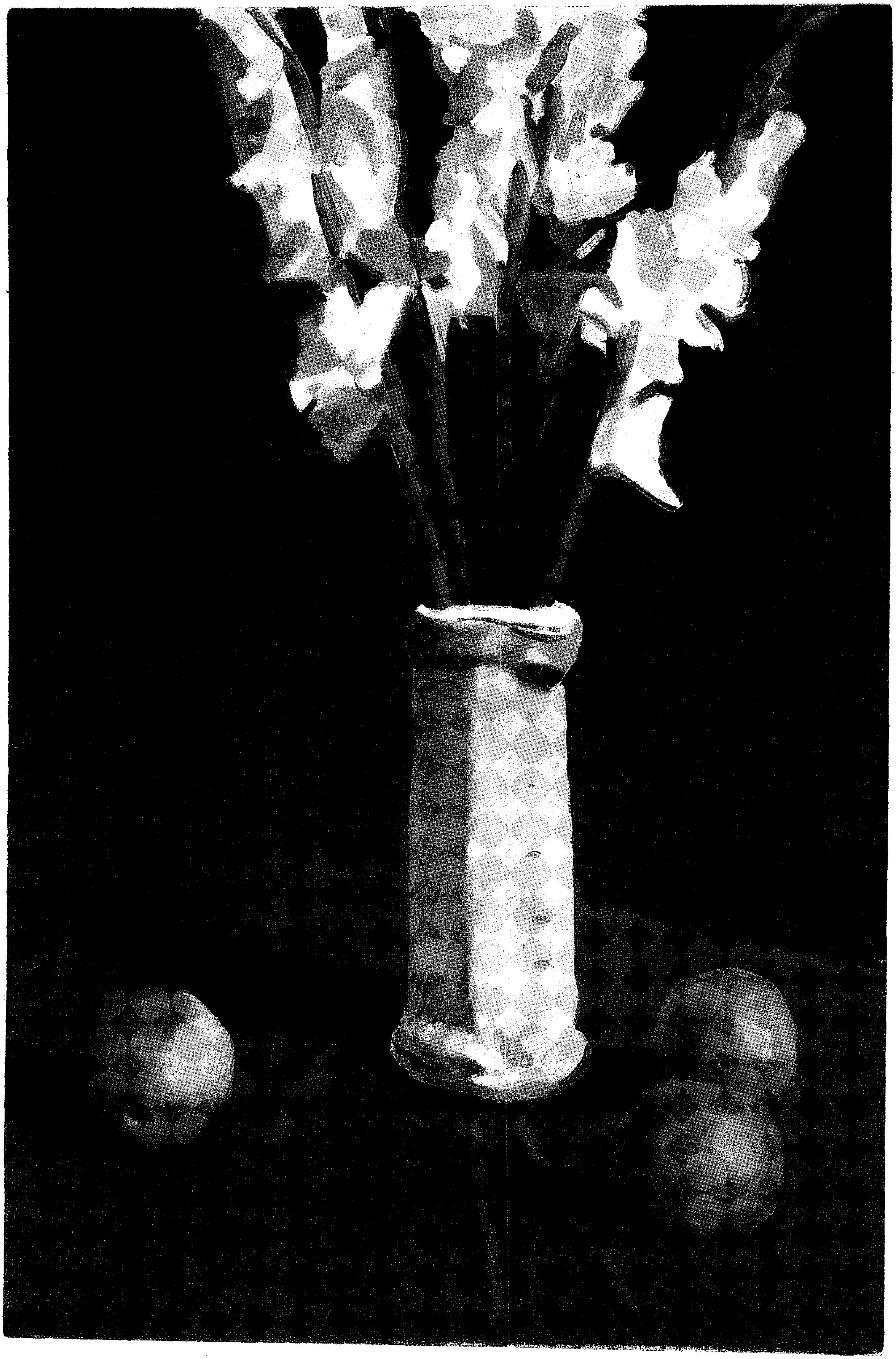
Extremity so constant, and so cool, can be self-cancelling, and these Celan songs may well be more effective in smaller groupings (three are included in a superb new DG recording of Mr. Birtwistle's music, again played by the Ensemble InterContemporain under Mr. Boulez, and again with Christine Whittlesey beautifully keeping her balance on the tightrope of the soprano line), or else when all nine of them are brought together and interleaved with nine movements for string quartet under the title "Pulse Shadows," as they were in London the night before the Paris concert.

Mr. Carter's main contribution to the Sacher celebration was his Oboe Concerto, brilliantly performed by Heinz Holliger. But the composer, unable to travel to Europe, had sent a new piece as well to represent him: "A 6 Letter Letter," for Mr. Holliger to play on the cor anglais. The title alludes to the presence throughout the music of the six letters of Mr. Sacher's name (encoded as E-flat, A, C, B, E, D), creating a marvellous kind of churning alphabet soup, which also contains, if only because of the instrument and the music's tone, memories of the sad and sprightly herdsman's tunes from the third act of "Tristan." ♦

FRESH PAINT

David Hockney has become ageless. The perennial British wunderkind, now pushing sixty, has filled two galleries (the André Emmerich and the Robert Miller, through June 15th) with the youngest-looking paintings in town—still-lifes, landscapes, interiors, and color-drunk abstractions, whose deceptively casual brio persuades us, once again, that this artist can make paint look like something he's just invented.

"Three Oranges with Vase" (1995), by David Hockney.



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THE THEATRE

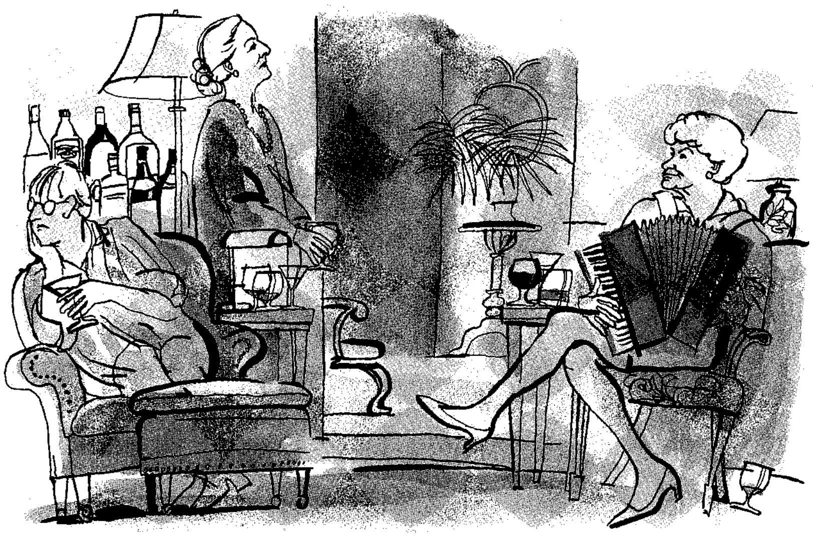
HAUNTED HOUSES

"A Delicate Balance," "Buried Child," and "Big."

BY NANCY FRANKLIN

As different as Edward Albee's "A Delicate Balance" and Sam Shepard's "Buried Child" are (they're sort of the Felix and Oscar of plays), they have a lot in common, other than that they both won the Pulitzer Prize. "A Delicate Balance," now at the Plymouth, was first produced in 1966, and "Buried Child," now at the Brooks Atkinson, in 1978; seeing them together is like watching a Martini evolve into a Molotov cocktail. Both plays concern disturbed families, and each family has a dead child in its past, which stands not only for everything that went wrong but for everything that will continue to go wrong in subsequent generations. Both plays are set in living rooms, each with a staircase going up and out of sight—the living room being the site where American family ties are meant to be strengthened but are just as often unravelled.

At first, "A Delicate Balance" seems to be as decorous as its title. It's cocktail time, and a well-dressed older couple, Agnes and Tobias (Rosemary Harris and George Grizzard), are standing in the kind of tasteful, book-and-antique-filled living room that you might see in upper-middle-class Westchester or suburban Connecticut. It's a direct descendant of the living room in the recent production of "The Heiress," another play about the rotten fruits of repression and the persistence of family pathology, and some of the same key hands are on deck in this production: Gerald Gutierrez, the director; John Lee Beatty, the set designer; and Jane Greenwood, the costume designer. It soon becomes clear from the conversation between Agnes and Tobias, whose second child died when he was a boy, that much has been sacrificed for the sake of appearances. As they sip their drinks, Agnes wonders out loud whether she could ever go mad, and what would happen to Tobias if she did. She chooses her words carefully as she turns the idea over in her head: "Well, you know how little I vary; goodness, I can't even raise my voice except in the most calamitous of events, and I find that both joy and sorrow work their . . . wonders on me more . . . evenly, slowly, within, than



Cocktails and conflict: Hurt, Harris, and Stritch in "A Delicate Balance."

most: a suntan rather than a scalding. There are no mountains in my life . . . nor chasms. It is a rolling, pleasant land." This chilly, self-conscious articulateness, you sense, has the power to ruin others' lives, to shut people out with its blinding, if deceptive, clarity. And so it comes as a huge breath of fresh air when Claire (Elaine Stritch), who is Agnes's sister and the designated black sheep of the family (she drinks too much), comes downstairs to apologize to Agnes for her latest bit of bingeing and bad behavior. Agnes says, "But what are you sorry *for*, Claire?" and Claire, cutting through the self-righteousness that tries to pass itself off as honesty, replies, "I apologize that my nature is such to bring out in you the full force of your brutality." The line is explosively funny, especially as delivered by Stritch, whose performance here is one of the highlights of the season. This vodka-soaked truth teller is the juiciest part in the play, and Stritch, with perfectly disciplined timing, manages never to be maudlin or clownish. Harris, with her radiant, deadly elegance, and Stritch, the gritty, ravaged survivor, are good foils for each other; they're like feuding fairy-tale sisters who have ended up locked in a tower together.

It falls to Tobias to maintain the equilibrium, such as it is, and Grizzard, blandly responsive and accommodating, seems to be merely part of the furniture until the end of the first act, when Agnes and Tobias's best friends, Harry and Edna (John Carter and Elizabeth Wilson), show up at the front door. While they were sitting in their house, they suddenly became frightened for no reason, and fled to what they thought was the safe haven of their best friends' house. No such luck: though Agnes and Tobias let them spend the night, they make it plain that, in terms of emotion and loyalty, there is no room at the inn. The next day, one more character enters the fray: Julia (Mary Beth Hurt), Agnes and Tobias's daughter, who has just left her fourth husband and is annoyed that Harry and Edna have taken her room; they have no right, she says. (Julia is what you would call a horrid child—if she weren't thirty-six years old.) Tobias tries to rise to the occasion, and decides to let Harry and Edna stay as long as they want to; Agnes says that they have "come to us and brought the plague." Of course, the plague—a creeping, ineradicable emptiness—was there all along, but only when Agnes and Tobias are faced with their mirror images do they realize that they're infected, too.

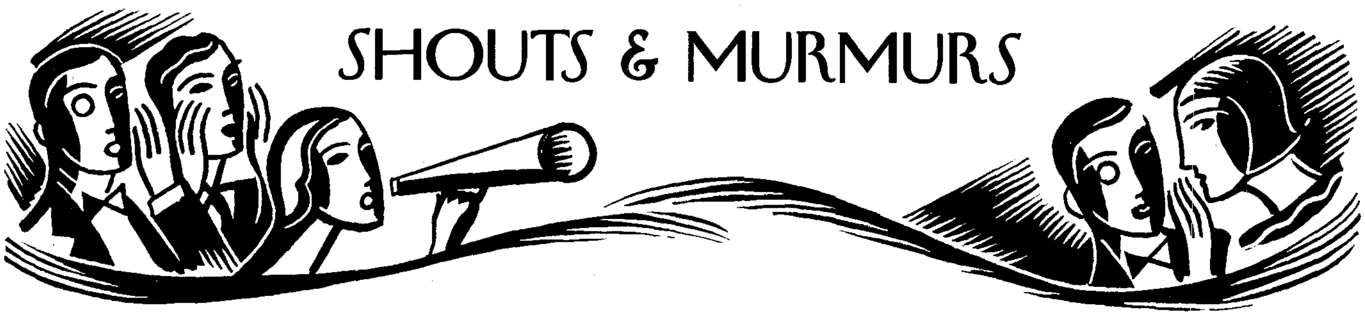
IF all you knew about the mid-sixties was "A Delicate Balance" and all you knew about the late seventies was "Buried Child," you'd have to conclude that the country had fallen apart in the intervening twelve years. Any pretense that things are all right as they are has been blasted away; minor family lies have become crippling family myths. The house where Shepard's play is set—a rundown farmhouse in central Illinois—looks more like an abandoned warehouse, filled with lost souls. We're in the heartland, but we're really in the middle of nowhere, in the desiccated wasteland that America has become; this is Shepard's "Sour Grapes of Wrath." Here the spiritual depletion is so complete that a father doesn't recognize his own son, who has come home for the first time in over six years. It's not until the son becomes as violent and hollowed out as the other members of the family that they recognize him, but by then he no longer recognizes them.

This "Buried Child," which is a production of Chicago's Steppenwolf Theatre Company, is directed by Gary Sinise, and it marks Shepard's Broadway début. There seems to be a general feeling that it's about time Shepard's work was seen on Broadway (he has, in a thirty-year career, written more than forty plays). But I'm not so sure. "Buried Child" is as ugly to look at as "A Delicate Balance" is handsome: the furniture and the people are filthy and dishevelled; the patriarch (for lack of a better word), Dodge, lies sick on the couch watching an old TV covered with a disgusting brown blanket, and at one point he crushes a bug under his T-shirt. You're not exactly supposed to enjoy this, but I would have preferred to be forced to confront the ugliness up close and personal, in a smaller, Off Broadway house. What we see at the Brooks Atkinson is ugliness as spectacle, and there's something unseemly in watching—in being allowed to watch—such a spectacle from a distance.

At three hours, the play is a long haul, and Sinise, as if he wanted to make sure the audience stayed in their seats, has brought the laughs to the forefront. Dodge, played by James Gammon, is in a state of rasping, coughing decrepitude, but he is the one with the most marbles in this family, and his acidly funny comments are reassuring to the audience, because they usually make sense. And Gammon is terrific. But the audience comes to depend on the jokes, and when they're not there you feel as though you were in a theatrical Dust Bowl, waiting for the irritating, monotonous wind to stop.

BEFORE I get into the substantive problems of "Big"—though, come to think of it, everything about "Big" is a substantive problem—I would like, with a nod in the direction of my predecessor Edith Oliver, to take arms against the practice of miking, and by opposing end it. "Big" is supposed to be fun—I know this because there's a number in it called "Fun"—but loud, shrill, assaultive sound is not my idea of a good time.

There aren't many new musicals this year, and it's a shame that this one, now at the Shubert, gives so little joy. It has none of the charm or the poignancy of the movie, which starred Tom Hanks as the twelve-year-old boy in a grownup's body and Elizabeth Perkins as the woman who falls for him. It must have been the musical scene in F. A. O. Schwarz that gave someone the idea of turning the movie into a stage musical—the scene where Tom Hanks taps out "Chopsticks" with his feet on a gigantic keyboard that lights up. As it's done at the Shubert, the number has all the spirit of a forced fun march. (Too many grimly talented, grinning kiddies—it's like a midget minstrel show.) Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire, who wrote the score, had a chance to create something that might have won the hearts of New York kids—the story takes place mostly in Manhattan—but "Big" is far more likely to be bemoaned than beloved. The music is unmelodic, and the lyrics are insulting to the intelligence of anyone over the age of three: one of the kids, in a faux hip-hop number, sings, "All the plans we made are in the crapper./I'm so pissed, I'm talking like a rapper." In a party scene at Tavern on the Green, Josh, the twelve-year-old boy-man, in an attempt to liven things up, says to his crapper-rapper friend, "We could dance." Maybe John Weidman, who wrote the book, has forgotten what it's like to be twelve, but, as far as I know, never—not once—in the history of the world has a twelve-year-old boy danced voluntarily. ♦



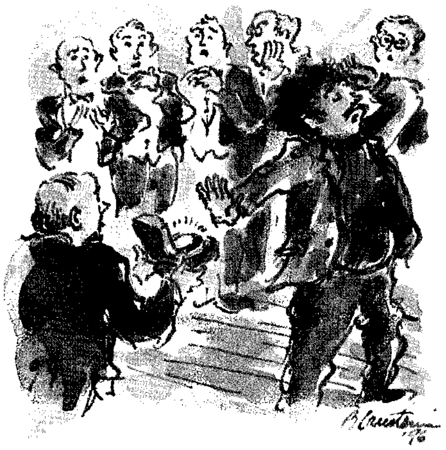
NO, NO, NOBEL

BY DANIEL MENDELSOHN

JULIE ANDREWS' announcement earlier this month that she would not accept a Tony Award nomination for her leading role in "Victor/Victoria" has been dismissed by some ungenerous critics as a mere "snit fit." And yet, in protesting the fact that the show—an eight-and-a-half-million-dollar Broadway production of her husband's movie about singing meta-transvestites—did not receive the recognition it merited, Ms. Andrews has set a stirring example for other artists whose commitment to the highest aesthetic standards outweighs their desire for vulgar public recognition. I am one of those artists. Accordingly, I have decided to withdraw my name from consideration for the Nobel Prize in Literature for my forthcoming novelization of Roland Joffé's 1995 film version of "The Scarlet Letter."

Certain similarities between Ms. Andrews' opus and my own will not escape the sensitive reader. "Victor/Victoria" is a theatrical adaptation of a cinematic adaptation of an earlier, forgotten motion picture; my creation is a literary adaptation of a cinematic adaptation of a work that was itself in considerable need of freshening up. With no thought of the artistic risks involved, both she and I have boldly reëxamined the eternal themes of rebellious desire and lawless accessorizing. By snubbing the Swedish Academy, I hope to draw attention to the deplorable way in which works of literature and theatre "based on previously published materials" continue to be regarded in certain quarters as undeserving of our society's highest awards for creative achievement.

To be sure, there are differences between Ms. Andrews' career and my own—and here I am not referring to the banal fact that she is a world-famous movie star, loved and revered by millions, whereas I have found a much more discriminating audience, chiefly in the Long Island subdivision where my parents and their friends Myrna and Ralph live. No: I am alluding to certain fundamental differences between the thespian's convivial life and my own rather solitary craft—distinctions that make my recent announcement far more courageous, I am compelled to say, than Ms. Andrews'.



She, after all, refused the nomination out of a sense of solidarity with her "egregiously overlooked" collaborators, who made "Victor/Victoria" what it undeniably is: a seamless piece of ensemble acting, rather than an elaborately contrived star vehicle. "I could not have done this alone," Ms. Andrews said, and few who have seen the show would venture to disagree. But what I did, I did alone. For months, my only companions have been the "Pause" button on my VCR and the delivery guy from the Golden Wok on Eighth Avenue. Although I have maintained until now what I think has been a dignified silence on the subject, I will say here that my occasional late-night phone calls to Demi Moore and, especially, to Lisa Jolliff-Andoh—whose work with the candle in the bathtub-autoeroticism scene in "The Scarlet Letter" inspired one of the most sensitively rendered passages in my own writing—continue to go unreturned.

Still, some have suggested that both Ms. Andrews and I have taken our reckless stands with an eye to promoting the kind of controversy that is inevitably good for sales. In her case, this scurrilous aspersion has been effectively quashed by reliably objective sources. "This wasn't staged to help [the] show," John Scher, one of "Victor/Victoria" 's lead producers, has said. My own announcement was similarly made with total disregard for pecuniary advantage. And, indeed, there has been no noticeable increase in advance orders for "Puritan Passion" since I went public with my decision last week in a letter addressed to King Carl XVI Gustaf, and read aloud to my downstairs neighbor Charles—who, although not Swedish himself, lunches at Aquavit with some regularity—and the lady in 4-E, who has seen every Bergman movie twice.

While at this point I cannot be absolutely certain that the Swedes plan to recognize my achievement, I have nonetheless chosen to make them aware of my intentions now. In so doing, I have followed—wisely, I think—the example of Ms. Andrews, who eschewed the splashier gesture of turning down an award she had actually won in favor of the more subtle and empowering act of withdrawing her name from the slate of potential (as it were) victors. I should add that this has nothing whatsoever to do with any fear on my part that I might not actually win a Nobel Prize. My decision is based on a deeply felt sense of obligation to those of my literary peers who may now be elevated in my stead.

So, yes, Salman, Joyce Carol—don't mention it. ♦

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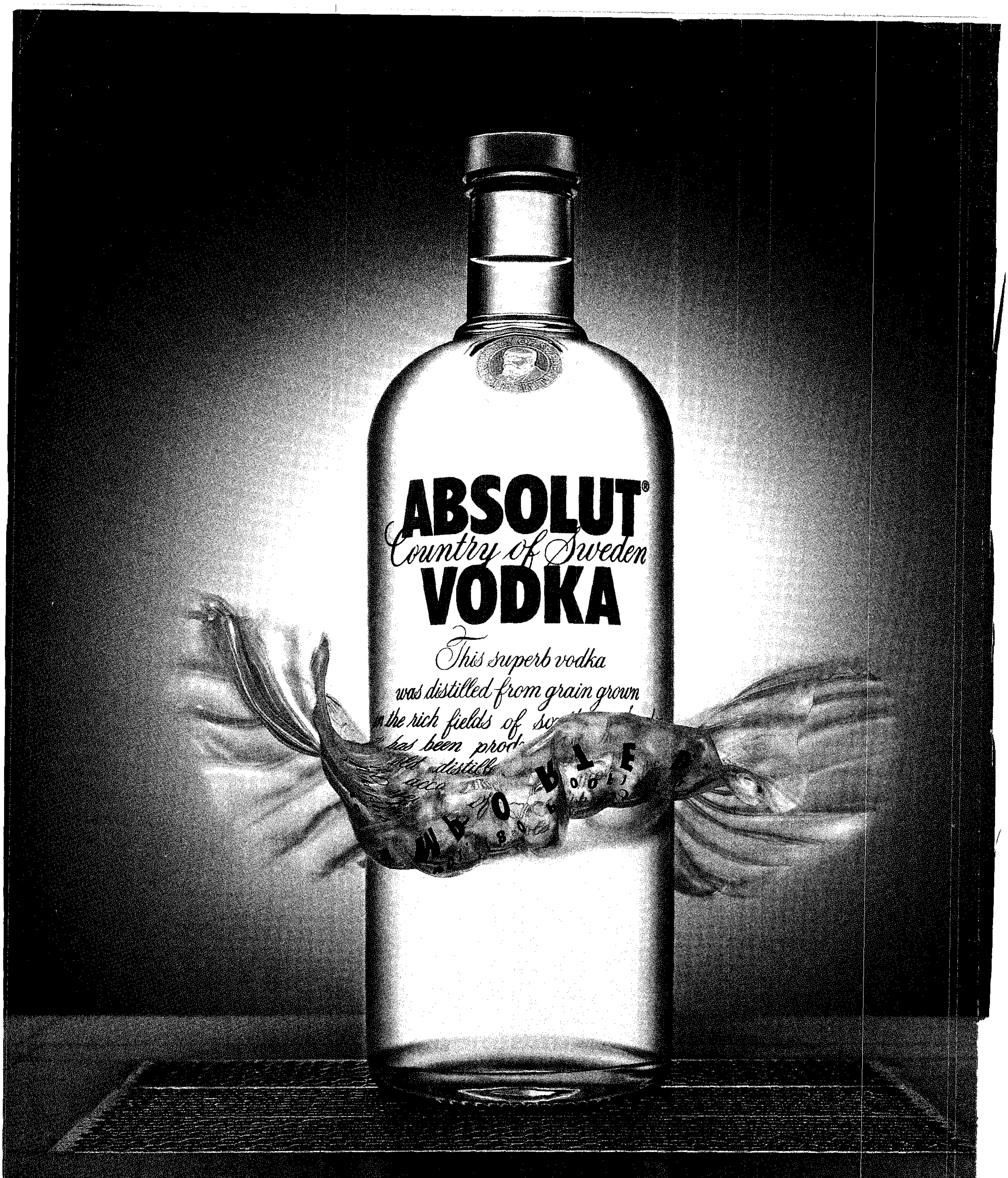
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